

PART 519

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BY G. L. SEYMOUR.

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## THE INDIAN UNCLE.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "LISBETH," "A TROUBLESOME PAIR," ETC., ETC.



GRIZEL COULD NOT FORBEAR TEASING. "CAN'T YOU," SHE SAID, "EVEN PRODUCE A SCOTCH ANCESTOR?"

### CHAPTER XIV.—THE TORMENTOR.

GRIZEL, peeping between the foliage in the square-garden, saw a figure emerge from Mrs. Gordon's door, hesitate a moment there, and then turn decisively towards the right.

She ran round to the gate at the farther side of the enclosure, and waited till Savory was near enough to see her upraised beckoning hand and join her.

"Come in here for five minutes," she said. "The nursemaids and children have gone. It's quiet. Jean won't be back for another hour."

He resigned himself, and followed her to a seat under a spreading thorn.

"There's nothing to tell," he said; "I've no victory to record."

"You didn't expect it, did you?" she laughed.

"I don't know. I rather think I did."

"Oh, the conceit of him! You may be thankful if you've come off not utterly routed."

"As to that," he said, "I never own defeat; so you may consider that your grandmother and I have challenged each other to mortal combat, if you prefer that way of putting it."

"Mortal combat is the very breath of Granny's nostrils. If that's a mixed metaphor, I can't help it. She will like you all the better since you have shown fight. And she declared her enmity in very polite terms, didn't she?"

"She expressed it in cups of tea and cakes. She was as delightful as it is possible for an old lady to be who has set her heart on compassing the ruin of one's life. On the whole, I think I prefer Ann Lauder's methods."

"Did you see Ann?"

"I met her as I was going in. She appears to include Mr. Menteith in her general displeasure."

"I wonder why? But never mind: he can look after himself. I want to hear what Granny said to you, and what you mean to do. Remember there is some one who will be very unhappy if I have no news to carry to her."

"Couldn't I see Jean just for five minutes?"

"Impossible. She will come home very tired; and, besides, papa has had his orders."

"It seems to me you are all wonderfully obedient," he said, a little angrily.

"You mean that we are wonderful cowards?" she smiled. "Ah, well, I daresay we are—most of us."

He was smarting still under the humiliation of the interview he had just undergone. Not for one instant did the old lady lose hold of her suavity, her perfect self-control, her old world courtesy. Yet she gave him to understand unmistakably that his pretensions to Jean's hand would not be countenanced.

"And for no reason in the world that I can make out," he said with a half-irritable laugh, "except that I hadn't the privilege of being born on this side of Tweed."

"And reason enough," said Grizel, who could not forbear teasing, interested as she was in his difficulties. "If the Ethiopian could but change his skin! Can't you even produce a Scotch ancestor?"

"No," he said, "and I wouldn't if I could. We don't carry patriotism to the idiotic lengths you do here; but we have our pride too. It has always been enough for me hitherto to remember that I'm an Englishman."

"Maybe you hadn't thought of marrying a Scotchwoman then?"

"That's no factor in the matter. If our positions had been reversed, the accident of Jean's birth would never have influenced me. I should have cared for her just the same wherever she had been born."

"Even if she had been black?" Grizel asked with great simplicity.

He moved impatiently. "It's so absurd," he said, "such utter rot. If we had been living in the old days when the countries were under separate kings, and for ever at war with each other, there might have been some ground for such an objection; but the Union settled all our differences and made us one."

"It united us—matrimonially," said Grizel, "which is by no means the same thing as making us of one blood. People are often compelled to marry who have no sympathy with each other, and that's pretty much the case with Scotland and England."

"No sympathy? Why, we've every sympathy, every interest in common. We speak the same tongue—we live in the same way."

"You've found that out," said Grizel, laughing; "but when you set foot on our shores you expected to find us all wearing kilts and supping porridge. You know you did—you weren't so keen to adopt us then. As for our common language, I think I could puzzle you even more effectually than the old lady who took the conceit out of your compatriot by asking him to 'rax her a spool o' the bubly-jock'—but I spare you, I want to help you if

I can, but don't make too light of the differences; they're more than skin-deep."

"You magnify them till you make them into barriers. When you have seen a little more of the world you will find that men and women everywhere are cast pretty much in the same mould, and where they care for each other it's only the similarities that count."

"Well, if you take my advice, you won't approach Granny with an argument of that kind. It will be fatal to your cause. She isn't prepared to acknowledge that there are any similarities. Your only hope is to take your stand boldly as an alien and a foreigner, and let the strongest win."

"Well," he said, "I can be as stubborn as most people. There does not seem to be anything to do but to hold on, worse luck. If I were living in the pages of a novel, I'd have some fine chance of distinguishing myself, and becoming a hero at one stroke; but life doesn't condescend to conventionality of situation."

"I should have thought your difficulties tolerably conventional," said Grizel the tormentor; "but I'm a poor girl who has never had a lover, so how can I tell? I must go back," she ended, getting up. "Papa would be wild if neither of us appeared at dinner. And you have given me no message."

"I have none to give except this. Tell Jean that it is and always will be 'Savory Bydand,' till Savory wins!"

Grizel did not tell him of the ally she had secured: she was not minded to make his task too easy: let him look the difficulties of the situation with full recognition in the face. She was shrewd enough to know that we value highest that for which we have sacrificed most, and a few pangs, a little wounded vanity, a downright openly declared opposition would do him no harm. In Grizel's estimation, man, the all-conquering, stood vastly in need of a little wholesome snubbing, and when it was administered at the hands of the opposite sex it was all the more salutary. She left Savory in the garden to brood over his injuries, and when she ran across the street he had the bitter-sweet pleasure of seeing her clasp her arm within Jean's, and pause a moment to bid Menteith a gay goodbye.

He suffered that formless jealousy of Menteith that a lover will feel of anyone who comes between him and his love. That Menteith was old enough to be her father, and cherished, as he knew very well, no warmer sentiment toward her than a friendly interest and regard, took nothing from the fact that he had monopolised Jean for a whole day; and it added to his illogical annoyance that Jean did not so much as turn her head towards the trees and shrubs behind which he was concealed. She could not, indeed, divine that he was there and Grizel gave her no clue.

"You're earlier than I expected," she said, pulling Jean up the steps, and discouraging backward glances towards Granny's house. "Come and take off your hat, and tell me what you've been doing. It's been dull enough here, I can tell you, darning those old socks of papa's. I wish you would make him buy some new ones, Jean."



"I'll try," Jean answered dutifully. She sat down at the foot of the bed, but she did not take off her hat. "We went to the farm," she said, in the conscientious tone of a reciter.

"Well, as you set out with that object, I might have guessed so much for myself," said Grizel, who for some unfathomed reason appeared to be on the verge of losing her temper; "and you made a sentimental pilgrimage through all the rooms, seeking vanished traces of Mr. Menteith's youth; and you drank milk and ate scones and admired the view. If you've nothing more to tell than that, you might as well have stayed at home."

A smile came into Jean's dark eyes.

"If I were to say that Mr. Menteith is the best and kindest of men—the truest of friends, I suppose you would call that stale news too, Grizel?"

"It would depend on the proofs you were able to give," said Grizel carelessly, "of his wonderful friendship. If it's a mere general statement, then I'll ask you to spare me platitudes."

"Proofs?" Jean laughed. "When a friend helps to strengthen the best side of you—to put things in their true relations—shows you how to steer your course between opposing claims—well, it doesn't seem much in the telling, especially when it is done in the most indirect, delicate way, but it may be just—everything in shaping one's life."

"So you've been getting some good advice—for I suppose that's what you mean?" Grizel's practical tones had a ring of satisfaction. "Well, I'm glad to hear it. It was time some one took you in hand."

"It was time I learned to be brave," said Jean in a low voice, "and—patient."

"Well, there are two of you who have resolved to be courageous and long-suffering, if that's any consolation to you. Perhaps Mr. Menteith may inspire these high qualities, but they are not usually the result of tea and cookies at Granny's, are they?"

Jean looked up with a lovely imploring flush at the saucy profile outlined against the window. She made a clutch at Grizel's cotton frock and drew her nearer.

"Oh, Grizel, if you would only tell me!"

"Deed an' there's little to tell!" Grizel made a sudden descent into the vernacular. "But he's a bauld chiel, an' no blate. He's ta'en the Gordon motto to himsel', as if he had but to pit oot his hand an' grasp a' thing Gordon set him up! 'An' tell her,' says he, 'it's Savory Bydand, an' Savory better Bydand till he gets a' he's set his hert on.' And I wish you both joy of your patience and a patriarch's age to practise it in, if that's the only weapon you mean to raise against Granny!"

"What would you do?" Jean asked a little wearily, the light dying out of her eyes, courage looking a less lovely thing here in the bare, sordid shabbiness of her little bedroom, under Grizel's mischievous mockery, than out on the green slopes where she had listened to the story of a woman's weakness, and laid the moral to heart. "What would you have me do? It isn't so easy to defy Granny and distress papa, even if it were right."

"What would I do?" Grizel repeated in her light key. "If I wanted an Englishman, I would take a wee jaunt with him across the border, and settle the matter off hand. That's the way to manage Granny; take your own way and she'll respect you for it, and bend to the inevitable. But wait on her consent, and she'll despise you enough to let you wait. Yes, my dear; you'll have enough of Gordon and Savory Bydand if you can hit on no better method than that."

But revolt was not among the possibilities of Jean's nature. She got up with a visible effort and, taking off her hat, went forward to the dim glass and began to brush out her curls.

"That's papa's step; run down," she said to her sister; "don't wait for me, I'll come in a minute. There's a stuffed bullock's heart for dinner, and nothing gets so quickly cold."

Grizel made a grimace expressive of distaste. "Are we never to finish doing penance for that big dinner?" she asked. "Tripe yesterday, and sheep's head the day before!" Then, catching a reflection of the pale anxiety on her sister's face, she repented of her freakish mood.

"Jean, you gowk!" She laid her fair head against the dark one for a moment. "Do you think you're going to be left to wear your heart out waiting for Granny to give you her blessing? If that's your idea, you had better make up your mind to be a forlorn old maid."

Jean repressed a sigh of impatience. "Do go down to dinner," she said. "It—it—doesn't make it any easier to talk like that. Mr. Menteith helped me, and now you—you do your best to be discouraging." Jean suddenly realised her sister's improper levity about serious things.

"Mr. Menteith!" said Grizel with all the scorn of which she was mistress. "It's little help worth having you'll get from him. What influence can he—a stranger—have over a Granny like ours? Just none at all. Shall I tell you who is the only person to help you? If you want a champion you must enlist Uncle Adam—"

"Go, go!" cried Jean, standing at bay, her hair-brush upheld as a weapon, her eyes with a dawning light of battle in them.

Grizel saw it and fled with a laugh.

#### CHAPTER XV. — TWO ENCOUNTERS.

THE clash of the door behind which the girls had disappeared was still in Menteith's ears when, turning, he almost ran against Mally Gordon.

"Are you going to knock me down, then?" she said, laughing gaily. "That would be a queer kind of greeting after the friends we were last night! No, don't apologise, I saw where your thoughts were—a man may be forgiven for losing his wits when he has two bonnie young lassies to gallivant!"

There were several things in this address which jarred on Menteith. It seemed to him that Mally had made large strides towards familiarity since the previous evening, and that her manner when entirely at her ease was distinctly displeasing.

"You were going to see the young ladies?" he asked, not aware of the dignity that annoyance

lent his voice. If Mally perceived it, it did not impress her.

"Not I!" she said; "I know better than to go at Mr. Andrew's dinner-hour. I declare it's a disgrace that the only man in Edinburgh that lacks the Scotch virtue of hospitality should be a Gordon and one's own brother-in-law! You may be glad you're no relation to those bits of lassies, Mr. Menteith, for it's small welcome you would get over that doorstep. And it's not as if their father was laying by; they won't have a penny of tocher unless it comes from their Uncle Adam, though, indeed, he and his money seem sweir to part, as we say!"

The complexity of Menteith's emotions made speech an idle thing. Mally was not sufficiently versed in classifying shades of manner to know that she was rousing his antagonistic irritability, and his pause and outheld hand only hurried her into the determination that she would not let him go yet.

"I was only taking a turn to get a mouthful of air," she said; "I'll go round the square with you if you're going to 46."

Menteith yielded helplessly, and found himself compelled to give an account of his day's doings. Mally listened with a good-humoured petulance she seemed rather to encourage than to conceal.

"It was real unkind of you not to ask me!" she said playfully. "I love a ploy above everything; it was very cunning of you to keep it so quiet!"

"I thought you did not like country walks," he said impotently. "I remember you expressed a strong preference for the streets."

"It depends on the company," she said, with a sidelong arch glance of the eyes she had found effective in her conquering youth. "If *you* had asked me, perhaps I wouldn't have said no!"

He looked over her head with a countenance barren of response, and at last Mally realised that she had gone too far.

"I must be leaving you here," she said in an embarrassed voice, turning her head to glance at the white steps leading to Mrs. Gordon's immaculate door. "No, indeed, I daren't go in. I should get my head snapped off if I did. I was there this morning, and she would be displeased if I went again. It's not everybody that can run in and out like you—though it was different when my poor Alec was alive."

The pathos—spurious as he felt it to be—of these words was scarcely more calculated to touch Menteith than her flippant audacity, but his politeness came to the rescue. "If you are not coming in, you must let me see you to your own door," he said, wheeling round so as to give her the inner place on the pavement, and offering her his arm.

Mally was touched and gratified. Few of the minor chivalries for which women have a keen sense of appreciation had come in her way, and when, under the shadow of the pend that led outwards from the square, Miss Finlay was seen approaching, a genuine thrill of gratitude for the opportunity he gave her crossed Mally's elation at being discovered in such fine company. She nodded gaily to her friend with a delighted recognition of her surprise and envy. The surprise was

visible, the envy unapparent, but Mally's interpretation of her sister woman was guided by her self-knowledge. And for Menteith her regard momentarily grew. Little as he had probably been encouraged to respect her, he had never "lichtlied" or despised Alec Gordon's widow, or showed her aught but a careful courtesy.

"Mr. Menteith," she said, her agitation betraying itself in her voice, "I daresay it seems strange to you that I should be living so near my husband's folks, and yet have no freedom to go in and out like one of the family. But the truth is, I've never been able to hold my own since Alec died. Oh, I daresay you've heard many fine tales about me, but if everything were known there would be a good deal to tell on the other side also. You know Mrs. Gordon by this time, and though you're a favourite, as it happens, perhaps you can guess what it must be like to be always in her black books." She gave an unsteady laugh. "And that's what makes it the more to me that you've always shown yourself kind and friendly, you that are so chief with the Gordons. It's a great deal to a lonely woman, I can tell you."

The unclothed vulgarity of poor Mally's soul, the exaggerated eagerness of her voice and eyes, all went to heighten his distaste; but his first feeling that she was wholly odious was softened by his pity for her—and being no more than man, his vanity was gently stirred by her gratitude. What had he done, indeed, that she should lavish such absurd thanks upon him!

"If, as you very truly say, my interests are bound up in the Gordons," he said, making a clutch at his phrases to hide his embarrassment, "you must remember that it includes the whole clan. You are a daughter of the house yourself, Mrs. Gordon, and if, as Alec's old friend, I can help you in any way—"

"You knew Alec?" Mally paused in her surprise at the foot of her own stair, turning her full round face upon him.

"I knew him long before you did, I think."

She reddened faintly. She had not calculated on this. If Alec and he had been intimate, as he seemed to imply, then in all probability he knew certain facts of which she would have liked him to remain ignorant. That glib, "poor dear Alec," that pose as a disconsolate widow suddenly looked her in the face and disconcerted her. Use had made them second nature, but sufficient sensibility remained undeveloped to move her to a vague shame.

"I never heard him mention your name," she said, with a nervous movement of her chin.

"That is quite probable. Yet I remember him well."

"Then that's enough to make us cronies," she said, with a suddenly assured, almost boisterous gaiety, worn to hide her confusion. "I felt from the first that there was something drawing us together: I knew we should get on, you and me. And to think you knew Alec as a laddie! and only this morning I was wondering if I might bother you about a wee bit of business that calls for a man's judgment."

"Anything I can do to help," Menteith repeated

gravely, thinking he had been taken pretty speedily at his word; "but I'm afraid I cannot stay now. Mrs. Gordon must be waiting dinner for me—"

"And I wouldn't keep you!" said Mally cheerfully. "Don't I know what a scolding I should get if we were found out? But maybe if you can spare the time you would look in to-morrow or the next day?"

He had climbed to the very top of her long stair, and left her at the door with the assurance given again that his services were at her disposal. He had purchased his escape for the moment, but he did not look forward with any relish to further interviews, which he foresaw were unlikely to be limited to business. A lonely man, without experience to guide him, he found Mally a perplexing type, and he dared not rely solely on his native shrewdness to gauge her. Never did the ludicrous falseness of his position press so irksomely upon him as when in her society. A thousand times he was tempted to break his promise and reveal his identity. He had indeed a vague prescience that the revelation would create a storm, but storms have a healthful mission in clearing the air, and the atmosphere of Mally's little flat was electric.

But a second encounter with a woman who permitted no obscurity to veil her meaning was awaiting him. Under the same dark-browed pend where Miss Finlay had gone mincingly by, bridling under Mally's nods and glances, the portly figure of Ann Lauder bore down upon Menteith and imperiously arrested him with a red, uplifted hand.

"Ann," he said propitiatingly, "I know that I'm late; I'll sup the kail cold for a penance—"

Her wrath cut short his flippant repentance.

"Man," she cried, her face fiery with righteous indignation, "hae ye nae sense ava', no' to say hert, that ye can go daundering an' daffin' wi' yon fule wife that would gie the een oot o' her heid to pit her hand in your pooch, an' fill her twa nieves wi' Menteith's siller."

"Come, come, Ann"—his tone was full of annoyed remonstrance—"you go too far; you misjudge her—"

"Maybe, maybe," said Ann bitterly; "it's easy throwin' stour in some folks' een, but I little thought that Adam Gordon wad hae turned his back on the deen' she gae stravagin' wi' an upsettin' weedow wumman that's nae better than she should be."

"I met Mrs. Alec ten minutes since," he said, nettled at having to account for his behaviour. "I saw her to her own door, but I really fail to see how it concerns you, Ann."

"It's plain that the wa'gaen o' Mrs. Thomas disna pit you about!" she answered with the same concentrated bitterness.

"Mrs. Thomas?" he said, instantly aroused. "What do you mean?"

"Juist what I say. She's lyin' at deith's door in Miss Primrose's lodgings in Castle Street, an' you that aye professed to mak' sic a wark wi' her footing it ower the hills wi' thae lassies, an' allemanding yon impident besom that's fine an' fain to set her cap at Menteith an' his siller."

He seized her by the powerful arm and shook her.

"Speak out," he said sternly. "Be done with all this beating about the bush. If Tom's wife is ill, as you say, do you suppose I could divine it? Do you think I would willingly neglect in her need a woman who was as good to me in my boyhood as a second mother?" He was hurrying her along the street, gripping her arm till it ached, but Ann uttered no complaint.

"Did the mistress no' tell ye?" she asked, and there was a quality in her voice of grief and wrath and shame he could not but recognise.

"No," he said shortly.

"I sent ye word o't last night."

"I got no such message," he said. In an instant he recalled the interrupted tea-hour; Mally's annoyance at being summoned by her little maid to speak to Ann; her prolonged absence, and the lightness and carelessness of her manner when she returned. "Did Mrs. Alec know?" he asked suddenly.

"I gaed yince errand to tell her mysel'."

There was no need to add to the dryly spoken words. His face flushed with a dark resentment, a keen sense of humiliation, but he controlled himself. "Tell me everything," he said, and before they had reached the door Ann had poured out all her anxiety. Mrs. Thomas was not worse, but would never be better; she was "dwining"—sinking with slow peacefulness towards the long rest, and it did not need the doctor's grave looks to confirm Ann's battling fears.

"She'll no' let me send word to the shirra, no' yet," said Ann, "an' she"—she pointed to the lighted windows of the house with a dumb gesture of grief—"she wunna credit a word I say. Ye micht as well cry on the died in Greyfriars kirk-yaird to lippen to ye. It's no' for the want o' tellin', but she threepit an' better threepit it was nae but a pack o' lees."

"She shall listen," he said; and in the quiet words Ann recognised a determination as strong as her own.

"You are going back to Castle Street to-night, Ann?"

"I'm awa' the noo, as fast as I can get ower the ground. Ye micht deave her wi' words an' ye'll no' mak' her hear; it's but a waste o' breath."

"Wait five minutes," he said, "and I'll go with you. Or no—you'd better hurry on in case Mrs. Tom should want you, and I'll follow immediately. I must explain to my aunt. I haven't seen her since morning."

Adam Gordon found her wearing her most magisterial manner. Half an hour had elapsed since dinner was announced, and so grave a breach of household laws was scarce pardonable even in him. But he had long forgotten his offence, in the new stirrings of his anger. He did not see the haughty stiffening of the little neck, the cold glance of the blue eyes, or if he did they but added fuel to his resentment.

"Aunt Katherine," he said, without a preliminary word of greeting, "why did you conceal from me the serious nature of Ellen's illness?"

His voice in its direct challenge woke the deeps of her pride.



"Is this your only word to me," she said, "you that have gone your own ways from morning light, and have not even the grace to apologise for keeping an old woman waiting on your pleasure for her bite of dinner?"

"I am very sorry to be so late," he said, instantly repentant. "I have been delayed, and this news has upset me. Is it true that you knew yesterday of Ellen's condition?"

"I heard what Ann Lauder had to say," she answered coldly.

"And yet you let me go idling my time among the hills, when Ellen, who was endlessly good to me in my boyhood, was lying ill and helpless and friendless, away from home and husband!"

"I fail to see what Ellen Gordon could be looking for at the hands of Mr. Menteith," she said proudly. "Fushionless and thouless as she is, she kens better than to be expecting a stranger to wait on her."

"A stranger!" he said hotly. "Aunt Katherine, it is time this foolish farce came to an end. I am going to Ellen now. Faithful as Ann is, if Ellen's illness is as serious as she pictures it, it is time she had more skilled help."

"Faithful! aye!" cried the old lady with unmitigable scorn, "a bonnie like faithfulness to leave me that has given her house and home these fifty years, at the bidding of a whinging woman that has been dying any time these twenty years, and will be dying for twenty more! I thank Heaven I never was of the yammering kind to be crying on all men's pity when my wee finger ached, but if it pleases you to be humouring her whimsies, you can e'en go your ways, and play the fool with the lave. I can be doing with my own company, Adam Gordon, and I'll not fash you to be waiting longer on me."

He looked at her and the anger died out of his eyes, and gave place to a half-humorous patience, such as a strong man wears for a fretful bairn.

"Come down to dinner, Aunt Katherine," he said; "I haven't broken my fast since I ate Jean's sandwiches on the hillside, and I'm as hungry as a hunter. I'm awfully sorry if it is spoiled, but you'll forgive me for once."

"And you will still persist in going to-night to Castle Street?" All the pride of all the Gordons was in her glance.

"Yes," he said with a gentleness behind which lay authority, "because—you will send me."

#### CHAPTER XVI.—ADAM'S VIGILS.

IT was with many mingled feelings that Adam Gordon entered the house in Castle Street: the past was rushing back on him, and the years of his expatriation seemed to slip from him as a dream. He was a boy once more, a rebellious boy, in revolt against the fierce little aunt who ruled the house with a rod of iron, and caused even that grim dispenser of justice, Bassendean, to quake in his buckled shoes, and he was taking his hot, angry heart to be soothed and comforted by Ellen, Tom's sweet-tempered wife. She was a born comforter in her quiet way: not quick to understand the rights of a quarrel, but abundantly ready to sympathise

with both sides of any cause; he thought of her large, ample figure, her flowing dress, her voice that had a caress in its slow Scotch drawl, the good Ellen who interposed as a pillow to shield one from the buffets of the world. The old desire to pour out his grievances quickened in him as he hastened up the street, for he had left war behind him, and he came as no ambassador of peace. As Ann had foretold, "the mistress" was as adamant, her face set against belief in any but imaginary ails; she could not control Adam the man as she had thwarted and compelled Adam the boy, but she poured scorn on his mission; she let him go from her dinner-table—which not all his chat had brightened—in coldness and displeasure. Ann had forsaken her, and Adam, as she wilfully believed, was bent on opposing her out of sheer perversity.

"Of what use," she demanded, "could he be to an hysterical woman who posed as a helpless invalid? If he went in his own name he would scare her out of such few wits as she possessed; if as Menteith, what excuse did he propose to offer for his intrusion?"

He had no answer for such questions; in his man's simpler, more direct way, he set out to do that which seemed to him right, leaving the consequences to take care of themselves.

He was shown into a parlour on the entrance floor, and sending his card to her awaited Ann's permission to go up. The evening was still light, with a red splendour of sky behind the West Kirk, and there were passers-by going leisurely up and down the pavement, though shops and warehouses had shut their doors a good hour before. By ten o'clock most of these honest citizens would be abed, sleeping the sleep of the just, though the fair Northern twilight would linger to the saving of candle and street lamp.

Menteith—for that was the name by which he had announced himself—looked out behind the wire blind and recalled his wild boyhood. It seemed a strange setting for the hot revolt of youth, this dignified street of grey houses, uninvaded then by shops, set apart from other streets by the presence of Edinburgh's chiefest scribe and recorder, the great and good man who has set forth lovingly and lastingly her story as it was enacted in times more stirring than these. From fifty to fifteen—it was a long leap—and in this busy reconstruction of the past he had almost forgotten his present errand, when he was aroused to its importance by the rough entrance of Ann Lauder.

"She's no' juist sae weel the nicht," Ann said, accepting his presence in the dim lodging-house parlour ungraciously, as one who still held a place in her black books, "sae ye may as weel be steppin'. The nicht's drawin' in."

"I am going to remain here to-night."

"Ye may save yersel' the fash; there's no' a corner where ye can sleep."

"I shall do very well here," he remarked, glancing round at the hard, shining sofa of horse-hair with its provision of pillar-like bolsters. "I've slept on many a worse bed than that, and I'll be at hand should you want a messenger."

"Weel," said Ann, giving in diplomatically, rather than allow herself to be conquered, "it's no' for me to conter ye, gin ye're set on it, an' it's aiblins fellin' twa dogs wi' ae bane, for I'm no' free to say but what ye'll hae to fetch the doctor afore the skreigh o' day. But I'll awa up an' bring ye the shirra's plaidie; ye're banes are no juist sae soople as yince they were, an' a slippery soffer's no' a guid feather-bed when a's said an' done."

"Can't I see her to-night, Ann?"

"It's clean impossible. Ye'll hae to wait till the morn's morn, an' maybe ye'll no' win in even then. She's sair forfouchten."

"Well, it's out of the question to go to bed at this hour," he said, perceiving in her manner an invitation to let himself be instantly "happet" in the sheriff's shepherd-check plaid. "I'll go out for a smoke and a stretch. You are keeping watch?"

"Wha but me!"

"Well, then, come down at eleven and let me in. You can do it without disturbing her. And look here, Ann"—he arrested her as she was about to leave the room—"I mean to write to the sheriff."

Their eyes met with a keen sense of contact, as of swords crossing. For a moment hers flashed rebellion, but he went on firmly: "If she's as ill as you say, it's wickedness to keep her husband in ignorance. Indeed, I can't think what the doctor is about to allow it."

A flicker of Ann's lids, a faint increase of the flushed colour on her cheeks, and she stood before him a detected culprit.

"Ann," he said, more in grave reproof than in anger, "I wonder at you. I wouldn't have believed it of you."

She flung her apron over her head in token of shame before her bairn—her Adam who had found out the weak place in her staunch old heart.

"It's the auld mistress," she said in a strangled voice;

"I've angered her and gane conter to her, me that has had nane but her to mind, an' her patience is fair wore oot. I ken the length o't to a hair, as naeboddy has a better richt to do, an' noo *you* wi' ye're ram-stam ways"—the apron flashed down—"maun e'en set ye're back up and cast oot wi' her an' flyt at her——"

He took her, midway in her anger, by the arm and turned her to the door. "Go back to Mrs. Thomas," he said, "she must not be left alone."

He picked up his hat and gloves and passed out of the room before she had time to remonstrate.

There were moments when this Anglo-Indian, long inured to command, clenched hands and teeth, lest he should deal ungently with the women-folk who now tried to dominate his life. Better to have died in exile than to make enemies of those of his own house and blood, but better still to alienate their love for ever than to cause one poor forlorn soul a needless pang on the last long journey.

He went out into the lown, peaceful night, the stars above him, a soft grey mist that waited to



ADAM GORDON INTENDS TO STAY.

keep tryst with the reds of dawn about him, and on the green wilds where once the Nor Loch glinted in sun and moonshine, its waves "lappering" softly against the heathy muir now spread with streets and squares, he took counsel with himself and found guidance. The thoughts of his heart were hot within him; for the man sees with other eyes than those of the boy; the years he had overleaped were meaningless and full of unconcern, save that they brought him face to face with a crisis in which he told himself it became him to be master.

When he went back at the stroke of eleven, flung out upon the still air from the high crown of St. Giles, an invisible hand cautiously slid open the door of Miss Primrose's decorous house. He stumbled towards the light creeping from under the threshold of the parlour, and there, upon the faded green cloth of the table, reflected by the spluttering of two new-lit candles, he saw writing materials set forth in orderly array, flanked by a meal of bread and cheese and strong waters. There was silence without the room, the dead silence of a house asleep, but on the slanting surface of the horse-hair sofa the sheriff's plaid was spread, and above it a Paisley shawl that took him back at a bound to droning psalms in a grey harled kirk, and a small boy whose feet hung helpless from a high bench, and whose patient endurance was stimulated by secret doles of peppermint. The Paisley shawl and these disciplinary hours were indissolubly connected, and he smiled in recognition of the mood that had bidden Ann sacrifice her best garment to his comfort. With one old woman at least he would have no further trouble.

He spent the greater part of the night in writing, for there were explanations to be given which it put him to an honest shame to make. He reddened when he remembered how poor and flimsy were the excuses he had to advance for his change of name, and for the imposition he still practised on more than one member of his family. "Andrew must be told," he reflected, "and—Mrs. Alec." The thought of Mally brought a strong sense of repugnance with it, a sneaking desire to escape unconfessed as far as the widow was concerned. Then he remembered ruefully his promise of assistance, and knew that he would be held to his bond. To the man, so long used to live alone, or in the mere occasional companionship of his own sex, this sudden plunge into a feminine world of rustling skirts, glib tongues, irrational prejudices, petty spites, left him bewildered and resourceless.

He was too old a traveller to mind a night of vigils. "I shall not bother them with getting breakfast," he thought; "in another hour the hotels will be open and I can get a bite on my way home." He went out as soon as he heard the household stirring. An astonished girl looked up from the flight of steps she was washing, at the tall gentleman who preferred to take the air at that untimely hour.

"Do you know how soon the doctor comes who is attending the sick lady upstairs?" he asked.

The girl stated that he had come yesterday at nine. She fixed the hour by the fact that she was carrying up the two-pair back's tray when the benevolent doctor, Edinburgh's beloved physician, came behind her and passed her with a cheerful word of greeting.

"He'll leave his bed at a' hours if a body's in pain," she said with the willing praise he called forth from all sorts and conditions of men and women. "But the leddy's had a guid nicht—we had word of it from Mrs. Lauder."

He went to the nearest post-office and posted his letters. The longest of them was to Thomas

Gordon, the sheriff. Coming back he saw the doctor's horses in the act of being reined in at the door, and hastened to ask for an interview.

"What! are you Adam Gordon, Bassendean's nephew—the little tacket whose broken bones I used to have the pleasure of setting?" the doctor said, holding out a genial hand when Gordon had made his halting explanation. "Man, but you were a born fechter in those days!"

"I'm a peaceful, sober enough citizen now," said Adam, smiling, "and I find myself pretty much of a stranger in the old haunts—but some of the kindest of my recollections are bound up with the good woman who lies ill upstairs, and I would fain—if I may do so with safety to her—take her once more by the hand. She does not know that I am in this country."

"Well, the knowledge cannot harm her, and I don't doubt it will give her great pleasure."

"Do you consider her seriously ill?"

"She has been dying for years, and it is not in the power of man to restore her to health, but she may linger yet awhile. I am surprised that the sheriff is not with her; I should have thought my message would have brought him."

"That message was not delivered," said Adam—an expression crossing his face which showed that his regeneration was not yet complete—"but I have written to-day, and I will supplement my letter with one more urgent still, now that I have your authority."

"Do so," said the doctor gravely. "She is of the unselfish order of women—God bless them, they are better than we!—who would die quietly rather than be 'a fash' to anybody; but Tom Gordon is the last man to acquiesce in any purpose—by whomsoever conceived—to keep him in ignorance." He paused, and a pawky twinkle crept into his kindly eyes. "You could hold your own in the old days," he said; "have you lost your powers of—persuasion?"

The smile was reflected on Adam Gordon's face.

"Doctor," he said, in a half-shamed whisper, "women are kittle cattle to deal with, and I'm no' worth a buckie at that kind of fechtin'—but—I'll do my best."

The doctor laughed. "King Solomon doubtless learned wisdom among his three hundred women-folk," he said; "the rest of us have fewer opportunities. But if you've been pursuing a policy of silence, it's time to let your tongue wag. I'm no friend to much coming and going in a sick-room, but to whom can we look save to our own kith and kin in our hour of need? Ann Lauder does bravely, but I would sometimes see her mistress take her place."

"She shall," said Adam, with rash confidence.

"Her laddies I'm afraid cannot be reached in time, but she knew it was good-bye when she sent them off. Gordon, there are many martyrs who have never gone to the stake, and when it comes to the reckoning day many queer little heroisms will be made visible that never strike us now."

With that he took his noble white head and his tender woman's heart up to the sick-room, and left it the brighter for his brief presence there.



Soon afterwards Adam got his summons. He creaked upstairs with careful caution, and on his heart lay the dread—which even manhood feels—of the unknown. To witness suffering in another—in one so good, so simple, so unoffending, made a coward of him. He paused a moment at the half-open door, and saw Ellen before her wandering gaze met his. It was the same old face, a pathetically commonplace face in its worn lines, its patient, drooping mouth, as it looked out from between the dim hangings of the old-fashioned bed, the resignation of a meek soul written on every feature. Then his glance passed to Ann Lauder, as she stood partly concealed by the curtain; her dour attitude, her swollen, begrotten look told plainly the tragedy of the night. Conscience and loyalty had met in mortal combat, and only one had been victorious.

Not so much as by a lifted finger would she help him to make his presence known, but some subtle instinct made the sufferer turn her head. For a moment she looked vaguely troubled as if in a dream which she knew to be but a dream, then suddenly her face was irradiated and made beautiful and noble by the love that shone through.

"Adam!" she said, her hands outstretched; "Adam!"

#### CHAPTER XVII.—SAVORY'S CHANCE.

**F**ORTUNE, so often maligned, was in a genial mood when she favoured the forlorn lover.

'Tis said that she gives with both hands to the brave, but young Frank Savory was conscious of no thrill of valour when he paced at midnight the sleeping Square. He went there at love's compulsion, the desire to be near his beloved, even though she slept and was all unconscious of his presence, drawing him.

On the night on which Adam Gordon kept watch in the Castle Street lodgings, Frank Savory, who had made some friends and many acquaintances in the hospitable Northern city, was bidden to a supper. He went unwillingly, thinking it a treason to love's melancholy to be even reasonably sociable; but his blood was young; there were other eyes that were bright, if not the brightest, there were songs, there was an excellent supper, and Savory, who had had leanings towards a fast, found his appetite and his recovered spirits in one breath, and enjoyed himself hugely. Cheered without and within, exhilarated by the music which was more than wine to him, he found it impossible to go home cannily to bed. And instinctively his steps took him to the Square, then and for months past the centre of his life. Midnight struck while he entered it from the dark path under the meadow trees, and one o'clock found him lingering on, the last to surrender to night's claims. Old Lady Pettigrew's horses, which had carried her ladyship home from some stately card-party, were stabled; the dame herself, unwigged, untired, the rouge washed from her sunken cheeks, had been hustled to bed by the maid who had little reverence for so irreverent an old age. One by one in the high windows of the silent houses the lights had twinkled out; in the home of Mr. Andrew and his

girls darkness had reigned from ten o'clock. The panes of Jean's window took all their light from the outside.

"God bless her, angels guard her," cried the young man fervently; "and send her happy dreams!" He was touched and softened. Love, "the very life of man's soul," is the greatest gift Heaven has to bestow; it is the essence of the Divine Himself, and it needs must purify and sustain the heart that it has touched; it is the fire that brings out character. Lifted to his highest in that calm still hour, he alone awake of all the sleeping world, Savory vowed to be patient, enduring, brave, faithful in word and thought to the woman he had won. In the exaltation of his spirit he would not recognise failure: the way looked easy, the end sure, defeat but the first step towards victory.

In the rush and fervour of his thoughts his steps had lagged, the body would not keep pace with the mind. He found himself leaning against the railing which enclosed the garden; a hawthorn-tree flinging its drooping branches across the pavement made a deep shelter where the night hid him. The time of blossom was over, but a subtle perfume of green, growing things stole forth upon the air. Nature does her conjuring while men sleep: almost to his keen fancy he could hear the spear-like grass-blades thrusting themselves between the brown clods; the trees held a whispered colloquy though never a breath of wind disturbed the grey silence, a silence to be wondered at in the breezy wind-swept city, where on most days and nights of the year you have an ado to keep your buffeted garments in their place. Glancing up, he saw that he had anchored himself opposite old Mrs. Gordon's house, blank, curtained, given over to rest like its neighbours.

"Is she sleeping?" he wondered, "or is she planning some new scheme against our peace?" He recognised in her a formidable enemy, worthy of any man's steel; but hope and confidence refused to be cowed. He had too modest a recognition of his own merits to count on them to win the day for him, but chance and favouring circumstance come to all.

Even as he meditated his own opportunity lurked at hand. His ear, grown acute, heard a faint, unusual sound; a click, a gentle shiver, a dull thud—sounds that had no legitimate place among the sighing and whispering of the green garden. With senses nerved to the strain, he peered out from his shelter, saw the window of the dining-room of No. 46 cautiously opened, while two stealthy figures crept within. The shutters were instantly and silently closed, but a crack in them revealed a slender thread of light.

"Burglars!" He formed his lips into a voiceless whistle. His brain was instantly and steadily at work. He knew, for Jean had told him that day he found her cleaning the famous Gordon plate, that it was kept in a little room which divided Mrs. Gordon's chamber from that of Ann Lauder. The presence of the two redoubtable old women had always been considered sufficient protection for the family heirlooms, but Savory knew that Ann Lauder was not at home. He had himself met her, basket in hand, on his way to tea

with her mistress, and had somehow gathered from her openly expressed annoyance that part of Menteith's offence lay in his absence when it was an imperative necessity for Ann to forsake her mistress. If Menteith were not in the house, as she had seemed to imply, then indeed the old lady's plate, and her peace perhaps, were in peril together.

All these thoughts passed through his brain in an instantaneous flash, and a part of his consciousness was at the same time given over to determining his own course of action. If he followed the trespassers at once he might be overpowered and rendered useless; in any case his chance of capturing them single-handed was slender. Then he remembered to have noticed one of the town police leisurely sniffing the night air under the trees of the Broad Walk; to his certain knowledge this legal guardian of public safety had not once perambulated the Square during the last hour; the inference therefore was that he might still be found lingering where his services were least likely to be in requisition.

Savory crept from his tree shelter, and sped like a hare, blessing the dress shoes that left his steps noiseless on the pavement. To round the stable alley and to rush almost straight into the arms of policeman B 22 was the work of a second. Wrestling himself clear, he gasped out his explanation, the constituted authority listening with gravity mingled with suspicion.

"Look here, you can climb a wall, can't you?" said Savory impatiently. "Get over into the garden at the back of 46, and conceal yourself behind the water-butt. I tell you I know the house, and just what those fellows are up to. The plate-chest is in a little room on the first floor that looks out to the back. They will make for it as sure as fate—I daresay they are there now."

"May be ye're one of them yoursel', since ye know their plans so well?" The bull's-eye was flashed disconcertingly in the young man's face. "Hoo am I to tell that ye're no here to pit me aff the scent? I'm thinking that it'll be my first duty to show ye the road to the pollis-station."

"Tut, man, you might have arrested me any time this last hour, but there's never been a sign of your nose in the Square. Take me up and welcome half an hour hence: I'm very much at your service. But don't lose a chance of distinguishing yourself and earning promotion in the meantime—not to speak of letting two rogues go scot free. Get over the wall. I'll follow those sneaks into the house and secure the door of the plate-room on the outside. That will alarm them, and their only chance of escape will be by the window. The scullery roof comes in handy to drop on to, and depend on it they'll make a bolt for it. When I've seen that the door is secure I'll come round and help you—and between us we'll nab them."

The constable still looked doubtful; but Savory's voice and his dress clothes were reassuring. With inexpressible relief he saw the man prepare to obey, and fled to do his own part.

To his trained, active young body it was not

difficult to slip noiselessly in at the open window, push back the shutters, and enter the room. He round himself, as he expected, in darkness, but, leaving the shutter ajar, his dazzled eyes soon became accustomed to the gloom, and he groped his way to the door. With a step like a cat he mounted the stair. It was his hope that the head of the house and her maidens would remain undisturbed through this midnight visit; but while the servants in the upper regions slept the heavy, profound sleep of youth, he had forgotten to reckon on the lightly disturbed rest of age.

At the first bend of the stair a strange figure confronted him—a little old lady in trailing garments—a white night-cap tied under her chin, a poker valiantly shouldered musket-wise, ready to strike. She had been aroused by the earlier comers, and had armed herself in time to meet the rescuer. As he stole forward inch by inch this intrepid figure barred his way, threatening to destroy his well-planned scheme with her foolish panic. But she was undaunted—fear and she had no acquaintance.

"Come further if ye dare!" she said, in a voice that was bold enough for any Gordon.

"Don't you know me?" said Savory in a tragic whisper, an uplifted hand silencing her. "There are thieves in your house. I am here to help you—"

"Or to rob me!" she said fiercely.

There was no help for it. With a movement of great deference as well as dexterity he nipped her up in his arms, the little fragile old lady, strong only in pride and spirit, with a fold of her dressing gown he stifled her cries, and gently as if she were a child he carried her to her room, and set her upon a chair.

"They are in the plate-room," he whispered; "if you move or make a sound we are undone. If you would save your property, and perhaps your life, be still till I come back to you."

On noiseless, shoeless feet he crept to the end of the long passage where two rooms fronted the garden: the little one which was the scene of danger, and that usually occupied by Ann Lauder and now deserted. A light glimmered under the door of the former. With a heart that went in hammer-beats of excitement, Savory approached it, and bending his head listened intently. Faint, muffled sounds bore unmistakable witness to the presence of the thieves within: the locks of the stout oak chests had probably offered greater resistance than was anticipated, or the burglars were inexperienced. Savory decided for the latter, as with a flash of untold relief he noticed the key unremoved from the outer side of the door. With one swift, neat movement of his wrist he turned it in the lock and pocketed it. He was rewarded by a dead pause in the operations within, succeeded by symptoms of a scuffle, a hand shook the door, and finding it fast the intruders made instant preparations for retreat. As he heard the window sash thrown up, Savory laughed gleefully, and slipped on his shoes again.

"We'll nab them!" he cried, "if that fool of a bobby hasn't funk'd!" He was rushing downstairs when he remembered his prisoner, and

turned back. She was seated where he had left her, rigid and still, but her eyes burned wrathfully as she said—

"Well, sir, have you any more commands?"

"They've hooked it by the window!" he said, too hurried to choose his phrases, "and there's a constable waiting for them in the garden. I'm off to the back to cut off their escape. Couldn't you give the alarm by the window?"

He was gone before she could open her lips to reply. He could never afterwards give a very clear account of what next befell; his young blood was up, and in the excitement of chase his thoughts refused to order themselves. Using his instinct to guide him aright, he rushed through the house to the back garden, and, hearing the labouring heaves of the officer of justice as he slid round the waterbutt and closed with the first of the descending housebreakers, he concentrated all his attention on the other delinquent. He, forewarned of danger, made a dash for the scullery roof, meditating a leap on the farther side which should carry him beyond immediate risk and offer him a chance of scaling the garden wall, but Savory was too quick for him. With a wild scurry, pursuer and pursued were over outhouse roofs and walls, the aroused neighbours thrusting alarmed night-capped heads from thrown-up windows, and clamouring for the invisible police. The two men were nearly equally matched, for though Savory was the younger and more agile, his thin shoes told adversely upon walls bristling with bottle-ends, and for once he envied the tacket-soled boots that gave his quarry the advantage both in the defensive and offensive.

He scored, however, in knowing the locality thoroughly; not for nothing had he sauntered on sunny mornings and mooned at darkening about the old Square and its precincts. On a remembered day he had seen the dark-eyed Jean peeping out between the blossoming pear-branches from the window of Ann Lauder's room, and had noticed the convenient limb that made a staircase for a would-be Romeo; the backs as well as the faces of the houses were familiar as his own figure seen in a glass. It was therefore more by stratagem than by superior skill that he finally captured his man in the back green of old Lady Pettigrew's house; that ancient wreck of a once-a-day belle encouraging him in robust words of approval from her chamber window.

By this time a crowd, sprung from nowhere, had gathered in the dim Meadow Walk, and constables not a few with large airs of authority were

hustling prisoner number one, and proceeding to handcuff prisoner number two. Savory breathless, hatless, rent, and scratched, but full to the brim with satisfaction in the grand scrimmage, marched in the procession to the lock-up, through the streets waking to the echo of many feet, for out of mysterious doorways, alleys, and closes, a shadowy figure would now and again steal forth to join the multitude which always and everywhere hangs upon the skirts of misfortune. Constable B 22, now recognising Savory as an ally, lifted a hand in salute; Savory fingering in his pocket found there a handful of silver which, silently transferred, cemented their comradeship; but it was not until the prisoners were being charged at the station that he was made aware that but for the prowess



SAVORY ASKS FOR THE CONSTABLE'S HELP.

of policeman B 22 the capture could not possibly have been effected.

"A guid conceit o' yoursel' is a fine saving grace," thought Savory, making no attempt to disturb this comfortable belief. His own reward lay in the gratitude of one pair of bright eyes; if that crowned him he asked no more.

Here too he learned for the first time that a strangely draped figure, armed with a homely weapon, had accosted the policeman who was guarding the interests of the dwellers in Buccleugh Place, and with a few pointed remarks from a very stinging tongue hurried him to the rescue. It appeared that this emissary had also shown the utmost presence of mind in overcoming and handcuffing the desperado who made old Lady Pettigrew's back green the scene of his final stand.

In this blast of blatant trumpets Savory's own exploit shrank to very meagre proportions, and it was almost with the feelings of a culprit and a breaker of Her Majesty's peace that he surveyed



his ragged disarray. A little more and he would have heard the handcuffs clink on his own wrists without a protest.

As soon as possible he made his escape; the recollection of the open window in the plate-room and the door-key in his pocket weighing heavily on his mind.

The grey night had given way to the grey morning when Savory got back to the Square; the disturbed inhabitants had gone back to their beds, and were sleeping to the clanking of the milkwoman's tins and the emptying of the dust pails which adorned each door front.

He followed the creaking cart to 46, and with a guilty glance at the silent front and the broken window-pane, made a timid appeal for admittance. What manner of reception would be his he could not tell, but his experiences at the station rendered his expectations modest.

To his amaze it was old Mrs. Gordon herself who opened the door. She was dressed with her usual daintiness, and the poker had been restored to its legitimate use.

"Well," she said, with ironical good humour, "you're a pretty young man to come frightening an old woman out of her wits, stealing into her house at dead of night, and making her your prisoner as if you meant to murder her. And murdered I might have been for all thae lie-a-beds of lassies knew or cared, sleeping that sound that the last trump itself would scarce waken them."

"And just as well," said Savory, with a smile, "otherwise I should have had three to kidnap instead of one."

"You're a bold chiel;" the old lady surveyed the ragged figure on the doorstep. "And what may ye be wanting now? Is it your wale of the plate that ye've kept the key of?"

"I've come to restore the key and to count the silver with you," he answered gaily, with a sudden understanding of her mood. "None of it, fortunately, went off in the thieves' pockets, thanks to the valour of the police."

"Aye," she said dryly, "muckle thanks to them that are never in the road when they're wanted."

"And will scarcely obey a summons even at the poker's point," he rejoined slyly.

"Hae you the gift of second sight, laddie, among your English accomplishments?" Her tone was caustic, but her glance was friendly.

"No," he said, "that's a gift that never travels south of the Tweed, but I can recognise and honour courage when I see it, I hope." He stooped with a very natural chivalrous action, and lifting her little hand bent his lips to it.

She let it lie in his moment, and the expression in her keen old face softened.

"Come in by," she said; "breakfast's ready, and you must be as tume as a whistle after sic a night's work."

"Let me first run up and shut that window," he said; "the pear-tree makes a handy ladder, as those chaps found when it came to the descent."

The young servants, scared now that all cause for alarm was at an end, were tripping each other

over in their haste to obey the old lady's commands. When he came down, having found the plate-chest intact, a fire was burning in the parlour grate, and breakfast laid cosily for two. And for the second time within twenty-four hours—but under what different auspices!—he sat down to a *tête-à-tête* meal with the head of the Gordon house.

She made him relate minutely, as far as he knew them, all the events of the night.

Once she flashed a look of eager triumph at him across the tea cosy.

"A fine tale this will be for Ann Lauder, who thinks that the roof will fall in if she's no' here to haud it up!"

The news of these exciting adventures startled Gordon as he made his way to George Square. His interview with Ellen and some fresh arrangements for her comfort, as well as the breakfast he had stopped at an hotel to eat, had brought the day round to eleven o'clock, and long before that hour a hundred versions had circulated from mouth to mouth.

To the true one, with modest reservations, Jean was listening in the faded drawing-room, whither Savory had been despatched as Mrs. Gordon's messenger.

"Tell my son Andrew," she had said, "he needn't be thinking it his duty to come over till his usual hour. The plate's safe, and if there was not so much as a spoon left, it need not put him about, for none of it will ever get *his* length. But ye may ask for my grand-daughter Jean, and bid her come over to her broth and beef at one o'clock. She's a douce lass, and she'll keep the folk from chapping the knocker off my door with their senseless questions."

"Dearest, I think she is coming round to us," Savory said now, looking into the clear bright eyes, with the half-shed tears of pride still in them. "She was very kind to me."

"How could she be anything but kind!"—his deeds of derring-do flung a halo round this young man in her eyes—"you who saved her life!"

"Not a bit of it!" he laughed. "On the contrary, she imperilled mine. A well-directed 'clour' of that poker and there would have been an end of my career. All I did was to help to save the family dish-covers."

"She would never have got over that loss. She has such immense pride in the Gordon heirlooms; to have saved something that belonged to the family—you could have done nothing better than that to win her favour. But," said Jean very simply, "I will always like best to think that you went to her aid because she is old and lonely, and because she needed you, and you did not stop to remember that she had not been very kind to you."

"I'm afraid I had no such forgiving impulses, Jean; it would have been the same if it had been any other person's property that was in danger. There was a chance of a scrimmage, and that no fellow can resist."

"Oh," she laughed softly, "you make little of it, and that is very right and good, but I know how it all was, and I shall think my own thoughts about it always in my own heart."



"The police will correct these foolish impressions."

"And do you think I will question *them*?" she asked with lofty scorn. "Why are they always just where nobody can find them when they are wanted? They pretend to protect us, but it is themselves they take care of."

"That is one of the mysteries of their order better not inquired into."

"Well, granny at least has proved how true it is."

"Your granny is a very brave old woman, but Jean, little lass, friendly as she is, I cannot meet her one condition."

She looked up with a troubled glance.

"What is that?"

"I can't turn myself into a Scotchman. She thinks nobody good enough for you who has

not been born on this side of Tweed, and the melancholy fact remains that I am only an Englishman."

The colour came back to Jean's face and a beautiful light to her eyes; she was thinking of that day on the hillside, and of the vows she had silently registered while she listened to the story of another woman's lost happiness.

"Then," she said, the war of roses red and white in her cheeks, "you must make me into an Englishwoman!"

Surely this was his reward!

"No," he answered, drawing her very tenderly towards him with the first deep, proud feeling of possession, "I could not lose my little Scotch thistle, but there shall be no Tweed on our life journey to run between us and divide us, Jean. North and South will both be the Land of Love."

## LADY DAY AT GROTTO FERRATA.

"BE sure you go to see the Festa of the Madonna at Grotto Ferrata, on Lady Day," said an artist friend of ours in Rome. "It is a festa of the contadini and Campagna people in the neighbourhood of Frascati, and it has so much local colouring about it that it cannot fail to be very interesting to all 'forestieri,' *anglicè* strangers."

As this advice was given by one who had lived in Rome for more than five-and-twenty years, we decided at once to act upon it.

Friday morning March 25 rose bright and glorious, and we drove to the Roman station in high spirits, only to find that, *because* it was a festa, and an early start was specially desirable, the railway officials, for some inscrutable reasons of their own, had changed the 9.3 morning train to 10.15, and we had therefore to wait in that most uncomfortable of stations for over three-quarters of an hour.

After many warning "Partenzas," however, we were at last *en route*, and steamed slowly through the wide Campagna, by the side of the Aqueduct of the Acque Felice; the Claudian Aqueduct towering up in noble fragments, first to the right, then to the left of the line, until we reached Monte del Grano, the reputed Mausoleum of Alexander Severus, and the hiding-place of the renowned Portland Vase. Later on appeared the ruins of the Temple of Fortuna Muliebris, erected in honour of the female relatives of Coriolanus, who, on that spot, by their prayers and their tears, persuaded him to abandon his intended attack on Rome.

Every moment some memorial of the long-buried past came into view as we steamed slowly on: the vast ruins of the Sette Bassi, the few walls and fragments that still tell of the former glories of Roma Vecchia, under whose ruins so many priceless gems of ancient sculpture have been found,

the distant tombs of the Via Latina, and the glorious chain of the Alban and Sabine Hills; while countless larks, as our train invaded their solitude, sprang from the green turf and soared upward, pouring out liquid music over our heads, the glorious Roman sky framing in the lovely picture in a setting of deep azure.

Three engines tugged us up the steep incline to Frascati, through groves of gnarled olive-trees; and on reaching the picturesque little town (to us English especially interesting as the former residence of the Cardinal of York, the last scion of the Royal Stuarts) we passed out of the station, through a Babel of tongues apparently of every European race, into a still louder Babel of shouting omnibus and cab drivers, who were all clamouring for passengers to the Grotto Ferrata at the top of their shrill voices, the carriages asking impossible prices, the omnibuses offering seats at a lira or franc a head.

After a good deal of the bargaining which is the delight of an Italian's soul, we secured a comfortable carriage and pair for a reasonable price, and drove off to the Grotto. All the world seemed bound for the same spot, and we were soon in a long train of vehicles of every shape and kind, and almost smothered by the dust raised by our forerunners.

The weather was glorious, the views over the green sea of the Campagna to the Eternal City lying in its embrace were superb: St. Peter's rising up from the surrounding buildings and palaces like a noble giant, and glittering in the noonday sunshine like some glorious gem.

Birds were singing, every shrub and every tree was beginning to don its fresh spring garb; the peach-trees, in full bloom, were a mass of pale crimson or amethyst; the pear-trees a lovely contrast of pale pink and white. On all hands were groups of the happy peasant folk hurrying on to

the Festa and the Fair, which to them is one of the greatest events of the year.

As we approached the village, which lies about two miles from Frascati, covered carts and vehicles of every kind met us returning early from the Grotto, the horses, mules, and ponies all gay with bunches of red and white and pink paper roses, with sprays of silver tinsel at their heads, and in some cases wreaths of the same bright flowers adorning the whole of the harness.

Strings of shaggy, sturdy Campagna ponies and mules, their long tails almost sweeping the ground, passed and repassed us, raising clouds of dust; their riders wild-looking, bronzed men, seated on high-peaked saddles, with or without stirrups as the fancy took them, sometimes alone, sometimes with their wives riding pillion-fashion in front of them. In former days, the contadine or peasant women all wore their picturesque national costume, making the Festa a perfect feast of colour to an artist's eye; but now, unhappily, the pretty characteristic dress is gradually dying out. The men, happily, are wiser than their womenfolk, and still wear their shaggy goat or sheep skin breeches, with the long hair outside, and the comfortable, useful sandals of their ancestors. These are made with a broad sole of thick untanned hide and bound over the coarse white stockings with thongs of leather, crossed and recrossed up to the knee.

As we approached the village, every coign of vantage on the road had been seized on by a beggar with some hideous deformity or mutilation, which he or she amply displayed to attract the alms of the passing crowd. One terrible man waved two brown handless stumps in my very face, but I could not help suspecting that these horrors were possibly artificial, and that probably his real arms and hands were comfortably tucked away under his rags. A boy at Amalfi reaps countless "soldi" from the charitable, as he declares that he is afflicted with ophthalmia that has completely destroyed his under-eyelids. So he appears in the working hours of his day, but meet him in the evening and you will find his eyelids have only been cleverly tucked in, and his eyes are perfectly sound, with no disease whatever. On the road to the Grotto, wherever I turned my eyes they fell on some new horror at each fresh corner of the road; and it was a great relief when we drove into the village to find that there these terrible beggars came not, but that they were replaced by long rows of Campagna horses, mules, donkeys, and ponies, all tethered to the walls of the houses while their masters were enjoying themselves in the Fair.

Our carriage was stopped by a "Guardia," or policeman, before we turned into the long street where the Fair was held, as it was too crowded to allow any vehicle to pass, and we therefore alighted and proceeded on foot.

The noise was deafening—hucksters of every kind shouting out the price of their wares—women carrying little screaming black pigs in their arms as if they were babies, others with their poor swaddled infants carried like logs, who, had they had sense, would have envied the freedom of limb enjoyed by the pigs. Poor little Italian babies!

I never see them without longing to set them free from their cruel bandages, and allow their little fettered legs and arms the free play natural to all young creatures.

As we penetrated farther into the good-humoured crowd, our attention was attracted by a woman with a red velvet toque, and a black silk handkerchief bandaging her eyes—she was seated on a high chair placed on a table, gesticulating and talking loudly. As we drew close to her, we found she was a fortune-teller, with a pack of cards in her hand, offering to read the future fate of anyone in the crowd that surrounded her, and promising to each young peasant "una bella ragazza" (a beautiful girl) for his wife.

A little farther on we came upon another of these Sibyls, perched up high in air, with a smart hat, bandaged eyes and spangled gown, pouring forth such an avalanche of words, without one second's breathing space, that I could scarcely catch a syllable she said, save "buona fortuna" and "bella ragazza." The ceaseless fountain of speech was pouring forth in undiminished volume when we left her, and was flowing quite as copiously when we repassed her an hour later. Poor soul! how wearied and exhausted she must have been ere nightfall!

We had now reached the thickest part of the crowd, and as we looked down the incline of the little village street that led up again to the gates of the Grotto Ferrata church, some five hundred yards distant, we debated whether it were possible to stem the surging crowd and pass through it, up to the church itself; it looked as if we could only do so by walking on the heads of the people all the way.

The *coup d'œil* was most picturesque, the women all wearing bright-coloured kerchiefs on their heads, here and there a peasant girl in true contadina dress; and towering above the heads of the crowd numerous long poles, twelve or fourteen feet high, covered with bouquets of pink, white, or red paper flowers, with silver sprays, glittering in the sun's rays; these bouquets being quickly sold by the pole-bearers to the peasants for a few centesimi, or farthings.

Our party consisted of two ladies, one gentleman, and an Oriental servant, and we determined to penetrate to the church if possible. The gentleman acted as pioneer, we ladies following close, with the servant bringing up the rear; and by dint of patience and quiet perseverance, little by little the waves of the kindly, courteous crowd parted before us, and we at last triumphantly passed through an archway into the comparatively quiet courtyard before the sacred edifice. We had lingered several times *en route* to watch some of the many sales going on around: one man displaying a pair of striped trousers which he was measuring with his nose and wide-stretched arms, women selling great slices of roast pig stuffed with sage and garlic, another man soliciting bidders for a silver watch and chain, which he was selling by auction, starting with the modest sum of "dieci soldi" (5*d.*), mounting quickly to "quindici soldi," "venti," "venti cinque," and so on, and there we

left him gesticulating, with his outstretched arms holding the watch high above his head.

Passing through the courtyard, which was also filled with stalls, many displaying rosaries, crucifixes, and sacred pictures, we entered the vestibule of the church itself, which bears an ancient Greek inscription over the door, exhorting every worshipper to leave all worldly thoughts, all worldly pride, outside the threshold, if haply he might find favour with the Judge whose Temple he was about to enter.

Tradition declares that the village derives its name, "Grotto Ferrata," from a very ancient grotto close by, which once held a miraculous picture of the Madonna and was protected by a grating of iron bars at the entrance.

The church was founded in the tenth century by the Greek saint Nilus, who, bowed down with grief at the death of his wife, which took place when he had passed the meridian of life, entered the Greek order of S. Basil, the only one of that rule in Italy. The early part of his monastic life was spent at Monte Cassino with the Benedictines, but he subsequently went thence to Rome on the invitation of the Emperor Otho III. He spent his time there in the ancient convent of S. Alexis on the Aventine Hill, and soon his fame as a healer of the sick and worker of miracles grew and spread far and wide. The state of Rome, however, rent asunder as it then was by the dissensions between the Papal and the Imperial party, so vexed his righteous soul that he retired from the din and turmoil of the city to live a hermit's life in the grotto or cave near Frascati, which gives its name to the church and village, and there he died A.D. 1005.

The chapel in the church, which is dedicated to him and to S. Bartolomew, is rich with beautiful frescoes from the hand of Domenichino, who, on the urgent recommendation of his master Annibale Caracci, received a commission from the abbot of the adjacent Basilian Monastery to decorate its walls with frescoes depicting the principal scenes of the saint's life.

One of the most beautiful of the series is that of the meeting of S. Nilus and the Emperor Otho III., in which Domenichino has immortalised himself, Guido and Guercino, and also a beautiful maid of Frascati, with whom he was passionately in love, but whom he was never allowed to make his wife, as her parents strenuously opposed the marriage.

The girl appears in the fresco dressed as a page, with a blue cap and sweeping plume, and it is evident from the care with which this special figure is painted, that to Domenichino the task was a labour of love. We would gladly have lingered in the quaint, venerable church, to examine more closely the Greek inscriptions on its walls, as well as its pillars and monuments, but it was crowded with kneeling peasants, and we did not like to disturb them at their devotions. The procession, which the lateness of our train deprived us from seeing, had taken place early in the day, and the High Mass also; so the principal services were over.

The adjoining Basilian Monastery was once rich in rare Greek MSS., but of these none remain there now, for its chief treasures were removed by Urban VIII. to the Barberini Palace in Rome; and the rest were pillaged by the French during their occupation of Italy. Nine priests and several lay brothers still live there, devoting their talents to the education of the boys who are placed under their care. This monastery, in the fifteenth century, was the residence of the warlike Cardinal Abbot, Giuliano Rovere, afterwards the renowned Pope Julius II., who fortified it strongly and surrounded it with a moat.

After seeing all we could (no easy matter, on account of the crowd) we found our way to our carriage at the entrance of the village and drove back to Frascati for lunch.

In the evening, as we were walking back to the station, we were much amused by watching a characteristic scene taking place on the little piazza overlooking the railway-station.

A peasant cart or *char à bancs*, gaily painted with yellow flowers on a bright blue ground, was filled with peasants returning home to their distant villages after the day's Festa. A beautiful young mother, dressed in the contadina costume, her white kerchief folded on her pretty head, was seated with her sturdy little baby boy on her lap; her sister, a younger girl, on the bench next the driver. It was evident that one man in the cart was obnoxious, or at least unwelcome to the rest; in an unwary moment he had dismounted, and whenever he attempted to take his seat again he was pushed down, the girl on the box being vigorous in her refusal to let him come near. Perhaps he was an unwelcome lover of hers—we could not tell; but as he persisted, the driver got down, threw his arms around him, smiled on him, with his beautiful white teeth gleaming like ivory, and almost kissed him! Still the man was determined, and made for the cart. Then another friend drew near, coaxed, entreated, embraced him, led him away, apparently subdued, but in a minute the intruder had returned, and was again striving for a place in the blue flower-decked cart, only to be again as vigorously repulsed as before.

I quite expected to see him lose his temper and draw out his stiletto, for with these hot-blooded sons of the South, a blow follows a hasty word only too quickly, but somehow the cart was driven off at an opportune moment without the man, and so the curtain dropped on the little comedy before any catastrophe had occurred.

As we steamed back to Rome, we did so with a feeling of deep regret that the waves of our nineteenth-century civilisation were so fast washing away the bright local colouring of peasant life in Italy and Europe generally, leaving behind in its place a dull monotone of commonplace grey, which by no means makes up for the lost beauty and vivid colouring of past days.

AGNES EVAN-SMITH.

## RAMBLES IN JAPAN.

BY H. B. TRISTRAM, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S., CANON OF DURHAM.

### III.



JAPANESE BRONZE LANTERN.

**C**HARMING as are the buildings and scenery of Uyenô, they are certainly in almost every point excelled by those of Shiba, situated at the southern end, as Uyenô is at the northern, of the great city. We spent portions of several days in visiting this maze of gardens, temples, and tombs. The great street leading to it contains the most interesting shops of every kind, the type of which is but little spoiled by European innovations.

Here is the Wardour Street of Tokio. I was most attracted by the fine collections of the ancient armour, now—alas, for picturesque quaintness!—utterly discarded. As one watched the nimble battalions of little riflemen marching through the streets on their way to or from parade in their Frenchified uniform, and now read of their prowess against their hereditary rivals, we could hardly realise that not only the grandfathers but the fathers of these dapper little men had paraded these same streets in all the glory of their

medæval accoutrements, weighted with chain armour and steel helmets and girt with their two swords.

The collections of old armour and swords in these shops were to me as fascinating as a display of the fashions in Regent Street to an English belle, while the prices, as far as I could judge, were extremely moderate. I made many purchases at a price really less than the value of the material. Amongst the most beautiful specimens of Japanese art were the richly inlaid guards of the swords, elaborately worked in gold or silver in endless artistic devices. Some of the sheaths also were exquisitely ornamented in the same fashion. In fact, ancient armour was at this time a drug in the market, many of the poorer Samurai being compelled to part with their treasured accoutrements for rice. We purchased several swords of very fine temper for moderate prices, but the work of some of the celebrated artificers of these blades still commands a fancy price, their reputation surpassing the reputation of the finest Damascus blades. The names of some few of these artificers are handed down for many generations, and their blades, which are marked and recognised, are treasured as a Stradivarius would be by a musical connoisseur.

There were also for sale large collections of *nitsuki*, or ivory carvings—a kind of large button used for fastening the inevitable pipe and pouch into the girdle. Some of these were exquisitely carved and are masterpieces of art—mice nearly life size, squirrels and various small animals in all sorts of attitudes, where the artist has indulged his lively fancy in every form of grotesque humour. These sculptured *nitsuki* are pierced with two



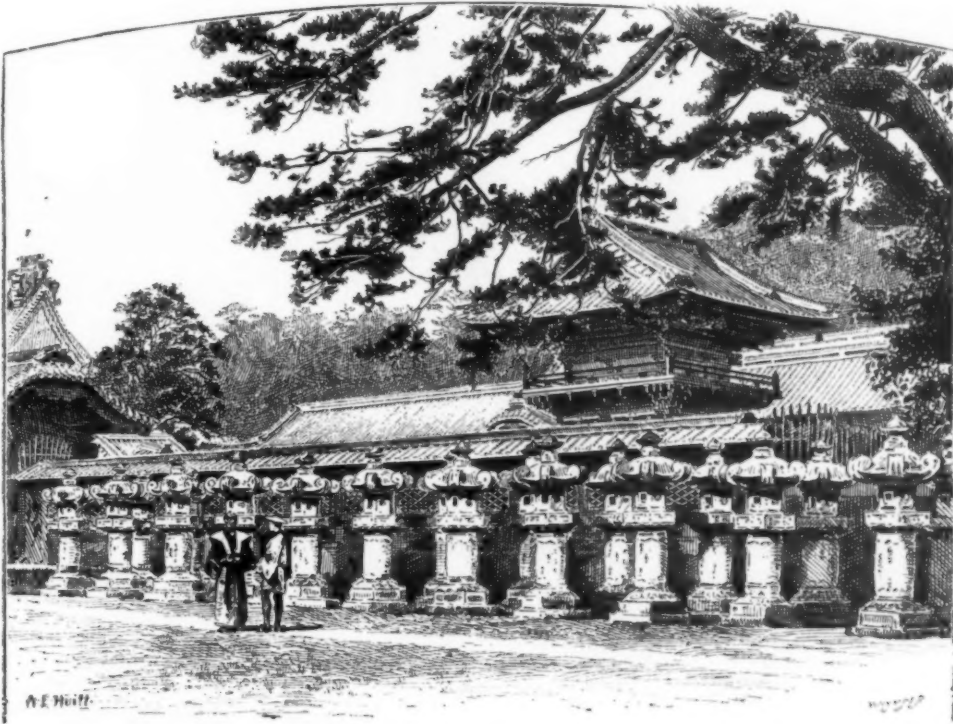
JAPANESE BUTTONS.



holes, through which a silk cord is passed, on which used to be hung little bags of flint and steel, tobacco and bamboo pipe with its tiny brass bowl. The flint, steel, and tinder-box are of course now superseded by matches. The grotesque generally preponderates in these *nitsuki*, but many of them are historical figures or illustrations of domestic life. In fact, from these carvings one may get as complete an idea of Japanese life as we may of Egyptian from the frescoes by the Nile. Ivory has evidently been a most abundant material in Japan until recently, but it is not the ivory of the elephant from India. It is said to have been imported from the Corea, whither it had been brought from the shores of the Arctic Ocean, strewn with the tusks of the prehistoric mammoth.

While rummaging his stores, I came across an excessively rare bird from the Loochoo Islands, of which only two or three specimens had ever reached Europe. I had found his prices very moderate, but for this he asked me five dollars. I demurred to the price, but I have always found the Japanese are at once fetched by a joke; and so, when he told me that the dealer in live birds across the street asked twenty-five dollars for a living bird, I replied, through my daughter, that such a good man as he was worth a thousand dollars when alive, but I would be sorry to give ten for him when dead. The dealer threw himself back, laughing heartily at the joke, and said I might have it for a dollar.

But nothing in this street was more interesting



Zōjōji-zaō TEMPLE. STONE LAMPS GIVEN BY DAIMIOS IN HONOUR OF THE VARIOUS SHOGUNS BURIED:  
THE NAMES OF DONORS ARE ENGRAVED ON THE STEMS OF THE LAMPS.

Being in search of a butterfly-net, or the wherewithal to make it, I was directed to the shop of a dealer in fishing-tackle. It was interesting to find that the trout and salmon of Japan succumb to the same wiles as their fellows in Northern Europe. But while the flies were home made, the hooks themselves were all supplied from Redditch, the wares of which have completely supplanted the native manufacture. Gaudy salmon flies, brown palmers, and other familiar types, recalled, in that far-off land, the memories of many a Northumbrian "burn." We found, too, a taxidermist's shop; for the study of nature in all its branches, botany especially, was appreciated by the Japanese long before the country was opened to intercourse with Europe.

to me than the shops of the dealers in live birds. I have never been able to ascertain how the Japanese succeed in keeping in captivity many species, which with us pine and perish in confinement. One of the commonest cage-birds is the titmouse, all the species of which, several of them identical with, or closely allied to, our own, as the great, marsh, and cole tits, seem most happy and healthy in their little bamboo prisons. The Japanese robin, a close cousin of our own, and only to be distinguished by his under-parts being steel grey where ours are white, is also a very favourite cage-bird. I often thought, when I saw robins, titmice, warblers, and the like, singing brightly and evidently at their ease in their cages—

birds which we never, or very rarely, succeed in domesticating—that there must be something very sympathetic in the Japanese nature, some magnetic attraction between them and the birds, which is foreign to our more phlegmatic Western nature. I was struck, too, by the contrast, in appearance and plumage, between the sprightly cage-birds of Japan and the draggled, miserable-looking captives which I have seen in the Chinese bazaars. But the Japanese cultivates his captives because he loves them ; the Chinaman entraps them to trade with

build on the rafters and ledges of the houses and shops, within reach of any passer by, flitting in and out, with the fearlessness of domestic pets. To molest them would be a crime equal to rudeness to a fellow creature. And in order to prevent any dirt or untidiness, a thin board is carefully suspended under every nest, and daily cleaned. Our chimney swallow finds a ledge to build his open nest, but the other attaches his mud structure after the fashion of our window martin to the roof, and for greater security adds a funnel-shaped passage



BUDDHIST PRIEST.

the foreigner. The abundance of swallows skimming in all the streets, and threading their rapid flight between the heads of the passers by, must strike the most unobservant. Scarcely a house or shop in Tokio without one pair at least of these cheery little summer residents. They are of two species, one scarcely to be distinguished from our own chimney swallow, the other the red-rumped swallow, almost as abundant, but easily to be distinguished by the bright red of the lower back, and its streaked throat and breast. There being no chimneys, both species adapt themselves to circumstances and

of about a foot long of the same material. Hence they are called in the country "the bottle swallows."

But we have lingered long on the way to Shiba ! Shiba has a charm of its own in the fact of its being on rising ground ; and the magnificent and noble trees certainly are an exception to the ordinary diminutiveness of most things in Japan. As a friend remarked when he had first seen an avenue of gigantic cryptomerias, "It is worth coming to Japan to see the cryptomeria at home." The floral glories of the islands were at their

height. The glowing sheets of colour covered the double-blossoming cherries, and peaches of every hue, from the deepest crimson to the purest white, in great masses; and then the cryptomerias, maples, *Salisburias*, and other trees, with their pale and dark foliage, were grouped artistically in a way of which we have no conception.

But the central attractions of Shiba are the shrines, sacred to the memory of Shoguns of the Tokugawa family, six of whom are buried at Uyeno, two at Nikko, and six at Shiba, whilst the last deposed prince is still living. These shrines are of very rich woodwork, with the most elaborate gilding, approached through numerous groups of colossal stone lanterns. We enter by a gateway whose pillars have metal dragons twisted round them, and are gilt. The court inside this gate is

angels, who are supposed to protect the world against demons. The outer courts of these shrines are decorated with barbaric magnificence. The most gorgeous gold lacquer is held together by costly and beautifully executed metal work. It is curious to note amongst the favourite decorations the unicorn, the fabled animal, which seems to be recognised in the East as well as in the West. Behind these gorgeous temples, a long flight of stone steps leads up to the tombs of some of the Shoguns. Most of these tombs are striking for their austere simplicity, everything about them being suggestive of power, in striking contrast to the lavish decorations of the temples in front.

About a mile farther on is a very curious Buddhist temple, the burial-place of the forty-seven *Ronins*, who are looked upon as national heroes by



VEGETABLE PEDLAR.

lined with 212 huge bronze lanterns, the gift of different daimios during the last two centuries. Through a third gate are galleries with richly painted panels and carved birds and flowers, while the beams of the roof of the temple are carved into the shapes of dragons. Here we had to take off our shoes before we entered what may be called the chancel or sanctuary. Within the inmost sanctuary are shrines in which are concealed the statues of the different Shoguns. But these images, the gifts of emperors, are never shown, so that there are no images visible. On the outer platform the samurai and lesser gentry used to worship, whilst in the corridor leading to the inner sanctum the great daimios were admitted; the Great Shogun alone worshipping in the inner sanctuary. On either side of the shrines are wooden statues of the guardian

the Japanese, and form the groundwork of one of the most popular romances. Although the events are said to have occurred only about two hundred years ago, they take a place in Japanese romance not unlike that of the heroes of King Arthur's Round Table amongst ourselves. The outlines of the story are worth telling as illustrating the national spirit, which elevated a bloodthirsty revenge to the highest place among the social virtues. The story is briefly this.

One Daimio having been assassinated by another in a dastardly manner, his vassals, or *Samurai* as they are called (a position somewhat resembling that of the esquires and retainers of a mediæval knight), having now no liege lord, became *Ronins*, that is, "wave men," a kind of mendicant soldiers of fortune, it being beneath their dignity to engage in

manual labour. Forty-seven of them entered into a secret league to avenge their lord's death, in which enterprise, after many romantic adventures, they finally succeeded; and having seized the great daimio, they offered him what was considered an honourable end, by permitting him to perform *harakiri*, that is, to give himself the happy despatch by using his own short sword. On his refusal they slew him, and then, proceeding to Yedo, gave themselves up to the authorities, who sentenced the whole of them to perform *harakiri*, which accordingly they did, and have been looked upon as loyal heroes and martyrs ever since.

Pilgrimages are made to their tombs in this temple as to the shrine of Thomas à Becket; incense is continually burned in their honour; and their clothes and relics, carefully preserved, are at certain intervals of years exhibited to the admiring crowds who flock from all parts of the country, as in Europe to the Holy Coat of Trèves, bringing great wealth to the temple Sengenkuji.

This group of buildings in Shiba is one of the most remarkable in the whole country, surpassed only by those of Nikko and Kioto. But what struck me most was the wonderfully artistic arrangement of the trees. We seemed to be wandering in a wild wood full of exotic trees, and at every turn came unexpectedly on a roof nestled beneath them, with its upturned corners resplendent in the sunlight.

Few things can give the stranger a better idea of the art and manufactures of Japan than a visit to the Shiba Kwankoba, or bazaar, with its winding maze of corridors, on either side of which all the goods are exposed. It is well to visit this place with a well-lined purse, for the temptations are irresistible. The young ladies in attendance stand in front of, not behind, the counters. There is one immense advantage to the Western stranger, in that, contrary to the almost universal custom of the country, all the articles are marked in plain Japanese figures and there is no bargaining. Hours may be spent in the contemplation of things new and old—antique carving in ivory; costly bits of ancient pottery; lacquer of every kind, ancient and modern; bewildering piles of delicate porcelain; silks rich, plain, and embroidered; screens and fans; to say nothing of more homely domestic articles. I was able to make an interesting collection of Japanese tools and instruments, and many charming models illustrating all the operations of agriculture and carpentry, culinary work and the life of the home. Dolls and toys were a great feature, and in the latter the productions of Holland pale before those of Tokio. One was instantly impelled to count up the numbers of nephews, nieces, and grandchildren whose birthdays would be gladdened by a remembrance from the other side of the world.

The following morning, April 29, on looking out I was surprised to see a display of colour in a novel form in every direction over the whole city. On the roofs and corners of houses all around were huge paper balloons in the gaudiest colours suspended from bamboos from twenty to fifty feet high. The balloons, or hollow paper bags, are cut in the shape of a fish, sometimes twelve feet long,

with a large open mouth formed by a wire ring into which the wind blowing inflates the fish, which waves about after the manner of a weather-cock, and is painted very cleverly in brilliant colours. It was the Japanese May Day, and on this day it is the custom that a paper fish should float over every house in which a boy has been born during the past year, and it remains hoisted for a month, giving every town and village the appearance of being *en fête*. The girls, I am ashamed to say, have no such honour paid to them. The explanation of this extraordinary custom is that it symbolises that as the fish swims up stream, so may the boy successfully face all the struggles of life. Some boys are honoured by a row of a dozen fishes on one pole, and certainly, to judge by the thousands of these fish-flags, there is no fear of a lack of men in the coming generation to defend their country.

I had been asked by the Tokio Christian Evidence Society to deliver a lecture on this afternoon on Historic Corroborations of the Pentateuch from recent Egyptian discoveries. The Society is formed by the missionaries of the various denominations, chiefly American, and the President is Archdeacon Shaw, the venerable senior missionary of the S.P.G. The lecture-room was a large isolated hall, called the Tabernacle, built near the University by American Episcopal Methodists, but which is used freely for Christian work by all denominations. Archdeacon Shaw was in the chair, and I was rather taken aback by the size of the audience, about a thousand, of whom one-fourth were undergraduates of the University with their soft square caps. Most of them understand some English, and all are eager to improve themselves in our language. I also here met for the first time Bishop Hare, an American prelate, who was for the time assisting Bishop Williams. I must say the Japanese are patient listeners, for they bore with me for an hour and twenty minutes. I can only hope that many of them carried away a clearer idea than did the reporters of the Yokohama papers, which honoured me with a column. However, it is something that the Japanese papers should give unasked so much space to a religious subject. In the evening I enjoyed an extremely pleasant dinner-party, at the English Bishop Bickersteth's, where I met amongst others Mr. Kirkwood, the legal adviser of the Japanese Government on international law, and Professor Ijima, Professor of Zoology in the University of Tokio.

While staying with Mr. Williams in Tsukiji I had my first and only experience of a Japanese earthquake. Would that the experience of others had been fraught with as little injury as my own. As I was sitting in my room just after breakfast, all of a sudden the floor seemed to heave a sigh; the prints, of which there were a good many, clattered two or three times on the walls, and the bells in the house began to ring. I knew at once what was the matter, for though it was years since I had felt an earthquake, the sensation is one the memory of which time can never efface. My



mind reverted at once to the earthquake which overthrew Bona and Djileli in Algeria, and of which I had experienced the full force in the Sahara. On both occasions I had a strange physical sensation, resembling, I suppose, that of sea-sickness, of which happily I am personally ignorant. I do not suppose that the tremulous motion lasted more than three seconds, though the vibration continued a little longer. No further harm was done in Tokio, though people, when other conversation failed, mentioned it as we might the weather.

A Sunday in Tokio gave me an opportunity of seeing a little of the Christian mission work. Certainly the metropolis of Japan has samples before it of every form and development of Christianity. There are representatives of the C.M.S., the first English society of any denomination to enter Japan; of the S.P.G.; Bishop Bickersteth's mission; the Cowley Fathers; the American Protestant Episcopal Church, very strongly represented, and American Presbyterian Cumberland and Southern; Congregationalist; Baptist; Episcopal Methodist; Wesleyan; Dutch Reformed Society of Friends; American Unitarian; Russo-Greek; and Roman of different orders. At this time I do not think there were any British Non-conformists.

I began with the Japanese morning service in the C.M.S. church at Tsukiji. The congregation amounted to about sixty adults, and the sermon was preached by a young catechist who struck me as being well satisfied with himself. This, however, can hardly be called a mission church, as the native congregation bear the whole expense and maintain the catechist. I afterwards attended English service at the American cathedral. As we entered the building, we met the Japanese congregation just streaming out. I was introduced to the venerable Bishop Williams, who had just resigned his See, a pleasing old man with humility and self-sacrifice stamped in every feature and action. He certainly was no lordly prelate. Prayers were read by a young clergyman, who had been in England with the Cowley Fathers. It is a noble church, cruciform, with aisles, lofty and light, and thoroughly Protestant in all its arrangements, perhaps more so than in its *personnel*, and serves all the English-speaking people in the concession.

At two o'clock I went to the C.M.S. Japanese Sunday school, where the children repeated Hebrews xi., which of course formed a capital text for Old Testament catechising. At three o'clock began another Japanese service, at which I did not stay long, but went in the evening for a long walk with Mr. Williams to visit some of his preaching places in the poorest parts of this vast city. He has four in all, some of them miles apart. The first we visited opens on a narrow street, its front being simply paper shutters, which, when pushed back, open the whole room on to the street. It is used as a ragged school all the week, and as a Sunday school, and in it are held continued preaching on Sunday and weekday evenings; exhortations, short or long (for the Japanese are patient listeners), being given by one native after

another. It has benches for about sixty children. The farther half of the room is a raised dais, covered with fine Japanese matting, and has a table in front. The few women present sat on the matting. Sunday school was just over when we arrived. A hymn was given out and started in front of the room. This soon drew a crowd and the preaching began. The people looked very attentive, the room quickly filled, and hardly any went away as long as we were there. After another hymn a second preacher stood up, very fluent and energetic, his language to me all unknown, though, as I afterwards found, I was used as an object-lesson, which explained some broad grins turned towards me once or twice. We then walked on for a mile to another similar preaching place, where we found a very earnest catechist addressing about a score of men, who seemed to hang on his words. After him came forward a well-dressed native gentleman and spoke, Bible in hand, for nearly half an hour. He is a well-to-do business man and an earnest Christian, who regularly preaches on Sunday. After an hour's walk we got home at past ten o'clock, I having listened in whole or part to six Japanese sermons in one day.

I afterwards had opportunities of seeing the work of Bishop Bickersteth's mission in the Shiba district. Of course his staff is much larger and more concentrated than that of any other mission in Tokio, except perhaps the American Episcopal. He had living with him in his house, known as St. Andrew's, five young university clergymen, who devote their energies to educational and evangelistic work, the most important part of which is a Divinity School, where young natives are trained for the ministry. There are large classes held in the evening, which attract many besides the divinity students, and so outsiders and non-Christians are won. The missionaries certainly work very hard and zealously, and the result is seen in their converts. Close to the house is a pretty little church in which there are many services throughout the day, of what appeared to an old-fashioned English Churchman an extreme type. I enjoyed many of the short services, though I could not but regret that such Romish names as Sext and Compline were given to the two English daily services, in which the prayers and all else were good and scriptural.

A few hundred yards from St. Andrew's and its little group of buildings is St. Hilda's, picturesquely situated on the side of a beautifully wooded little ravine, the home of an English sisterhood which has been established there by Bishop Bickersteth, and where much work is going on. Especially are there many classes for girls, all of good social position. Though by far the greater number of them are non-Christians, yet all have religious teaching, and under it some have become Christians. Attached to the school, but separated by a part of the garden, was a hospital for the poor, of twenty beds, beautifully ordered, and no lack of space and air, and under the management of a very clever and capable nurse. This hospital, I am sorry to learn, has lately been abandoned owing to a difficulty about the lease. But we must remember that in Japan, with its medical schools and educated surgeons, there is not the demand for

Medical Missions that exists in other Oriental countries.

During our stay at Tokio we had occasion to revisit Yokohama on business, and were fortunate enough to see in harbour there a finer fleet of men-of-war than can often be seen out of the Mediterranean. Not only was the Japanese fleet mustered there, several of them first-class war-ships, looking as trim and smart as any English man-of-war, but there were also riding at anchor a German frigate, a French frigate, a United States gunboat, and three English corvettes, with a Russian close behind them. It is remarked that an English man-of-war is never seen in these seas without a Russian in her train. Of all the five nationalities whose flag was shown, the Japanese were by no means the least smart in appearance, though they certainly failed in rowing with the neatness that

marked our gigs. The Russian looked very shabby, and certainly seemed wanting in smartness and cleanliness. Besides these, there were many mail liners and several magnificent American clippers, the first I had seen in these seas. It was difficult to realise, as we looked at this fleet of many nations, that we were in a roadstead unknown to name or fame five-and-twenty years ago.

After enjoying our row amongst the shipping, we found not a less strange contrast with the past on shore. It was a gala day at Yokohama and flags were flying in all directions, for the annual races were being held on the Bluff, and the Mikado had come down expressly to see this English sport. Oh, the descent in one generation, from the offspring of the gods enshrined in mystery amidst the enchanted gardens of Kioto, to the spruce gentleman in European costume, driving in his barouche to witness an English horse race!

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### MARIA EDGEWORTH.<sup>1</sup>

TO see the name of Maria Edgeworth brought up in our time for honourable remembrance will give gratification and delight wherever the English language is spoken. Her fame is universally acknowledged. The books which charmed the oldest amongst us in our youth, "Harry and Lucy," "Frank and Rosamond," and the "Popular Tales," are still enjoyed by children. Nor was it for the young only that she wrote her pleasant and useful stories. Sir Walter Scott himself was prompted to be a novel writer by the admiration he felt for Maria Edgeworth. "Oh, if I could do for my own country what she has done for Ireland!" was his thought, as he felt the deep impression made on him by the truth and humour and pathos with which she delineated Irish character; and when "Waverley" was published, Scott showed his gratitude by causing a copy to be sent to Miss Edgeworth. She was one of the few to whom the authorship was revealed. Mr. Ticknor has also told how, sixty years ago, her writings had unbounded popularity in America, and they have lost none of their good influence in later times. There, as well as with us at home, a cordial welcome will be given to this book of "The Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth."

Augustus Hare, author of "Memorials of a Quiet Life," and other well known works, explains, in a prefatory note, that a large collection of Miss Edgeworth's letters was printed after her death, in 1849, but only for private circulation. After so long an interval, with the sanction of Mr. Edgeworth, of Edgeworthstown, the representative of the family, a selection from these letters is now published, and Mr. Hare adds to the interest of the work by "writing such a thread of biography as might unite

the links of the chain." With the exception of the last few years of her life, there is little that is new in this biography, but it is convenient to have the main facts presented in connection with the letters. The story of the earlier and more eventful portion of her life is told in the "Memoirs" of her father, begun by himself, and concluded by her, a biography full of lively social sketches and curious anecdotes. Very touching are the words of the father in the Introduction to his Autobiography. "My beloved daughter Maria, at my earnest request, has promised to revise, complete, and publish her father's life."

When the time came for the fulfilment of this promise, Maria Edgeworth wrote the charming but little known story of her own early life. It forms the latter part of a volume published by Richard Bentley. The date of the first edition we do not know, but 1844 is on the title-page of the third edition, now before us, published more than fifty years ago. She was often urged to prepare a more complete biography, especially when, in her old age, a collection of all her works was to be republished. Her reply was, "As a woman, my life, wholly domestic, can offer nothing of interest to the public." All that she wrote about herself is contained in that old book published by the first of the Bentleys—a book so full of interest that it is a wonder some publisher of later time has not reproduced and put it before the public in a cheap edition. It contains most graphic accounts of the condition of Ireland before the Union, and of the events of the days of Grattan and Flood, Lord Charlemont and the Volunteers, down to the time when Ireland became part of the United Kingdom. All the history of the Edgeworth family, in its many branches, is

<sup>1</sup> "The Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth." Edited by Augustus J. C. Hare. Two vols. (Edward Arnold.)

there given, and a personal memoir of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, with his numerous descendants, and his intimate friends, among whom were Bolton and Watt, John Hunter, Sir Joseph Banks, Captain Cook, and Wedgwood, and Erasmus Darwin, author of the "Botanic Garden," grandfather of the Charles Darwin of our own time.

Much is there told about Thomas Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton." With all his personal eccentricities, he was the friend of Maria Edgeworth and of her father, and this very story was originally written for insertion in the "Parents' Assistant." Here is the testimony of Fynes Clinton, a scholar and a gentleman, the learned author of the "Fasti Hellenici," who, in telling of the books by which his mind was trained in early life, says, "I learned from 'Sandford and Merton' to despise luxury; to despise flattering the great; to love labour and industry and diligence and simplicity; to respect the industrious poor." How Maria Edgeworth would have been delighted with such a testimony!

Maria Edgeworth spoke of her uneventful life in refusing to write an autobiography. Outward "events" we did not care to hear of; the desire was to know more about her own home life, and her occupations, and the opinions she formed, and expressed in her letters, about the many notable persons she met during her frequent travels. This is just what we have now got in Mr. Hare's interesting volumes.

There was a pleasant gossip book published about ten years ago, by the late Mrs. Le Breton, niece of Lucy Aikin, granddaughter of Gilbert Wakefield, and of the author of the still popular "Evenings at Home." This volume is full of personal recollections and racy anecdotes about all the most celebrated literary people of the time. Of course there is much about the Edgeworths. In the "Life of Richard L. Edgeworth" Maria had thus referred to her father's intercourse with the Aikins. She says, "Among the friends he found this summer (1799) in England, and in consequence of the publication of his sentiments on education, was Mrs. Barbauld. Her writings he had long admired for their classical strength and elegance, for their high tone of moral and religious feeling, and for their practically useful tendency." It was an acquaintanceship which ripened into a close and lifelong friendship. Mrs. Le Breton speaks of the authorship of some of the Edgeworth books, the names of Maria and of her father appearing jointly on the title-page: "People were anxious to know how great a share he had really taken in the authorship; some insinuating that it was much the larger. After Mr. Edgeworth's death, however, my Aunt Lucy wrote to us, 'Miss Edgeworth has come to town, bringing us a new novel (Helen) which I hope to see excellent, were it only to prove she can stand alone.'" Mrs. Joanna Baillie once got out of her that "Rackrent" and "Ennui" were all her own.

"Very well, Maria," said she, "that is enough; I don't want to hear any more."

"Castle Rackrent" was wholly her idea and execution. It was first published anonymously in 1800. This was the book with the humour and

pathos of which Scott was so delighted that he was led to try his own skill in depicting Scottish life and character in the same way. "If I could," he said to James Ballantyne, "but hit Miss Edgeworth's wonderful power of vivifying all her persons, and making them live as *beings* in *your* mind, I should not be afraid." The novel "Ennui" was also entirely her own conception. So was "Belinda;" but Mr. Hare says, "There is no doubt that Belinda was much marred by the alterations made by Mr. Edgeworth, in whose wisdom and skill his far cleverer daughter had unlimited and touching confidence." So much for the joint authorship of some of the famous books.

Maria was the second child and eldest daughter of Mr. R. L. Edgeworth. He married four times. His second wife, Honora Sneyd, he met at Mrs. Seward's house at Lichfield. She was a gifted and beautiful girl, who had rejected the addresses of the famous Major André, and also those of Mr. Day. But she at once consented to become Mrs. Edgeworth. On the death of Honora he married her sister Elizabeth, at the urgent wish of Honora, who said she would make a good mother to his children and an agreeable companion to his favourite daughter Maria, who was then fifteen years of age. Mrs. Elizabeth added nine more brothers and sisters to the six who came from the first two marriages. All lived together at Edgeworthstown, and the bringing up a family so numerous, and of so many ages, fell chiefly to the care of Maria, under the father's guidance. They were in thorough agreement on all matters. "I remember his once saying to me," wrote Maria, "I believe that no human creature ever saw the heart of another more completely without disguise than you have seen mine." He left to Maria the entire charge of the schoolroom, and it was to amuse her young sisters by writing stories, to be read aloud in the evenings, that she first became an authoress. To her father she used to tell the outlines of these stories, before copying them from the slate on which they were first sketched, and followed his advice for their alteration or improvement. This was the origin of "The Parents' Assistant."

It is not our purpose to say much about the treatises on education which they together wrote and published. So excellent these books on practical education were considered, that they met with wide notice throughout the kingdom, and were translated into many foreign languages. They may be thought out of date now, and are seldom read. We can only say that it would be well to have them in the library of every training-school or college for teachers and preceptors. The leading principle is that education has regard as much to the formation of character as to the acquisition of knowledge. "Train the mind rather than strain the memory." About industrial and technical training there is no difference of opinion; but in the cramming and competition of the present time, one longs for more of the old-fashioned training, physical and moral, as well as intellectual, such as was advocated by the Edgeworths.

On one point their views were misunderstood by some and misrepresented by others. A single sentence from the preface to the second edition of



the "Practical Education" will explain what we mean. Referring to some remarks by Professor Pictet of Geneva on the French translation of the work, the preface of the second English edition thus concludes: "The authors continue to preserve the silence upon this subject which they before thought prudent; but they disavow, in explicit terms, the design of laying down a system of education founded on morality exclusive of religion." In a subsequent letter to the Editor of Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia, where an admirable article on "Intellectual Education" had greatly pleased Mr. Edgeworth, he wrote that "an error has been adopted by some of our critics, which we most earnestly deprecate—the imputation of disregarding religion in education." And again, "Our views were not confined to any sect or nation. Our private tenets are of little consequence to the public, but we are convinced that religious obligation is indispensably necessary in the education of all descriptions of people, in every part of the world." This was written in 1812, when Mr. Edgeworth was a member of the Board of Education in Ireland.

It is much to be regretted that the charge of omitting all reference to religion in their educational works should be continued, notwithstanding the strenuous disavowal just quoted, and the fact that the Edgeworths were members of the Irish Established Church. Archbishop Whately criticised even the "Moral Tales" of Miss Edgeworth as being "defective in art and untrue to nature," because the characters and persons described were made to pass from the lowest depths of vice to the highest altitudes of virtue, without any reference to religion. Only the other day, in an address at Leamington by the Speaker of the House of Commons, this opinion of Whately was quoted, but it was justly remarked that in a Christian land, and with the light of the gospel everywhere diffused, the influence of religion in education might be assumed, without the statement of truths which older minds deemed essential. If there had been more special statement of religious truths in the "Moral Tales," they might not have been relished by so large a number of readers. In some cases we consider that the Edgeworths were wrong in not ascribing to Divine influence, or what we understand by "the grace of God," changes of life and character which no merely "moral" influence could have accomplished.

A few sentences from Maria Edgeworth's account of her father will show the spirit and style of her writing, and render it needless to say more about that in reference to the letters in Mr. Hare's volumes. Our space will be better occupied with notices of some of the many distinguished people with whom she came in contact throughout her long life. In all the letters to her various correspondents there is the same charming clearness and naturalness of style which mark her writings as well as her person. Sydney Smith was delighted with this. He said, "She is so clever and sensible. She does not say witty things, but there is such a perfume of wit running through all her conversation as makes it very brilliant." It was the same when she had her pen in hand, as when thus writing of her father:

"To his character as a good landlord it was added that he was a *real gentleman*. This phrase, pronounced with well-known emphasis, comprises a vast deal in the opinion of the lower Irish. They seem to have an instinct for the real gentleman, whom they distinguish, if not at first sight, infallibly at first hearing. They observe that the real gentleman bears himself kindly, is always the most civil in speech, and ever seems the most tender of the poor. This good seeming they found was something more than *seeming* to my father. They soon began to rely upon his justice as a magistrate. This is a point where, their interest being nearly concerned, they are wonderfully quick and clear-sighted; they soon discovered that Mr. Edgeworth leaned neither to Protestant nor Catholic, to Presbyterian nor Methodist: that he was not the favourer nor partial protector of his own or any other man's followers. They discerned that he did even justice; neither inclining to the people for the sake of popularity, nor to the aristocracy for the sake of power. This was a thing so unusual that they could at first hardly believe that it was really what they saw. Electioneering motives, and the secret action of personal friendship and aversion, were of course suspected. But the plain facts forced their way. 'Go before Mr. Edgeworth and you will surely get justice,' was the saying of the neighbourhood. Besides relying on his justice, they felt with all the warmth of their warm hearts his eagerness to exert himself in the cause of the injured or oppressed."

It is melancholy to add that, notwithstanding all that he did for his tenantry and for the Irish people, when the rebellion broke out, and the French descent was made on the coast, Mr. Edgeworth had to leave his home through the influence of political agitators instigated by the Romish clergy—not the old Irish priests, but the Ultramontane emissaries of those times, who were as bitter then as they are in our own day in their hatred of "Saxons" and of Protestant influence in the land which they keep poor and miserable. The people of Edgeworthstown were peaceful and happy, as were the tenants of the neighbouring estates in Longford, whose landlords were residents, and benefactors of the poor, but the "Agitators," as in our own times, brought dispeace and crime wherever they could. It is for this reason that we think Maria Edgeworth's memoir of her father might well be reprinted in cheap form. But we must pass from this to notice the letters brought to light in Mr. Hare's book. A large proportion of those from abroad are addressed to Mrs. Ruxton, the favourite sister of Mr. Edgeworth, and a neighbour at Edgeworthstown. We can make but a brief selection from the many points of interest, and without regard to chronological order.

The first journey made by Maria was to Clifton, where her father was consulting the eminent physician, Dr. Beddoes, who afterwards was connected by marriage with the family. Dr. Beddoes had a young assistant named Davy, who was then busily engaged with certain gases which he thought could be useful in medicine. This youth afterwards went to London, and became the celebrated Sir Humphry Davy, and President of the Royal Society. They saw a good deal of him in London, and when he went to Dublin to give lectures like those of the Royal Institution, Mr. Edgeworth and Maria took some of the young people to hear them, "for they not only opened a new world of knowledge to ourselves and to our young people," but also "confirmed, by the eloquence, ingenuity, and philosophy which they displayed, the high idea so early formed of Mr. Davy's powers."



Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Siddons, the Misses Berry, Lord Dudley, the Herschels, Dr. Wollaston, Coleridge, Hallam, Sir James Mackintosh, and many of the celebrities met at Holland House or at Bowood, or Deepdene, are described in the letters. She saw a good deal of Mrs. Fry, and once by special request accompanied her to Newgate.

"Enter Mrs. Fry in a drab coloured silk cloak, and plain borderless quaker cap; a most benevolent countenance, Guido Madonna face, calm, benign. 'Is Maria Edgeworth here,' she said, 'and where?' I went forward; she bade me come and sit beside her. Her first smile as she looked upon me I can never forget. The prisoners came in, and in an orderly manner ranged themselves on the benches. About thirty of the women were under sentence of transportation and a few for imprisonment. All were quite clean, faces, hair, caps, and hands. . . . She opened the Bible, and read in the most sweetly solemn sedate voice I ever heard, slowly and distinctly. Sometimes she paused to explain, which she did with great judgment, addressing the convicts, '*We have felt; we are convinced.*' They were very attentive, and touched by her manner."

The whole of this long letter is deeply interesting; and she also visited Mrs. Fry at her home at Plasket, and all that she saw increased her love and admiration. A strange contrast to these peaceful scenes she describes in another letter, which describes a night at Almack's, "that grand paradise of fashion." She got tickets through Mr. Hope from Lady Gwydyr and Lady Cowper for the very night when the Duchess of Rutland, who had offended the lady patronesses by not visiting them, "could not at her utmost need get a ticket from any one of them, and was kept out to her amazing mortification."

With the Duchess of Wellington she was extremely intimate, having known her from early life in Ireland. She spent with her one St. Patrick's day by appointment. "Nothing could be more like Kitty Pakenham; a plate of shamrocks on the table, and as she came forward to meet me she gave a bunch to me, pressing my hand and saying in a low voice with her sweet smile, '*Vous en êtes digne.*' She asked individually about all her Irish friends. I showed her what was said in my father's life, and by me, of Lord Longford"—and so on. All the references to the Wellesleys, and to Apsley House, are full of interest. One time when the Duchess was ill, and resting on a couch, Maria was looking at the trophies, and presents from the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and others. "The Duchess raised herself quite up, and exclaimed with weak-voiced but strong-souled enthusiasm, 'All tributes to merit! There's the value, all pure; no corruption ever suspected. Even of the Duke of Marlborough that could not be said so truly.'" Very touching too is the account of the visit to Apsley House in 1831, when she found that the Duchess had died two days before. Her faithful maid told her all about the last hours.

"Was the Duke in town?"

"Yes, madam, beside her."

"Not a word more, but I was glad to have that certain. Lord Charles had arrived in time; not Lord Douro. She died calm and resigned. The poor maid could hardly speak. She went in and brought me a lock of her mistress's hair—silver

grey, all but a few light-brown that just recalled the lovely Kitty Pakenham."

We must pass by all the journeys abroad, and the people she met in Paris and elsewhere—Cuvier, Humboldt, Madame de Genlis, Madame de Staël, Talleyrand, Madame Campan, Madame Récamier, with whom she went to the opera, "who produces a great sensation whenever she appears in public. She is certainly handsome—very handsome—but there is much of the magic of fashion in the enthusiasm she creates." Arago, Kosciuszko, "cured of his wounds, simple in his manners, like all truly great men." Of Napoleon himself she saw and heard many things, but had no personal interview. Mr. Edgeworth was ordered by Buonaparte to quit Paris, as supposed to be a brother of the Abbé Edgeworth who was with Louis XVI on the scaffold. The letters do not give a favourable report of "Jupiter Scapin," as Napoleon was called. With the King Louis Philippe and his family she had some delightful interviews, and the letters of that period are full of interesting anecdotes.

At Paris there occurred what many would consider an event in Maria Edgeworth's life. She was asked in marriage by M. Edelcrantz, a Swedish gentleman holding high office at Stockholm. She would not give up her home in Ireland for life in Sweden, though she ever after remembered her suitor with regard. There was no correspondence or communication after they first met. She never forgot him, and he died unmarried.

Of all the journeys she made, that to Scotland was the most delightful, and of it her letters give the most full accounts. But we must refrain from quotation. Of the visit to Abbotsford she gives enthusiastic accounts. "Sir Walter delights the heart of every creature who sees, hears, or knows him. He is most benignant as well as most entertaining; the noblest and the gentlest of lions." In one of her novels she says of him, "he was certainly the most perfectly agreeable and perfectly amiable great man I ever saw." She was also delighted with Mr. Alison, the father of Dr. Alison, the "good physician," and with Dugald Stewart, the Professor of Moral Philosophy, of whom Mackintosh said "he breathed the love of virtue into whole generations of pupils." Many other notable persons are mentioned, but the fortnight at Abbotsford was the gem of the expedition. To receive at Edgeworthstown the great magician of the North, and to travel with him to Killarney renewed the happy impressions. The sketches also of Mackintosh, Hallam, Mrs. Barbauld, Lord Lansdowne, and many other distinguished visitors, make Mr. Hare's book in every respect bright and full of interest. Nor must we omit to refer to the tour in Galway, in the days of Richard Martin, when he ruled at Ballinahinch Castle, defiant of all Dublin laws and edicts, but in his own home in the Connemara wilds the most hospitable and gentle of hosts, with a heart which explained how the old Peninsular soldier who from fighting more duels than any man in Ireland was called "Hair-trigger Dick," came to be "Humanity Martin" in the British senate.

In 1847 there came a present from America for

the Irish Poor Relief Fund. The children of Boston, who had known and loved her through her books, raised a subscription for her, and sent her a hundred and fifty pounds of flour and rice. "Nothing in her long life ever pleased or gratified her more."

In her last letter to her sister, Honora Beaufort, she enclosed the lines :

"Ireland, with all thy faults, thy follies too,  
I love thee still ; still with a candid eye must view

Thy wit, too quick, still blundering into sense ;  
Thy reckless humour ; sad improvidence,  
And even what sober judges follies call :  
I, looking at the heart, forget them all !"

MARIA E., May, 1849.

Maria Edgeworth lived to a great age, her whole life of eighty-three years, as her biographer says, "being an aspiration after good." She died in 1849, and had witnessed many a change in her loved country.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.

## PHILÆ AND THE NILE RESERVOIRS.

ENGLISH archaeologists have gained a partial victory, for the Egyptian Government has consented to modify their scheme for storing the flood waters of the Nile.

Having known Philæ for twenty-two years, having painted several views of the ruins, perhaps a few words from an artist who differs from the common opinions may not be out of place.

Why does the Ministry of Public Works in Egypt propose this Assouan dam? There is a great and pressing danger that the water-supply of Egypt may fail or fall short of requirements.

Owing to English occupation the forced *corvée* is abolished. The corbush and torture have followed suit. Hence the people do not die as rapidly as they did formerly. More land is being brought under cultivation ; more land requires more water.

The opponents of the scheme, which was propounded by the most celebrated of the English and Italian experts, are willing to grant that a dam must be made, but they say, "Why make it at Philæ? why not somewhere else?"

Two years ago, while up the Nile, I was often met with the remark, "The dam could easily be made at Gebel Silsilis," in ignorance of the fact that there the rock is sandstone—soft, friable—and that it is impossible to construct a dam on an insecure foundation. If it were constructed there, the probability is that the first high Nile would sweep the whole barrier away like a rope of sand.

I asked the dragoman to anchor my boat at Girgeh, under a high bank where years before I had secured a good picture. The river seemed strangely altered. I failed to make out the old familiar landmarks, and yet I thought I was near my point. I asked the dragoman, "When shall we come to anchor at Girgeh?" With a broad grin he said, "There's Girgeh!" pointing to some minaret towers far inland. Then I was told that the year before the river had made a new bed and left Girgeh far inland! It may have gone back again for aught I know.

Even near Luxor the river seems as if it were trying to make out a new course, *behind* Luxor, and so might forsake the bed it now runs in between Luxor and Thebes. Some writers think that in ancient times the river did not run *between* the

two places, and that it ran behind or eastwards of the Luxor temples.

The mighty river is no child to be easily controlled, and all experts agree that Assouan is the only possible place for a dam. The rock there is granite, the country behind absolutely sterile—a mass of rock, gravel, or sand.

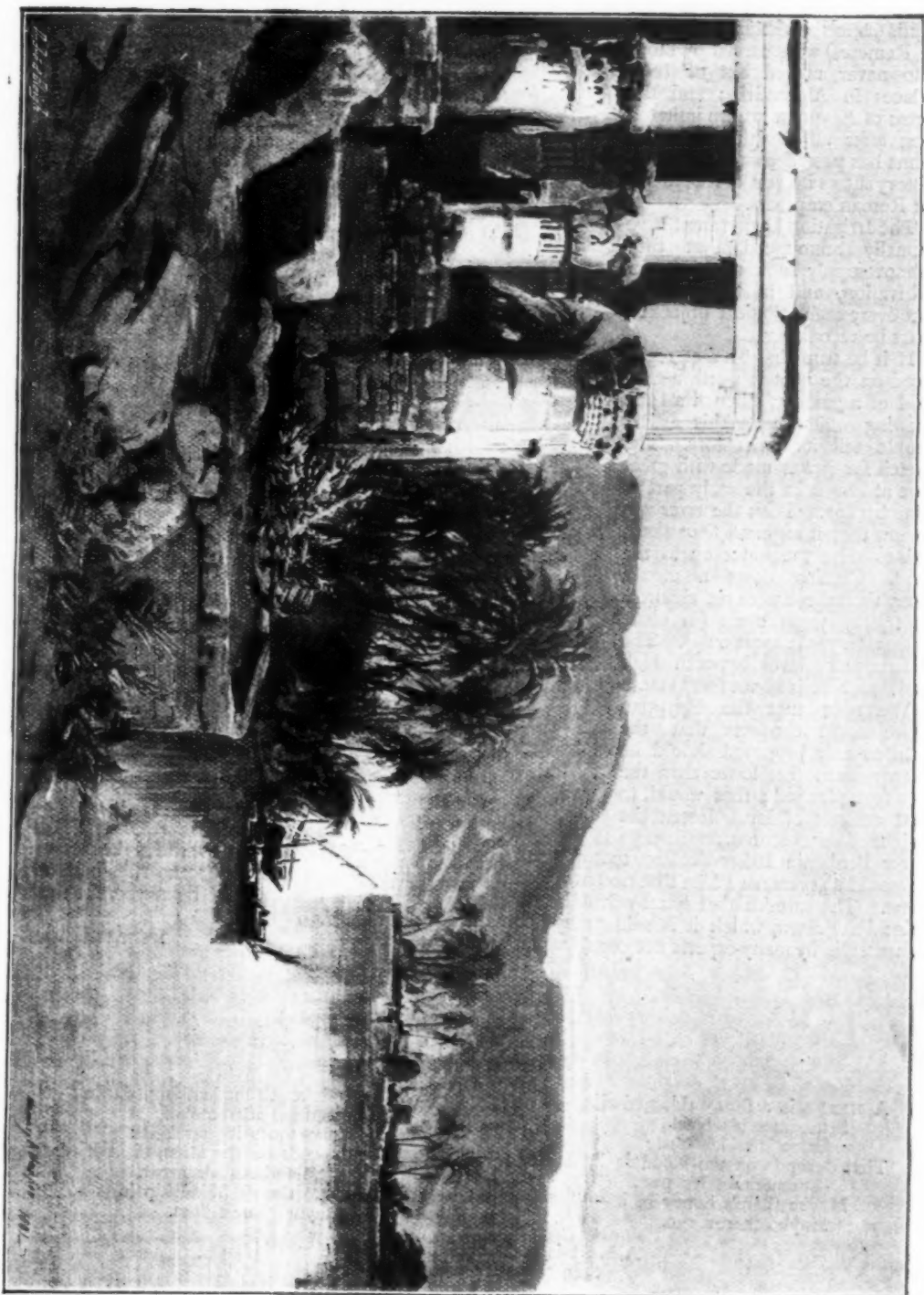
People waxed eloquent as to the fate of the two hundred or so families living at Shellal, who would be displaced and have to seek new homes if the dam were made at Philæ. Did they think of the two millions of souls who might die for want of water? For such is the estimate given by those authorities in Egypt who are most conversant with the needs of the people. What would France then say—France, who, dog-in-the-manger-like, has tried to thwart and embarrass every English scheme? "*Perfide*," indeed, would they call us, if, taking Egypt under our control, we allowed its people to lack water.

I have said all experts agree that Assouan is the only practicable place for the reservoirs ; there is another possible, but that at present is not available. At Khaibar, 150 miles south of Wady Halfa, it would be possible to construct one ; but then that place is in the hands of the Mahdists, and they must first be expelled from Dongola. Even if one were formed there a second would be required lower down the river ; otherwise the great waste from infiltration and evaporation would endanger the success of the scheme.

Philæ is an island, 417 yards long, 135 yards wide. The name comes as a corruption of the Egyptian word Pilak ; the word means "frontier." Strabo says of it, "A little above the cataract is Philæ, a common settlement."

The principal building was commenced by Ptolemy Philadelphus ; then the two Cleopatras had their part. Many of the sculptures are of the later epoch of the Roman emperors—Augustus, Tiberius, Domitian, and others. Trifling remains there are of earlier date, Nectanebus, the last *native* king of Egypt ; but the real founder was Ptolemy Physon, or "the Fat." Its other chief associations are with Cleopatra and the worship of Isis.

Speaking frankly, the place is vastly overpraised. The temple is not Egyptian, but a poor attempt at restoration. Physon wished to conciliate the priests ;



PHIL.E.

hence you have a bastard architecture, part Greek, part Egyptian. The colossal bas-reliefs of kings seizing captives by the hair of their heads (as in the ancient sculptures of Rameses) were carved by kings who never moved out of their palaces in Alexandria; and the forms of Egyptian art are imitated long after all meaning in those forms has passed away. Its later history shows it a sort of tea-garden for Roman emperors.

The Irrigation Department have formally announced that they cannot supply sufficient water for cultivation, and in face of this fact every archaeological objection must be reconsidered.

If it be true that "a fact registered on the spot is worth a cart-load of argument," then the little drawing which ends this article should tell its own story. The sketch for it was made with great care at Esneh in the early part of March 1892. Then the river was so low that it required *four* shadrofs to raise the water on to the land. Coming down a month later, then there were *six* shadrofs at twenty yards apart (in some places ten yards apart only). The difference in level between high and low Nile is about forty feet.

We note that the Egyptian Government consents that the dam as now proposed should be twenty-seven feet lower than the one first planned; that would, to that amount of level, lessen the height of water stored.

Sir Benjamin Baker declares that at small cost he would so preserve Philæ that no harm would be done. The surmise that harm would be done to ruins *lower down*, which it is said "may" contain treasures, is by many experts not considered a valid

objection. If every attempt to improve the cultivation of the land and increase the prosperity of the people were to be met by objectors whose



LOW WATER AT ESNEH.

love for the dead past overrides their care for the living—if that were to be the rule in future, then progress in Egypt would be stayed, for the land is full of dead.

HENRY A. HARPER.

## Hearts.

A HEART is a funny thing, darling—

Sometimes it's black,

Sometimes it's blue;

That depends on the blood in it, darling;

—Sometimes it's true.

Maybe there's honey in it—

Maybe there's rue.

A heart is a doubtful thing, darling—

Sometimes it's warm,

Sometimes it's cold;

That depends on the life in it, darling;

—Sometimes it's old.

Maybe there's iron in it—

Maybe there's gold.

A heart is a self-made thing, darling—

Sometimes it's crooked,

Sometimes it's straight;

That depends on the strength in it, darling;

—Sometimes it's great.

Maybe there's friendship in it—

Maybe there's hate.

AURÉLIE DE BARY-SAUNDERS



## MRS. TONKIN AT HOME.

I.

THE position of Mrs. Tonkin's residence and the arrangement of her kitchen windows are the envy of all her acquaintance. The principal window, which in most cottages would be the only one, merely looks across the narrow street to the yellow walls, mossy slate roofs, and doors and windows of the opposite houses, and is, besides, so crowded with geraniums and primulus that it is of little use, save for the minor and unimportant purpose of admitting light. But the house being the corner house of a row, and situated on the verge of a kind of square or place (known as the Green, but innocent of verdure), the ingenious builder has seized the opportunity of inserting in the side wall, on a line with the fireplace, a subsidiary window, tall and narrow in shape, which not only commands a full view of the said Green—a favourite lounging and gossiping place—but rakes the main street of the village fore and aft, so to speak, for twenty or thirty yards, besides permitting a fairly comprehensive view of the harbour below.

The advantages this window confers are as obvious as they are enviable. Consider for a moment the unfortunate case of Mrs. Matthews next door, or of Mrs. Harvey over the way. Possessing only windows of the ordinary kind, their outlook is so limited that scarcely has the passer-by come within range of observation than he, or she—which is more important—is hidden again, often before the poor ladies have had time to look up from their work. At the best they are rewarded with the briefest, most tantalising of glimpses; and twenty times a day they must either interrupt their occupations to make a hurried rush for the street door, or leave their curiosity unsatisfied, and run a terrible risk of missing some interesting paragraph in the daily history of the town. But with Mrs. Tonkin it is otherwise. Every living creature that passes up or down the street comes under the scope of her observation for something like half a minute—time enough for the experienced eye to master every detail of dress and appearance, and to draw therefrom infallible deductions as to the victim's private affairs. A new ribbon at a maiden's throat, the neck of a bottle protruding from an old woman's gown pocket, the ragged sleeves of a married woman's jersey—such things speak volumes to the discerning mind. Without leaving her "churrs," Mrs. Tonkin can tell you who is prospering and who is not, who is in love, who at odds with his wife, who is to have beef for dinner and who contents himself with salt fish. In short, Mrs. Tonkin is a happy woman, and all because of the little window.

The kitchen itself is a roony apartment, floored

with alternate squares of red and yellow brick, ceiled with bare varnished boards, and furnished, as to chairs and tables, in a fashion which calls for no remark. On the walls hang a few coloured almanacks and oleographs, and a large and interesting collection of memorial cards neatly framed in black. By an attentive perusal of these the inquirer may obtain a fund of information concerning Mrs. Tonkin's deceased relations—their births, deaths, and virtues. On a side table is piled a small collection of books—a large



MRS. TONKIN WAS IN THE KITCHEN.

gilt family Bible, hymn-books, Methodist tracts, "The Narrative of Mrs. Hesther Rogers," Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Seaman's Manual," and—"Valentine Vox," a book which has gone far to shake Mrs. Tonkin's belief in the infallibility of all printed matter. In fact, she does not hesitate to brand it as "a pack o' lies." You will also notice a grandfather's clock, for which, it is whispered, a Plymouth gentleman once offered Mrs. Tonkin fifty pounds in vain; an ostrich egg (which no properly furnished cottage can be without); and some mysterious cylinders of coloured glass, hanging from the ceiling by threads, and regarded as highly ornamental.

Opposite the small window a door gives access to the front entry, the parlour, and the staircase; and there is another door at the back of the room, which opens into the "loft." This is a square paved yard of equal width to the cottage, and

quite surrounded by neighbouring houses, whose upper storeys project considerably over it, so that only a small part in the centre is open to the sky—a kind of *impluvium*. The sheltered portion serves as a store-place for nets, gear, coals, and the like. In a tub set at one corner of the open space grows the pride of Mrs. Tonkin's heart, a geranium such as you must visit Cornwall to see—full ten feet high, with a thick woody stem, and bearing every year some hundred clusters of pink blossom. The loft communicates with the street by means of a dark passage or tunnel running down the side of the house farthest from the kitchen. This is the mode of ingress and egress of which the world mostly avails itself—the front door being reserved for gentry, beggars, and “foreigners” generally.

## II.

Now one winter afternoon, Mrs. Tonkin was in the kitchen “beating”—mending nets, that is—while her friendly lodger sat by the fireside, keeping her company and filling the netting-needles with twine as she required them. The men—Peter the father, and Jimmy the son—lately home from sea, were in the loft, mending the belly of the *Petrel's* trawl. Outside, on the Green, and by the railings of the harbour wall, some twenty or thirty fishermen were idling. Some leaned over the low railings, doubled up into impossible postures; the rest were performing a manœuvre curious to behold. They were in little groups of five or six, huddled together confusedly, chin on shoulder, as men might stand in a crowd. But instead of standing still, they were walking up and down with little short steps, four or five paces each way, jostling, shuffling, treading on one another's heels every time they turned. Sometimes he who held the ear of a group would reach an impressive point in his argument at the critical moment; and then, instead of turning with the rest, he would walk backwards in front of them, fogleman-wise, gazing earnestly into their faces, and beating his palm with an emphatic finger. Now and then a market-cart came clattering along the street at break-neck speed, the driver standing with legs wide apart (your Cornish Jehu disdains to sit); and then the conferences were seen to break up, and the groups scatter wildly; while mothers rushed screaming from their doors and snatched unconscious infants from the brink of destruction, and a chorus of oburgations from all sides pursued the retreating vehicle.

Over the harbour wall there was a glimpse of the still blue pool, and the boats riding in it, drawn up in long parallel lines. Beyond that again was the open bay, flecked with white by the north-easter, and the great flapping brown sails of Devonshire trawlers lying at anchor off the harbour mouth. Now and then a jackdaw flew from his post among the chimneys, and hovered over a heap of offal in a corner. Pied wagtails fought and chattered along the roofs, and gulls traced complicated curves and reticulations against the sky.

It was market-day; and a continuous stream of womankind—young in gay hats and dresses, ap-

proximating more or less to the latest fashions, old in bonnets and gowns of more sober stuff and cut—flowed past the window, bound for an afternoon and evening of mingled business and pleasure in the streets of the neighbouring town. Mrs. Tonkin was in her element. She had fastened her net by a loop to a nail in the frame of the little window aforementioned, so that she could observe and comment at her ease without hindrance to her work. With her fingers busy about the net, she kept an easy flow of commingled criticism, anecdote, and moral reflection, while the lodger listened and wondered.

... “Theer's Patience Ann James, gwine to market in her shawl, athout a bonnet, ef I d' live! Well, I sh'd be 'sha-amed! . . . Sarah Tregurtha—a hard woman—d' keep a shop out 'long—d' gie long credit, and then, when you're as bare o' money as a toad is o' feathers, 'tes 'Down wi' your cash' wi' she, 'or the law shall make 'ee.' They do say there's ill wishes flyen about Sarah's ears. I wouldn' be she, not for a thousand pound and a satin gownd. Better a blow downright 'an a wish 'at d' come like a thief in the night, and you caan't tell how nor when. Look at poor Martha Trier, lives down to quay. They do say Job Trier, afore 'a marr'd Martha, went courten another maid, and they fell out, and Job wouldn' ha' nawthen to do wi' she, but marr'd Martha, being his cousin. So the other maid wished agen Martha—wished her all manner o' things. And Martha's two sons were born big-headed (witless) and big-headed they've growed up.”

The lodger, though not unaccustomed to hear similar tales, found this one too much for him, with its ghastly inference. He ventured to protest.

“Well, 'at's what they d' say,” Mrs. Tonkin replied, with her usual cautious formula in reference to things supernatural; “'at's what they d' say, and 'at's what Martha herself d' b'lieve, as she's tauld me often.”

“I wonder she doesn't retaliate,” said the lodger.

“Plaize?”

“Hasn't she tried to pay the woman back in her own coin?”

“I don't doubt et. I don't doubt she's done her best, poor dear; but 'a be a poor wake crater—couldn' for the life of 'en wish agen a soul strong 'nough to raise a wart on the finger of 'en. Poor soul, when her second was born, and the doctor tauld her 'twould surely be like the first, a' wouldn' b'lieve en. ‘No,’ she 'd say, ‘the Lord wouldn' let her’—manen the other one—‘a wouldn' let her go so fur; I'm sure 'a wouldn'; nor she wouldn' be so hard on me as to wish et,’ said Martha. And she did go about for a long time, tellen us o' the clever things the poor chield did, and how 'a was sure the wits of en was sprouten—ay, 'twas a long time afore she give up hope, poor dear beauty! . . .

“Eh-h! there's them maids o' Long Sam's in new gowns, as smart as paycocks, gwine out to catch the chaps. That's along o' Sam's luck wi' the fish this winter. There'll be a thousand herring on aich o' them maids' backs, I've no doubt. . . .

"There d' go young Jimmy Green, whistlen. Why, Peter!"—calling to her husband outside. "Peter, I say!"

"Well there, what es 't?" came from behind the door.

"Wadn' Jimmy Green converted up chap'l last revival?"

"Ess, sure."

"Well, 'a 've just gone in 'long, whistlen like a heathen. Edn' backslidden, is he?"

"Now, ef that edn' just like the women!" exclaimed Mr. Tonkin, thrusting a red face in at the door. "They be'old the nose of a conger, and they cry 'Say-sarpent!' to wance. A chap caan't breathe in this town athout breaking haalf the commandments ef you hark to what the women d' say."

"Well, 'tes well known that when you're converted you mustn' sing songs nor whistle, as ef you were a' ordinary Christian, so to spake," said Mrs. Tonkin.

"Hauld tongue! the lad's all right. You d' know how 'tes. Your heart may put off 'ets evil and be chucked full o' holiness, long afore your lips do forget their wicked ways. Jimmy Green's thoughts edn' whistlen, you may be sure—only the mouth of 'en. So don't 'ee go taking away his char'cter." So saying, Mr. Tonkin disappeared abruptly.

"I edn'," said Mrs. Tonkin. "I edn'; but 'a should be more careful. Ef 'a was whistlen athout manen et—and I don't say 'a wadn'—et mayn't be no harm to spake of, simminly; but 'tes a sign o' the wakeness o' the flesh. . . ."

"There d' go young Benny Dick."

The lodger, though foreseeing that the witticism would be wasted on Mrs. Tonkin, could not refrain from asking if Benny Dick was a married man.

"Ess, to be sure," she replied; "a married man, poor chap—marr'd last year—marr'd a woman from —; thought to do a clever thing, the fullish crater. Down here, sir, we don't like our people to marr' out o' the town; and these folk are worse 'an most foreigners—a passel o' roguish, red-haired Danes. 'Why ded 'ee marr' 'en?' said one to Benny. 'Why,' said Benny, 'I'll tell 'ee. You d' know,' said he, 'how yon people do stutter, every man Jack of 'em' (and that's so, you caan't hardly make out what they d' say). 'Well,' said Benny 'I had to marr' somebody, and I wanted a peaceful home, and I thoft a wife with a 'pediment in her spache 'ud be just the thing. So I went and picked out the maid 'at stuttered worst o' the whole bunch,' said Benny. Well, week after they were marr'd, Benny thought to try her. 'A waited till Sat'day come, and she'd claned the floor, and then 'a come up from the boat with his say-boots on, all mud and muck and wet laaken, and 'a marched into the kitchen, and stands there afore the fire as bauld as ye plaize. Presently she come down auver steers, and 'twas as good as a play to see her stand theer scaulden and profanen somethen dreadful, I've no doubt, inwardly, but not a word could she coax through her teeth. Benny, he laughed, thinken he's master now, sure 'nough, when down she falls in a fit. They runned for the doctor. Doctor took Benny aside. 'Take care

how you d' anger your wife,' said he. 'You see,' said the doctor, 'spache to a woman is like the hole in the top of a pot—lets off the steam when 'a do bile up; but stop the hole, and there's a' accident. I waan't say more 'an this,' said he, 'et may be as bad as murder ef you d' anger your wife; so take care.' And ever sence then, the poor chap caan't call his soul his own."

### III.

Breaking off the report of Mrs. Tonkin's discourse at this remarkable anecdote, a pause is made to explain that even the brief specimen just given was not without its interruptions. It is seldom indeed that the kitchen remains empty of visitors for ten minutes at a time—least of all on market-day, when all the world is abroad. Various reasons contribute to make it one of the chief places of resort in the village, ranking equal at least with the grocer's shop, the bakehouse, and the "short" or well. Its central position has something to do with this. Then its mistress is generally popular, as a sensible, good-tempered woman, with a large fund of available sympathy for friends in trouble, a good listener, a good talker, and, above all, one of whom it has been said that no woman is easier to borrow from. The habit of borrowing, like the kindred habit of running into debt, has a peculiar fascination for these irresponsible folk; and in some cases it develops into a positive mania, its victims borrowing at all times and seasons, without necessity, and apparently from sheer delight in the act. They are reluctant to quit a neighbour's house without carrying off some spoil or other; if the frying-pan they come to claim is in use, or has already been lent, then a pinch of saffron, a spoonful of yeast, or last week's newspaper will serve their need just as well. Several of them are in the habit of sponging regularly on Mrs. Tonkin, coming daily, and seldom going empty away. She submits with great good humour, regarding it as a neighbourly duty, and merely contenting herself, when the raiders have departed, with shaking her head and remarking that "they that go a-borrowing go a-sorrowing."

Then she is reputed to spend less time than any living woman in "coozing," or gadding about on gossiping tours. Naturally, visitors are more frequent at a house where the mistress is actually as often to be found at home as not. Moreover, when one of the newsmongers—and there are twenty dames in the village who benevolently give up their whole time to the business, resolutely sacrificing their own trivial household affairs to the good of the community—when one of these has a special bit of information to circulate—a death, a ghost, a pretty scandal, or what not—she will not have been half an hour about it before she reflects:

"There's that poor Mrs. Tonkin; she never do g' out—s'ch a workish woman as 'a es; 'twill be a kindness to go tell her to wance."

Then, if you remember that Mrs. Tonkin is second cousin at least to half the village, and that every relation passing the door is by duty bound

to look in and chat; if to relations, borrowers, and newsmongers, you add her immediate neighbours, who are in and out of the house all day, as well as people on business and casual visitors from other villages, you will begin to realise to what a formidable length a bare list of her daily callers would extend. To chronicle in detail all the visits of the afternoon would be tedious; it will suffice to select two or three of the most remarkable as specimens, and pass over the rest in silence or with briefest mention.

## IV.

One of the earliest visitors was Mrs. Tonkin's next door neighbour and special crony, Mary Ann Matthews, a tall, grey-haired woman with a worn, sweet face and a soft, pleasing voice. She wore her shawl over a peaked cloth cap, and had her



SHE WORE HER SHAWL OVER A PEAKED CLOTH CAP.

knitting in her hands. The two women exchanged greetings in the peculiar recitative which is used in salutation and in question and answer, and gives the most commonplace talk the charm of music. In fact, it is a musical phrase, sung rather than spoken, beginning on a low note, rising a fifth to the emphatic word, and then dropping by semitones.

"Well my dear, edn' gwine market then?"

"No, Mrs. Tonkin, my dear. Maister's just come home from Plymouth. You edn' gwine neither?"

"No: must finish this plaguy old net ef I d' live. What ded 'ee fit for denner to-day, Mrs. Mattheys?"

"Oh, just cabb'ge soup and ling and tates. What was yours?"

"Oh, hadn' time to fit nawthen proper. Us just had 'Sat'day's denner—catch 'em and take 'em,' as they d' say—a bit here and a bit there. So John Mattheys is back?"

"Ess, 'a b'lieve—come back this morning."

"Any luck wi' the fish?"

"No. Not a herring all the while—terr'ble bad luck. 'A should ha' come back full three weeks ago; but you d' know how 'tes; crew say, 'Let's stop on a bit longer—maybe the luck 'll turn'; and so they stop and run the debts up till salesman waan't lend another farthing, and back they come worse off 'an they did start. Poor John; I knawed how 'twas, minute I set eyes on 'm. Wet laaken and tumblen tired 'a was; and 'a never said a word, but just dropped in a cheer and sat. And little Annie, she runned up and jumped on his knee, and said, 'What'st brought home for ma and me, da?'—for 'a mostly gets a dolly or a mug up Plymouth for 'en. And John he looked up, and stroked her hair, and said, 'Just a fine cargo o' torn nets and twenty pounds worth o' debts, my dear. Edn' that brave?' said he. Well, I wadn' what you may caall joyful, you may be sure, but with he that bitter 'twouldn' never do for me to gie in; so said I, 'Never mind, Annie, my dear; da's brought hisself home safe and sound, so us waan't mind the nets, nor yet the debts,' said I."

"Sure, right 'nough!" said Mrs. Tonkin, with a world of sympathy in her voice. "Nets nor yet debts," she repeated, approving sentiment and jingle alike. "'Tes queer how the luck do run. Et do come and go like wind and tide. Some do swim in 't—some don't never get a taste of 'nt."

"John did try to get Lucky Harry on our boat laast season," said Mrs. Matthews; "offered 'en haalf captain's share if 'a would come; but 'a said no—said 'a wouldn' sail with a captain whose hair was red—doubted ef his luck 'ud hauld in that case. And I'm sure my John edn' what you may caall red-haired azackly—yally, I caail 'nt."

"You're right, my dear," said Mrs. Tonkin with conviction; "yally 'a es—just the colour of oranges, and that's a lovely colour. But as for Lucky Harry, I wouldn' ha' nawthen to do wi' 'en, ef I was cap'en. Luck like his edn' nat'ral—not in a great rogue like he. I d' want to know where et do come from and what price 'a do pay for 'nt."

"Well," said Mrs. Matthews, lowering her voice, "they do say somethen about a great tall man in black, people see round Harry's door after dark. But 'tes all nonsense, 'a b'lieve," she added, glancing towards the lodger.

"So 'a es, my dear," assented Mrs. Tonkin reassuringly. "But I waan't never have 'en on my boat. 'Tes well known how they that d' 'ave 'en do pay for 'nt after. Running after luck edn' the way to catch 'en. Look at Betty Trevean; ef a woman could be lucky by trying, 'twould be she. Why, 'twas only laast week she comed in here and axed to borry my bottle o' giant cement I use to mendie dishes and cups wi'. 'What have 'ee scat, Betty?' said I. 'Edn' scat nawthen,' said she. 'Then wherefore com'st thou a-borryen?' said I."



'I'll tell 'ee,' said she. 'When I come down this mornen,' said Betty, 'I found a snail on my windy.' 'At's a good thing,' said I—thinken upon the saying—

'The house is blest  
Where snail do rest.'

'Ess, a good thing,' said Betty, 'ef 'twill only stay here. But I only had one wance afore,' said she, 'and then 'a dedn' stop time 'nought to let the luck soak in, so to spake. Now,' said Betty to me, 'I was thinken this time I'd make my luck sartin sure; so I'm gwine to take this here cement, and cement the baste down to the windy glass. Crater's as well theer as anywheres,' said she; 'et waan't do 'en no harm—save 'en maybe from being squashed. 'Tes for et's own good and mine too,' said Betty. 'Mind what you're a-doen of,' said I; 'tes the first time I've heerd tell o' making your luck stick wi' cement, and I don't think 'twill serve,' said I. And sure 'nough," concluded Mrs. Tonkin impressively, "that very night the cat got into Betty Trevean's spence, broke three dishes, and ate up Betty's Sunday mate."

V.

Here the door swung open, and Mr. Tonkin entered from the loft, bringing with him a strong odour of Stockholm tar. Keeping his eyes fixed on an imaginary point some miles off through the wall, he rolled across the room with the true fisherman's gait—which is the sailor's gait differentiated into lumpishness by constant wearing of heavy sea boots—and brought to, six inches from the bars of the grate. With his arrival Mrs. Tonkin put off her humanity and became a wife.

"Hullo!" she exclaimed sharply. "You edn' finished mending that trawl, I'm sure. Go back to thy work, thou sluggard, go!"

"Caan't a chap never touch pipe [periphrasis for resting] for a bit in this house?" was Mr. Tonkin's plaintive query.

"Touch pipe indeed! Simmin to me, you don't never do nawthen else."

"These women!" said Mr. Tonkin in a stage aside to the lodger. "They're a puzzle! Caan't liv a man be and let 'n do his work in his own way at his own season!"

"Work!" from Mrs. Tonkin in white-hot scorn.

"Ess, work! What do the women know o' work. What's your work to ours? I'd like to see a crew o' women draw a net on a bad night. A hard life, sir, we d' 'ave and our wives do their best to make et harder."

"Tcha!" exclaimed his wife, whose contempt had passed beyond the stage when it could be expressed in words.

Mr. Tonkin, who rather prides himself on his eloquence, now drew himself up and embarked on an oratorical effort.

"Ess—a hard life, and a poor trade—the meanest trade there is; our toil's that bitter, et do take the sweetness out o' the bread we earn thereby. We d' 'ave wind and say for mates, and they're like

beasts in a cage, and lie and wait for a chance to turn and rend us, as the sayen is. Ess, we do snatch every morsel of our bread out o' the jaws of death, 'a b'lieve. I tell 'ee, sir, I've lived on the say and by the say all my life, but I hate the sight of 'nt and I hate the sound of 'nt. 'Ef I could go inland, that's where I'd like to live, sir—'mong the trees, where nawthen 'ud meet my sight but trees and green herbs. Out o' sight and hearing o' the say for ever and ever—that's where I'd like to be."

Mr. Tonkin's rhetoric, though rude, was really quite impressive, the lodger thought; all the more so for its broken delivery. But it had no effect on his wife.

"Well," she said, "I like to taste the salt in the air I d' breathe, same as in the vittles I d' ate. And I don't think much o' country folk. And I don't think much o' people 'at grummle over the



MR. TONKIN DREW HIMSELF UP.

way their bread and butter's cut, when they've cut 'nt themselves."

"Oh you!" said Mr. Tonkin, paying back an instalment of scorn. "Come, edn' 'ee gwine to fit's a dish o' tay?"

"Tay!" returned his wife. "Tay! Ess, 'tes allers tay wi' you. Drink tay and grummle—'at's all you men be fit for—grummle and drink tay. And to hear 'ee talk about your toil and your hard life! Why edn' 'ee on the say now, arning a liven? Aw ess! we d' know what the auld woman said for the men o' this town! 'When there's calm they cussn't goo: when there's wind they wussn't goo.'"

After this sarcasm, which every fisherman in the village is fated to hear at least once a day when on

shore, Mrs. Tonkin, whose treatment of her husband embodies no real ill-feeling, and must be regarded as part of her scheme of conjugal duty, relented so far as to add—

"Well, shalt have thy tay, a poor dear; go, take the jug and g' out for a cuse o' water; and tell Jimmy to bring a stog o' wood and some coals for the fire."

But though he had gained his point, Mr. Tonkin still lingered. The shifting of his feet showed that he had something on his mind. He gazed steadily out of the window.

"Come, bustle," admonished his wife.

Mr. Tonkin cleared his throat nervously.

"I've used the last o' my baccy," he said in even tones, carefully expressive of indifference to the import of his statement.

"You d' smokie all day. Ef you c'd smokie and sleepie too, you'd smokie all night!" was Mrs. Tonkin's comment. "Go, take up the jug and bustle."

"Come, Ann, gie us the money," he burst out desperately.

"Money? What money's that?" in well-simulated astonishment.

"For some baccy—there's a good soul."

"I'll gie 'ee the stick, rather!"—in a tone of great ferocity. "Two shillen a week, Mrs. Mattheys, they d' cost me, and nawthen but stinking smoke to show for 'nt. Go, do what I tell 'ee, go!"

"I'll go trust Mrs. Maddern for a' ounce, then," threatened Mr. Tonkin.

"Mrs. Maddern d' know better 'an to let 'ee have et, I reckon. There edn' a wife in this town haven't warned Mrs. Maddern agen letten their men trust her. She d' know who hold the purses, 'a b'lieve."

"Then I'll go borry 'nt off o' somebody," declared Mr. Tonkin, playing his last card.

"Ess, go disgrace yourself and me too! Go begging for a haapord o' plug, like a shiftless laverack of a longshoreman! No, we edn' beggars yet," feeling in her gown for her pocket, "though that edn' no fault of yours. Go, take thy money, go."

Mr. Tonkin received the money and rolled away, generously—or politically—omitting to express any triumph at his victory.

"Ah, well!" said Mrs. Tonkin, "'tes a bit too bad to makie s'ch a fuss over thruppence; but that's the only way to trate 'em. Show yourself soft to a man, and 'Hullo,' 'a says, 'here's a brae fine cushion,' and he up and dabs his great boots upon 'ee to wance. Hard as sparbles a wife should be, or she's a slave."

Mrs. Matthews, who had politely affected obliviousness during the last few minutes, now recovered to say softly—

"But when a man's in trouble, like my John—"

"Don't 'ee make a mistake, my dear!" cried Mrs. Tonkin vehemently. "Show yourself harder 'an ever, scauld 'en, garm at 'en, stir 'en up, anger 'en, don't let 'en set still and ate his heart out. 'At's the way."

Evidently Mrs. Matthews did not believe in

such drastic treatment, but not being a woman of argument, she only smiled sadly and shook her head.

"What wi' Peter and Jimmy, I ought to know what men are like," added Mrs. Tonkin, "and I don't stand no nonsense from they, you may b'lieve."

## VI.

As she spoke, Jimmy Tonkin entered with the firing. Having disposed of his load, he did as his father had done a minute ago—went to the window and gazed out, shifting his feet and clearing his throat uneasily meanwhile. Seeing his pipe in his hand, the lodger guessed what was coming, and awaited the issue with curiosity.

Jimmy has a handsome face and a wheedling tongue, and disdains his father's coarser methods



JIMMY HAS A HANDSOME FACE.

on such occasions as this. He began the attack with a little judicious flattery.

"How's the net gett'n on?" he said. "Why 'tes most finished, ef I d' live! Wonderful quick you be, and no mistake. I doubt ef there's another as quick."

"Well, I wadn' never 'counted slow, 'at's true," said his mother, with a laugh of flattered modesty. "But there's many as good, I've no doubt."

"I never seed 'en then," replied Jimmy. "Da gone for a cuse o' water?"

"Ess. Gone to Mrs. Maddern's for his baccy too, 'a b'lieve?"

"Ha, ess. So you give 'en the money, did 'ee?" Said 'a was gwine to ax 'ee for 'nt. Said

to me, 'Jimmy, you're out o' baccy too.' 'Ess,' said I. 'Then I'll tell the missus to gie me enough for both,' said he. 'No,' said I, 'when I do want 'n I'll ax for 'n. I've had two ounces this week,' said I, 'and that's as much as I should. Ma d' think et waste : maybe she's right. I'll just jog on tell Sat'day athout et.' 'Wait tell you see me smoken afore 'ee,' says father. 'There'll be envy in your heart, and wrath in your stummick,' 'a said to me, 'and you'll be ready to gie the world to touch pipe for a bit, that 'ee will,' 'a said. 'Maybe,' said I, 'but I edn' gwine to plague ma, ef 'tes only for thruppence. She d' 'ave plagues enough as 'tes,' said I."

The artful Jimmy made a feint of retiring to the loft.

"Here, stop a bit !" called his mother. "Ef your father d' 'ave his baccy, so shall you—at's only fair, 'a b'lieve. They shaan't say I show favour, or trate 'ee defferent."

"No, no," murmured Jimmy, with the air of a martyr, or a tempted saint. "I edn' gwine to take et."

"Take et to wance, I tell 'ee, and be off wi' 'ee," cried Mrs. Tonkin in a pretended rage.

"A good lad, Jimmy, so 'a es," she added when he had gone. "A bit lazy, and a bit too p'tic'ler over his mate—but a good lad."

The lodger caught the eye of Mrs. Matthews. She said nothing, but her wink was eloquent.

When, soon after, she had taken her departure, murmuring something about "getting back to John and little Annie," a long-legged nephew of Mrs. Tonkins slouched in, sat for five minutes in unbroken silence, and slouched out again. He



A LONG-LEGGED NEPHEW.

was succeeded by a little, dirty-faced boy who asked if "plaize would Mrs. Tonkin lend ma some sugar and a noggin o' paraffin and her best tay-pot, because ma had quality people from foreign coming to tay, and didn't want the town to be put to shame by a pot athout a spout"—an appeal to

Mrs. Tonkin's patriotism which had the desired effect.—A breathless dame thrust her head in at the door, screamed something—presumably a piece



A LITTLE DIRTY-FACED BOY.

of news—in unintelligible Cornish, and vanished.—Mr. Tonkin and Jimmy returned, rolling in unison, and enveloped in triumphal clouds of smoke.—Mrs. Harvey from over the way, having seen through the window Mrs. Tonkin getting out the best teapot, came in under the impression that a meal was preparing. Being undeceived, she made a futile attempt to hide the hunch of bread she had brought to spread with Mrs. Tonkin's butter and dip into Mrs. Tonkin's pekoe, and departed hurriedly. Mrs. Tonkin explained to the lodger that "Mrs. Harvey never lifts her gown (pays money) for tay ; what she d' 'ave, she d' 'ave on the cheap ; but she'd scorn to be beholden for bread to a soul." A little proper pride sometimes goes a very long way.

## VII.

And so the afternoon wore on, and visitors came and went, until Mrs. Tonkin, hearing a weighty footstep, which was yet not the clumping step of a man, resounding in the back passage, exclaimed—

"That's my sister, Jane Polsue, for sure. Now there'll be some hollering and argufying, 'a b'lieve."

Mrs. Polsue's shrill voice was heard exchanging bantering greetings with the men in the loft ; and then in she waddled in her market-going array, bonneted, apronless, basket over arm, the upper part of her ample person tightly sheathed in a glossy jacket of imitation sealskin. By the time she had advanced to the middle of the room, it was discovered that she was not alone. Clinging half-hidden among her skirts, and swinging to and fro with every movement of her body, was a little

girl of six or seven, wonderfully arrayed in a crimson plush frock, a necklace of bright blue beads, pink stockings, and a white straw hat, trimmed with green ribbons.

"Come out, my 'andsome, and show thyself!" exclaimed Mrs. Polsue, extricating the child from the folds of her gown and pulling it forward. "Theer, Ann, what d'ye think o' that? Edn' she fitty? Edn' she rale 'andsome—as smart as a guckoo-fish? She's Lizzy Ellen's little maid, and she's a-gwine wi' Aunt Jane to market to buy some nices—edn' 'ee, my dear?"

"Eth, 'a b'lieve," lisped the child.



IN SHE WADDLED IN HER MARKET-GOING ARRAY.

"'Eth, 'a b'lieve!'" echoed Mrs. Tonkin admiringly. "Hark to the minnam! 'Eth, 'a b'lieve,' she d' say, as formal as the Mount.<sup>1</sup> Set down, my worm, while I get 'ee a cake."

"Well, Ann, and how many nets have 'ee done?" asked Mrs. Polsue, as Mrs. Tonkin returned from the cupboard with a generous slice of saffron cake.

"Well, I reckon this is the fourth this week," replied her sister with conscious pride.

"Fourth! You'm a reg'lar busker, Ann, and no mistake."

"Well, I do hate to be diddlen about doing nawthen."

"You might ha' found time to go to poor Dicky Trewarven's berrin' yes'day, though."

"Aw. You went, I s'pose, Jane?" said Mrs. Tonkin.

"Ess, o' course. I haven' missed a berrin' in

this town for twenty year—summer or winter, cauld or het, dry or wet—and there edn' many can say the same. 'Do unto others as you would that they sh'd do to you,'—that's my motty; and I turn et this way, 'Go to other people's berrin's that they may come to yours.'"

"Eh—'twould be a wisht berrin', that!" chuckled Mrs. Tonkin.

"You d' know my manen, Ann," said Mrs. Polsue placidly. "But I wonder 'ee dedn' go."

"Me? Dicky wadn' no friend o' mine."

"All the more cause for 'ee to go to 's berrin'," said Mrs. Polsue warmly. "Quarrels should end when your foe's in his box."

"Nor he wadn' no foe neither," said Mrs. Tonkin.

"Well, then, you should ha' gone, ef 'twas only for the credit o' the town. I do hate to see a berrin' empty o' folk—not but what there was a brae pillow up to poor Dicky's. I did walk in front along o' Benny-Bath's-wife-Annie's-sister-from-foreign-don't-know-the-name-of-'en; and I tell 'ee, Ann, when we come to the rope-walk out 'long, and I look behind, and be'old the percession, two and two, stretchen all the way back most as fur 's you c'd see, all in proper black, every mawther's chield of 'em, and then the box and six tall chaps a-carr'n of 'em, and then the fam'ly haulden their handkerchers—et fair made me shever; and says I, 'tes a pity a man caan't walk at his own berrin'; Dicky'd be a proud man this day, sure 'nough, to see what honour the world do hault him in now he's deed. And we did sing 'Peace in the Valley' as we did go; 'twas Dicky's favourite, and when 'a was on his bed 'a said for us to sing et, and sing et we did. That theer sister to Annie Bath have got a rare sweet voice—sweet as honey; but 'a put me out somethen turr'ble, for 'a would sing seconds—said they'd pitched the key so high she was afraid she'd scat her voice up top ef 'a should sing the tune. And you know how 'tes wi' me; I couldn' sing seconds wi' she, nor I couldn' keep the tune wi' the rest, and theer I was, a-wandering about in a maze all the while atween the two. Ess, my voice was a lost sheep that day, 'a b'lieve. Et put me mad, et did, and her a foreigner. 'Twas a trate to hear her, though."

"A sweet voice," said Mrs. Tonkin the moralist, "is far above rubies, a possession athout price. Virtuous be'aviour waan't gie 't 'ee; riches caan't buy et—"

"Nor they caan't buy a hump for that matter," Mrs. Polsue interrupted. "Do 'ee talk sense, Ann, and don't prache, and listen to what I'm a tellen 'ee. When the berrin' was over, I walked back wi' poor Dicky's aunt Blanche, and she tauld me all about the partic'lars of how he died. Three tokens there were, she did say. First was when a little maid come in to play wi' Dicky's young brothers, and she got drawing on a slate. 'Look, Dicky,' said she, 'what a pretty thing I've drawed.' Dicky looked. 'Why,' said he, going as white as a wall, 'tes a box—a coffin sure 'nough.' And so 'a was, and Dicky the first to name et. Then, on the day 'a was took bad, they come down in the

<sup>1</sup> As quaint, old-fashioned, as St. Michael's Mount, type and emblem of antiquity throughout West Cornwall.



morning and found Dicky's watch fallen off the nail on the wall, and the glass scat in pieces ; manen, I s'pose, that time was to be o' no more account to him. And the laast token was when Dicky's little brother was setten alone in the kitchen ateing cake, and the door o' the loft opened wide and shut again ; and when the lad runned out to see, there wadn' nobody there. 'T'es thought to sinnify the coming into the house o' what no mortal eye has seen."

Mrs. Polsue paused for a moment. Then she continued—

"The poor chap was sensible nearly up to the laast. They axed him—'You edn' afraid to die, Dicky?' 'No, no,' 'a said, smiling, 'you d' know I settled all that laast November month'—manen when 'a was converted up to the revival. And near the eend, setten theer, they heerd a 'thump, thump,' like a hammer somewhere in the chamber. 'What's that?' said one. 'Twas the heart of 'en beating. Blanche said et put them in mind as ef 'twas his sperrit knocking to be let out. Just at the last 'a begun to wander, and thought 'a was a little lad again, and talked o' lessons and marbles and axed his mawther for ha'pennies. Et made their hearts sore to heark to 'n. Then he shut his eyes and they thought 'a was gone ; but sudden 'a sat up and turned his head to listen, and, said he, 'Mother, there's Mally Rowe outside, a-caalling.' Mally, you d' know, was a little maid they used to caall his sweetart when a lad—been dead these ten year. 'Mother,' 'a said, 'there's Mally caalling. Ess, I've done my sums, and my spelling, and my lessons, every one, and I'm gwine out to play wi' Mally.' And then he falled back, and 'twas all over."

"Dear heart!" said Mrs. Tonkin softly, and there was silence for a while.

"What ded Dicky die of?" asked Mrs. Tonkin.

"Well," replied his sister, "he hadn't been what you may call rusky, not for a brae bit of a while. Just afore Christmas he went out cur'l singen, and caught a cauld—nawthen to speak of. So his mawther said, 'Just you stop indoors for a day, and I'll gie 'ee some moogwort, and you'll be right in a jiffy.' But no ; 'a said 'twas nawthen, and 'a went traipsing about singen cur'ls wi' the lads and maids, up to three in the mornen. Then 'a was took bad, and they sent for the doctor. Information o' the lungs was what he called et."

"Which doctor was that?" asked Mrs. Tonkin.

"Club doctor, to be sure, Doctor Vivian."

"Well, I don't think much o' he."

"You may well say that, Ann. Why, they axed 'en to gie Dicky some med'cine, but such stuff as 'a gave 'en!—a teeny little bottle, 'at dedn' hauld haalf a noggin—and said for 'em to gie 'n a tay-spoonful twice a day. What good could that do 'en? Now ef they'd gone to Doctor Borlase, he'd ha' guv 'em a good quart o' stuff right off, I warrant—and brae 'm strong and nasty stuff too. But this here—why, Blanche tasted 'nt, and 'twas like raspberry serrup for flavour. No wonder the poor chap's gone, though his mawther did gie 'n a pint o' moogwort every time wi' the other stuff to make up for 't. 'Ah,' he'd say for the moogwort, 'that's good ; I can feel 'nt all the

way down, and taste 'nt for haalf an hour.' But 'twadn' no manner o' use."

"A should ha' tried helder," said Mrs. Tonkin. "What's moogwort? No bad tippie for a bit of a cauld, maybe, but et don't go to the stumnick like helder. Nawthen beats helder, to my thinken."

"Aw ess, Ann—we d' all know you and your helder," replied Mrs. Polsue with easy scorn. "'T'es all one to you—be it a toothache or be it a bad leg or be it the croup, out you come wi' your helder. Now ef you axed me, I sh'd say comm'ile to wance. 'T'es twice as infectious."

(Let no one accuse Mrs. Polsue of ignorant maltreatment of the English language. All she has done is to take two synonyms—"efficacious" and "effective," one of which is clearly superfluous—fuse them together, and give the result an appropriate medical flavour.)

"Well, Jane," said Mrs. Tonkin, with real emotion in her voice, "I wonder at 'ee, I do. You d' know we were all brought up on helder. Mawther never gave us nawthen else. I waan't say comm'ile edn' good, nor I waan't say moogwort edn' good for they that's used to 'ut ; but helder's our family med'cine, so to spake, and why don't 'ee stick to 'ut? Many's the noggin of et you've swallied, or you wouldn't be alive and rusky now, 'a b'lieve. And now to turn and scorn and 'buse et—'tes downright fullish, Jane, and I wonder at 'ee."

"Wonder away, my beauty," said Mrs. Polsue flippantly. "Long as you don't try to make me swally your wash, I don't care."

"Wash!" screamed Mrs. Tonkin, and plainly a quarrel was imminent, when the little girl, who was kneeling on the window seat, looking down the street, began clapping her hands.

"Look, look!" she cried ; "big man ; *thuch* a big man!"

The ladies suspended their dispute, and getting into the line of sight from the window, began to bob their heads from side to side and crane their necks in an effort to get a fair view. The lodger had that morning seen a party of startled cormorants on a rock perform exactly the same antics.

"'T'es long Jacob Penelloe and that chatterin' daughter o' his!" exclaimed Mrs. Polsue. "What a size that man is! 'A come a-courten me once, Jacob did ; but I wadn' gwine to marr' a chap whose face I couldn' slap athout getten on the table. Lucky I dedn' ; for ef I'd had that magpie Vassie Penelloe for daughter I'd ha' been drove mazed afore now. They edn' comen in here, I hope, Ann?"

"Ess, 'a b'lieve. Jacob's mother's sister marr'd our aunt Ellen Elizabeth, ef you d' mind ; and being a sort o' cousin, 'a mostly drops in when 'a d' come by."

"Then I'm off," declared Mrs. Polsue. "Come, Lizzy, my beauty."

"Wait in the loft for a bit, Jane," said Mrs. Tonkin. "Being country folk they'll come to the front door, and ef you wait you won't meet 'em."

## VIII.

In fact, at that moment there was a rapping on the front door, and while Mrs. Polsue retired at the

back, Mrs. Tonkin bustled out into the entry, and the sound of salutations was heard.

"Aw, ess, to be sure—plaized to be'old 'ee once more. Step inside, my dear. Step inside, Mr. Penelloe, and set down for a bit. Long legs d' want a rest, as much as short ones, 'a b'lieve."

Miss Penelloe entered—a plump, youngish woman, ruddy, black-haired, with a typical Celtic face, high cheek-bones, small twinkling grey eyes, and a long upper lip like a portcullis over a big, thin mouth. Behind her stooped her father, immensely tall, thin, loose-jointed, near-sighted, and wearing a big grizzled beard.

Mrs. Tonkin introduced the lodger. Miss Penelloe nodded and smiled graciously, and remarked on the state of the weather, in an affable tone, calculated to set him at his ease at once. Mr. Penelloe stood and swayed about in the middle of the room, gazing helplessly at the net, whose coils surrounded him on the floor. His daughter proceeded to take him in hand.

"Step auver the net and set down, father. Gie me your hat, or you'll be setten on 't—s'ch a hab-sent man as you be. Don't 'ee set theer in a draught, and you with a cold; come auver here," catching him by the elbow, and steering him to a chair in a corner, where he collapsed limply.

"Ess, Mrs. Tonkin," she continued, sitting down and folding her hands, "us couldn' pass your door and not look in for a bit of a chat. 'Tedd' often we d' come this way. And how's your health, Mrs. Tonkin? . . . What are 'ee a-sarchen after, father? Your pipe? Here 'a es, in my bag. No trusting father with his pipe, 'a b'lieve, Mrs. Tonkin. S'ch a man as 'a es for losing of 'nt and breaking of 'nt. Your baccy's in your purse, father, and your purse in your left trousers pocket, and so's your knife. Mind, when you d' want to spittie, g' out to the door, dacent, and liv Mrs. Tonkin's clane slab alone. Well, Mrs. Tonkin, my dear, and how's fishing?"

"Aw—plenty o' fish, 'a b'lieve—plenty."

"Sure?"

"Ess, plenty in the say; trouble is to get 'em out."

The time-honoured pleasantry was well received.

"Ha-ha! Ess, to be sure. Hark to Mrs. Tonkin, father. 'Plenty in the say,' she d' say; 'trouble is to get 'em out.' Well, that edn' bad—not bad, that edn'. Good 'nough to put in the paper, 'a b'lieve. . . . Father, get your handkercher out o' your coat pocket and blow your nose to wance, afore there's a haccident. . . . Eh! Mrs. Tonkin, I do admire to be'old the way your fingers d' go about that net. In and out, in and out they d' go. . . . That's a big hole theer."

"Them plaguy sharks and dogs!" ejaculated Mrs. Tonkin. "Never was a net so full o' holes. But you d' know, Miss Penelloe, 'twill be fuller o' holes when 'tes done mending."

"I don't understand your manen, Mrs. Tonkin."

"Why, 'tes a sort o' puzzle we fishing people d' ave. 'What is that which the more you mend et, the more et's full o' holes?' Answer is, a net; the meases being holes, in a manner spaken, you d' see."

"Well, now!" cried Miss Penelloe, "that's clever, too. Father, d'st hear that? . . . Why, what's the

matter wi' ee now, father? Do set still and don't fidget.

Mr. Penelloe was shifting uneasily on his chair and mournfully shaking his head, while his eyes were fixed on the corner of the room where the clock-case stood.

"Scand'lous!" he exclaimed in a voice of tragic hoarseness. "That theer clock's seventeen minutes slow!"

"Theer!" cried Miss Penelloe delightedly; "that's father all over! One thing 'a d' think upon is clocks and time. Do 'ee mind setten that clock right, Mrs. Tonkin? Father won't rest a minute in the same room with a lying clock."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Tonkin in troubled tones. "I'm vexed, that I am. Gie 'ee my word I thought 'twas c'rrct. I'll get on a cheer and set 'n right to wance."

"Wait a bit," interposed Miss Penelloe. "You don't mind letten father do 'nt hisself? 'Twill plaize 'en mighty, and save trouble; father don't need no cheer for the loftiest clock in the kingdom, 'a b'lieve. Go, father, set 'n right; go! Why, 'twas his great heighth 'at set father to mending clocks. You must know, sir," she continued, turning to the lodger, "father's a carpenter by trade. But when 'a was courten mawther up Camborne way, grandfer, who was a clockmaker, said to father one day, 'Jacob,' 'a said, 'tes plain what Providence intended 'ee for, when 'a made 'ee seven foot high—'twas to mendie eight-day clocks, sure 'nough. Why, look at me,' 'a said—'a was a little chap, grandfer—'look at me. You caan't think the divers perils I've gone through along o' standen on rotten-legged auld cheers and wee-waw stools, up top o' steers, and all sorts o' risky places. Ay,' says he, 'tes a trade full o' danger for a little chap like me. I d' get my liven on the brink o' destruction, and peril do compass me round about. With your nose in the vitals of a clock,' says grandfer, 'you don't pay no 'tention to nawthen else; maybe you see a wheel loose, or somethen, and you get excited and make a step one way or t'other, and there you are on the ground, and lucky ef clock edn' atop of 'ee. But you're made for the business, Jacob,' 'a said to father; 'throwed away, you are, on planen wood and such. Take my advice,' said he, 'make a proper use o' your gifts, and larn to mend clocks.' And so father did, though 'a 've always sticked to his carpenter work, being what 'a was brought up to."

"Clocks is my pastime, only my pastime, so to spake," murmured Mr. Penelloe, shambling back to his chair.

"Yet there's few d' know more about clocks and their saycret mysteries 'an father," said his daughter proudly. "There's a clock wi' a brass face up foreign, nobody caan't manage but he. The people 'at d' b'long to that clock send for father reg'lar, and pay for his travelling and all, every time 'a d' go wrong. Nobody else waan't do for 'em, they must have father. Let's see, father, what's the matter wi' that clock up to Trebollyvean? I know 'tes somethen uncommon, but I caan't azackly mind what."

"The affliction o' that p'tic'lar clock," said Mr.

Penelloe slowly, and, as the lodger thought, in rather a pointed tone, "is being like some females, a brae sight too fond of et's own voice."

"Aw, ess, to be sure. Striking, father d'mane," explained his daughter condescendingly. "'Twill start at dead o' night, and work off three days in ten minutes; or 'twill take a fancy to strike seventeen for every hour o' the day."

"Now!" exclaimed Mrs. Tonkin, rather overdoing the accent of wonder in her polite anxiety to show that though her hands might be at work on the net, her thoughts were all absorbed in her visitor's story. "Well!"—holding up the net, and with knitted brows scanning its surface for rents. "Sure!"—pouncing on a torn spot and attacking it with knife and needle.

"Bless you," Miss Penelloe went on, "clocks d'ave their ways, and fancies, and wakenesses, and obstinatenesses just like Christians. No two clocks alike, 'a b'lieve. But father d' know how to manage 'em all. Not but what 'a draws the line somewhere, as we all must. There was a chap come to father once with a guckoo-clock for 'm to mendie, but father said 'No' to wance. 'Bring me a clock 'at do strike proper,' said he, 'and I'll see to 'nt; or bring me a clock 'at don't strike at all, and I'll see to 'nt; but a clock 'at d' make a noise like the fowls o' the air edn' no clock at all,' says father, 'caall 'nt what you will. I don't hauld wi' no s'ch fullishness, nor I waan't ha' nawthen to do wi' 'en,' said he."

"Theer, think o' that!" cried Mrs. Tonkin. "Wouldn' ha' nawthen to do wi' 'en! O' course 'ee wouldn', Mr. Penelloe, and I do hauld 'ee in honour for 'nt. Guckoo clocks, indeed! Such fullishness as we do find in this mortal world!"

"Fullishness you may well say, Mrs. Tonkin, and roguishness you might say, and wouldn' be fur wrong. The way people be'ave over clocks—well there!—scand'lous, that 'a es! No notion they haven't o' the way to trate 'em. Father d' often say clock sh'd be 'counted the true master in a house. Et says to 'ee, 'Do this, do that,' every time 'a d' strike. 'Seven o'clock, get up, thou sluggard, and lightie the fire; 'leven o'clock, put the 'taties on; four o'clock, fill the kettle, ef ye plaize; ten o'clock, g' up to thy chamber, go!' But theer! some people think they can chate time by ill-using their clocks. There's Mrs. Perry up our way; laast thing at night she d' allers put clock on haalf-an-hour, so she may get up betimes in the mornen; then back et d' go after brukfast, haalf-an-hour slow, to keepie the men from grummen 'cause dinner's late; then on again, 'cause she d' like to have tay earlier 'an her conscience 'ull let her. And so 'a goes on, making clock tell lies, and then pretending to b'lieve 'en."

"Shameful!" cried Mrs. Tonkin, who, by the way, is guilty of similar conduct every day of her life.

Here attention was directed to Mr. Penelloe, who was gazing fixedly at the lodger, while he fumbled with his hands on his knees and made abortive efforts to speak.

"Well, what's the matter now, father?" asked his daughter. "Spake up, and don't be bashful ef you've anything to say sensible."

Thus encouraged, Mr. Penelloe addressed the lodger.

"You're somethen of a scholar, sir, I've no doubt. Studied a good deal, 'a b'lieve."

The lodger made a suitably modest reply.

"Then, spaken o' clocks, can you tell me what's your opinion o' Joshua?"

The connection between the subjects was not very apparent to the lodger, and his expression probably showed this. Miss Penelloe came promptly to the rescue.



A PERPLEXING QUESTION.

"Ah, you edn' the first father's puzzled over that, sir. 'T'es a reg'lar c'nundrum wi' he. Joshua the son o' Nun, 'a d' mane, when 'a made the sun stand still in Gibeon."

"What I want to know," said Mr. Penelloe earnestly, "is this. I've puzzled over et a good bit, Sundays, and other times——"

"So 'a has, Mrs. Tonkin," interjected Miss Penelloe. "Every time 'a d' take up his Bible, 'a turns to Joshua, chapter ten, sure 'nough. Book do open nat'ral on the very place every time; 'a 've got so used to 'nt, 'a d' seem to know."

"And, fur's I can understand from what they're a-tellen me, they d' want to make out that these auld ancient Hebrews hadn' no clocks; which don't seem likely, do it?"

The lodger believed, however, that such was the case.

Mr. Penelloe meditated. "Seems queer, a world athout clocks. How they managed I caan't think. But what I was axen was this. Ef there had been clocks, that theer merracle 'ud ha' set 'em all wrong, wouldn' et?"

The lodger supposed so.

"Unless, maybe, et acted on the clocks too, so to spake, and stopped 'em?"

The lodger thought this possible.



"Well, et beats me, et do," said Mr. Penelloe slowly. "Those must ha' been turr'ble unsettled times to live in. Wouldn' ha' suited me, 'a b'lieve." So saying, he relapsed into a brown study.

But Miss Penelloe was on her feet.

"Come, father, what wi' your chatting, time's getting on, and hus must do likewise."

"Not afore you've had a dish o' tay!" cried Mrs. Tonkin.

"No, Mrs. Tonkin, caan't stop a minute longer."

Mrs. Tonkin cannot endure that the frivolous intentions of her guests should interfere with her exercise of the sacred rights of hospitality.

"Set down!" she exclaimed, with commanding—nay, wrathful—emphasis.

But Miss Penelloe was obdurate.

"Come, father, come," she said to her parent. "Gie us your pipe. Button up your coat; et's blawen cauld and wisht outside. There!" placing his hat on his head and jamming it firmly down over his eyes. "Good day, Mrs. Tonkin; good day, sir. Say good-day to the gentleman, father. Ascuse father's simmin' rudeness, sir, in not being quick to say good-day. Polite 'a es by nature, but 'a edn' got the art of et, so to spake. 'A 've took a great fancy to 'ee, raelly; I can see that from the free way 'a tackled 'ee over Joshua; and 'tedn' everybody father do take a fancy to. Say good-day, why don't 'ee, father?"

Mr. Penelloe turned his peering gaze on the lodger again.

"But maybe," he said, "the merracle acting all

round, as we agreed, when the sun went on, the clocks 'ud ha' started again."

"Theer!" cried Miss Penelloe in ecstasy, "did 'eer ever hear the like? You've hit et, father, right 'nough. That's just father's way. 'A edn' so quick as some; but 'a d' sit and puzzle, and the wonderful clever notions 'at d' come into his head! But come: go we must."

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Tonkin, when Mr. Penelloe had been safely conveyed into the street, and the door had closed on the visitors. "Well! ded 'ee ever hear s'ch nonsense, wi' their clocks and fullishness? He edn' azactly, I don't think; and as for she, wi' her talk—'tes enough to puttie one deaf, so 'a es. 'A course I was forced to be polite to 'em in my own kitchen; and then you must allow for 'em being from the country, where sense is scarce. But theer!"

Words failed her, and she vented her feeling in a vigorous attack on the net.

"Come! where's that dish o' tay?—come."

It was Mr. Tonkin, returning to the attack, and backed up by Jimmy. This time Mrs. Tonkin had no objection to raise, and laying down her work, she went to the cupboard.

Looking at the clock, the lodger found that the time, as amended by Mr. Penelloe, was half-past three. Foreseeing an invitation to partake, which he must either refuse and grievously offend Mrs. Tonkin, or accept to the detriment of his digestion, he thought best to avoid the dilemma by retiring from the scene.

CHARLES LEE.

## OUTAMARO.

IF you were in Regent Street, some while back, your notice was perhaps drawn to a collection of Japanese prints by an artist, little known to visitors at Burlington House, but of great fame amongst his own people a hundred years ago, and highly honoured at this day in all the most civilised countries of Europe. The artist has been dead eighty-nine years: his name was Outamaro; and Japan has not produced a genius more exquisite in its kind.

He touched an extraordinary variety of subjects, and proved himself an easy master in all of them. His celebrity was such that learned persons, and persons interested in art, made long journeys to see him in his studio; and the poets, novelists, and publishers of his own country were perpetually demanding from him illustrations or whole volumes of prints, as if, says one of his biographers, "there existed in all Japan no other artist but Outamaro."

Outamaro, whose family name was Kitagawa, was born in 1754, at Kawagoyé, in the province of Mousashi. He made his way at an early age to Yedo, and presently found a domicile with Tsutaya Jûzabro, a well-known and flourishing publisher of picture-books, whose trade-mark may be seen on some of the choicest of Outamaro's prints. With

him Outamaro remained until the publisher died in 1797.

It was as an illustrator of the little popular novels of the day that the artist first made his mark. *Kibiôshi* is the Japanese name for works of this class; Yellow Books, in English: small things in yellow covers, common as to paper and general style, cheap in price, and enjoying a huge sale. Certain of the Outamaro Yellow Books are still in existence, but it would be difficult to say how many.

Much of the pictorial art of eighteenth-century Japan concerned itself with the representation of theatrical scenes and figures. The Japanese have always delighted in stage plays, and the artists of Outamaro's day found a ready sale for little paintings of celebrated actors in their principal rôles; scenes from favourite dramas, and so forth. Outamaro, original in all things, declined from the first to bid for custom from the shoulders of the players. "I won't shine by *their* favour!" was his declaration. "I will, if needs be, found a school of Outamaro, which shall owe nothing but to the talent of the painter."

After the *Kibiôshi*, or Yellow Books, he made his *début* as a colourist, with a series of remarkable



compositions, the subjects of which ran sometimes to seven sheets, or leaves, and were sometimes confined to two. Fancy, humour, perfect design, and a large and cheerful appreciation of everyday life, are amongst the characteristics of these delineations, which in Japan go by the name of *Nishiki-yé*. Here is a series depicting a sudden thunderstorm, with the accompaniment of a deluge of rain. Umbrellas shooting open on all sides, and a general helter-skelter; children rushing in terror to the arms of their mother, a young girl stopping her ears against the thunder, and a pair of lovers sheltering under one flimsy parasol.

A series of three drawings gives a lively and detailed picture of the process of engraving at Yedo in Outamaro's time; and in the third of the set the artist himself, attired for some reason as a lady, submits for reproduction one of his own designs to another lady, whose features are those of Outamaro's publisher.

Next came a very celebrated series of albums, as they may be called, or sets of from six to twenty plates and upwards, executed at this and later periods, in which, with ripe talent, the artist devotes himself to his best-beloved theme, the gentler sex. Here are the dainty little ladies of Japan, busied with the light occupations of house and garden; folding fine silken raiment; giving a bath to a pet bird; puffing at a tiny pipe of chiselled silver; painting; shooting with bow and arrow; reading with the volume close to the eyes; and scribbling verses on fillets to hang on the first cherry-trees in flower. There is a subtle grace in these compositions, and a close and studious following of nature in attitude, pose, and gesture, wherein the observer may see how Outamaro, first amongst the artists of Japan, came to be known as the painter of life.

His delight is great in the delicate and costly attire of his favourite subjects. He bestows an infinite and most affectionate care on the painting of the *belles robes* in which the Japanese lady displays a taste original and distinct from that of any other woman in the universe. Here is colouring which we must go to Japan to find: pale rose and bright rose, greenish white and silver white, five or six *nuances* of green, four shades of rare red, three delicious blues, a honey yellow, and I know not what other or how many incomparable tints. Some of his gowns are rich and fantastic beyond description, veritable picture-gowns, gowns for each month of the Japanese year, gowns for particular celebrations, scattered over with flowers, insects, fabulous animals, signs of the alphabet, and strange hieroglyphs. Indeed, Outamaro was a great costumier, the Japanese Worth of the artistic profession.

His fair women are modelled for the most part on a rather fanciful scheme of his own. Outamaro was an idealist, working in the real. The Japanese woman is small, and tends to plumpness. Under the pencil of Outamaro she becomes a creation of slender grace and elegance, yet she remains essentially Japanese. Actually, her face is rather short and round; Outamaro gives us a longish, oval countenance; but the type is absolutely that of Japan. His women are coy or vivacious, gay or

languorous, studious or coquettish: an ideal grace and daintiness belong to all of them, and they are all sincerely and exquisitely Japanese; charming little daughters of the land of the rising sun.

One must note Outamaro's fond appreciation of the domestic and maternal sides of the feminine existence. The passion of maternity appeals to him in a peculiar degree. There is an almost religious beauty in some of his representations of mother and child; in others, a simple domestic charm and homely humour. Here is a mother rocking the baby to sleep, tubbing it in the little wooden tub, dandling it at arm's length above her head, inventing a thousand little games to please it. The infants are chubby, vigorous, and happy. In these groups of mother and child, as M. de Goncourt finely observes, the existence of the two seems not yet to be completely separated; the child has not yet climbed down from the mother's knee. In one of the happiest of these prints, a baby is perched on its mother's shoulder; it is peeping over, and the two are looking at one another in the water gathered in the hollow trunk of a tree. Their faces seem to blend, to be drawn together in a kiss, in the reflection of nature's mirror.

There are two legendary Japanese infants (both, I think, depicted by Outamaro), whom the children of Japan hold in high honour. One of these is Sakata-no-Kintoki, who, having performed wonders as an infant Hercules, grew up to be a warrior of great renown and prodigious strength. In a mountain in the province of Tampa there lived at that time a terrible demon named Shûten-dôji, who pillaged all the country round, carried off the most beautiful maidens, and, with his demon warriors, proved more than a match for all the provincial soldiery. Complaints reached the Imperial Court, and the general Yorimitsu was ordered to lead an expedition against Shûten-dôji. Instead of taking an army, Yorimitsu chose as his sole companions Kintoki and three of his chief officers; and they set forth, habited as pilgrims. Coming upon the demons, they contrived to intoxicate them with saké. Then the five heroes persuaded the demons to dance with them, when Kintoki seized Shûten-dôji by the wrists, and held him in an iron grip, while Yorimitsu cut off his head with so lightning-like a stroke that the decapitated demon went on dancing for a moment or two without being aware that anything had happened to him. A general battle followed; but the demons, demoralised by the death of their chief, were easily mastered; their den was burned, and the five heroes returned in triumph with the captive maidens.

The other infant celebrated in Japanese legend is Momotaro. An old man and his old wife lived on the edge of a forest. The husband was a wood-cutter, the wife seems to have kept a sort of open-air laundry by the river's edge. One day, while the old man was at work in the forest, the wife busy with her linen, saw in the distance, floating on the bosom of the stream, "an enormous red thing." It was a peach (*momo*) of fabulous dimensions, and it floated nearer and nearer, until the old washer-woman seized it. When her husband returned, they cut open the monstrous fruit, in the heart of which was a lovely babe, whom they named Momotaro,

Child of the Peach. The child grew up into a grand young man. Now there was an island in the sea, not a great way from the Japanese coast, whereon dwelt a race of very hungry cannibals. From time to time the islanders swooped down upon the coast, and ate as many Japanese as they could catch. Momotaro, cordially disapproving

A genuine passion for nature, child-like often in the simplicity of its expression, is one of the characters of the Japanese nation. There is not a more beautiful land under heaven than Japan, and everything beautiful in it is beloved by this interesting people. They love the sky, the flowers, the trees, and the marvellous vegetation of their fairy land.



Almost every month of the year they go out in laughing troops to see some new thing of beauty in the open air. Spring is a season of special delight. There are the plum-trees, and a little later the avalanche of pink-white blossoms falling from the cherry-trees. Gardens are thronged from morning till evening, tea is served in tiny bamboo-houses, and infusions of cherry-blossoms. Music fills the air, and poets hang couplets on the boughs of the trees. At a later season, the people of Yedo go out to the banks of the river to admire the irises of many colours. In Autumn the favourite flower is the chrysanthemum, and the gardens of its cultivation are never deserted until the first hoar-frost comes to kill the flowers. All these happy seasons are commemorated in the scattered leaves of Outamaro.

His extraordinary pencil had an equal mastery over all the flying, creeping, and moving things of his native country. He has left three books on natural-history subjects, the contents of which show an intimate and minute knowledge of birds, insects, reptiles, and the treasures of the sea-shore; and an unsurpassed skill in draughtsmanship. From the bird to the tiniest shell, says M. de Goncourt, who devotes to these books three chapters of his

this practice, set sail for the island one day, accompanied by an ape, a dog, and a pheasant. With the assistance of these friends he performed such a variety of agreeable tricks that the king of the cannibals vowed he would never eat another native of Japan; and from that time the Japanese were never afraid of anything but the earthquakes.

Mention has been made of the extraordinary diversity of Outamaro's talent. He achieved great distinction as a painter of the season of Spring; producing several series of very characteristic drawings on this subject. M. de Goncourt names one in his possession, bearing date 1790, which has the poetically suggestive title, "Walks in the Time of the Flowering of the Cherry-trees."

admirable biography of Outamaro, the painter proves that he can be, when he chooses, at once the most exact and the most artistic of the illustrators of natural history. His book of insects is prefaced by an interesting note from the pen of his master, Toriyama Sakiyen, who remembered Outamaro as a child chasing insects in the garden. "Many a time have I scolded him for this," writes the sage, "in the fear that he might grow up to be a wanton destroyer of life; and now, in the fullness of his powers, his studies of insect life are amongst his most signal achievements." Outamaro's learned work in this branch of his art may have been in part the inspiring cause of the series entitled the "Four Sleepers," where the men are

invested with certain curious traits and characters of beasts.

A fantastic set of a dozen prints is named "Pleasant Dreams." Here in the distance, behind the head of the sleeper, the dream that is a-dreaming is shown in action. A pretty girl dreams that she is a great and wealthy princess; in the vision of a child there is a beautiful banquet, whereof she partakes without stint or apprehension of the morrow. A venerable tabby has a dream of her alert and hungry youth, when she risked pursuit by the mistress of the house, rod in hand, to secure the fish brought in for the master's dinner.

Outamaro rarely touched politics, but he occasionally amused himself with a sly pictorial allusion to men in power. One skit or caricature of a personage of note, who seems to have well merited any correction that might be bestowed on him by the pencil of a satirist, brought the artist into trouble with the authorities at Yedo. He was thrown into prison, and being then well on in years, he emerged from captivity considerably shattered both in mind and body. He never recovered the full vigour of either, but to the last he was hard at it in his studio, tireless in his efforts to satisfy the perpetual demands of publishers and public.

Outamaro died at Yedo in 1806. His widow, some time afterwards, married one of the Master's pupils, who thereupon took to himself the name of Outamaro; and under this great name, says M. de Goncourt, "continued to execute the unfulfilled commissions of the deceased." This temerity had consequences. In the "work of Outamaro" many impressions remain which, while they bear the Master's name, are signalised by "triviality of composition, expressionless heads, and colours without harmony." In these, it is safe to conjecture, we have the handiwork of the too-confident pupil, Koikawa-Shuntô. Certain other plates also, it is believed, issuing from Outamaro's studio, were in reality the work of the pupils Takimaro and Hidemaro, to whom the master unwisely gave permission to use his own illustrious signature.

More than this, M. de Goncourt says that Outamaro at the outset of his career allowed the painter Kiyonaga to obtain so strong an influence over him, and at the close suffered himself at times

to tread so closely on the heels now of Toyokouni and now of the brilliant Yeishi, that the modern collector has asked himself in a sceptical hour whether there were not more Outamaros than one.

Of portrait painting, as the art is understood in Europe—a faithful and lifelike representation of the subject—there is practically none in Japan.



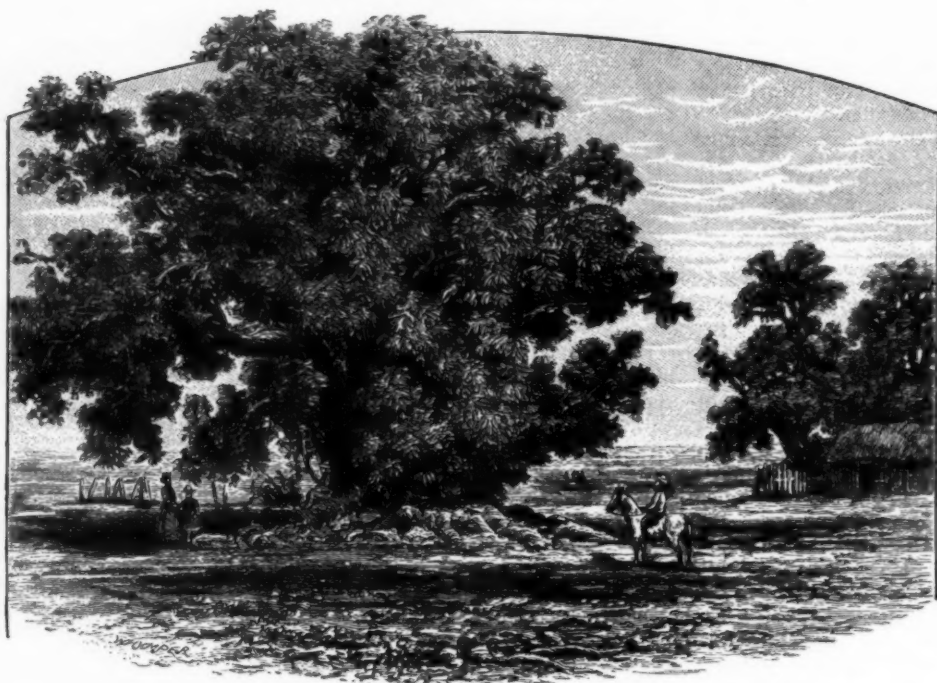
We need not therefore search for a speaking picture or a truthful bronze of a Japanese artist of the eighteenth or any other century. Outamaro, nevertheless, has left two or three shadowy likenesses of himself—an elegant man, something even of an exquisite in the careful dressing of his hair, and a little theatrical in pose, with a grave distinction of costume. The face, in all probability, is not precisely the face of Outamaro, since the artist would almost assuredly preserve the traditions of his craft in this particular; but the figure is considered his for certain.

TIGHE HOPKINS.



## A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

KEEPING THE BALL GOING.



OSIEU TREE.

**B**EIGRANO is the most fashionable suburb of Buenos Ayres, and its polo-ground a popular resort. We drove thither through the rough-paved, tram-lined streets, past the Recoleta cemetery and its embowering park, where there is the only slightly rising ground I noticed in all the city, and that is brightened by gleams of water and a variety of scarlet and crimson blossoming trees and shrubs. Leaving behind the rows of flat-roofed low houses with their high doors and windows, we passed a few really fine *quintas*, standing in their own little grounds, one of these villas being decorated on an upper ledge with almost life-size stone animals, among which a cow and a humped-up cat, both equally huge, especially tickled one's sense of the ludicrous. This Noah's ark and its neighbours were deserted, their owners being nearly all bankrupt since the boom.

Traces of the "Boom." This "boom-time" seems indeed unlikely to be forgotten in Argentine history; for as we drove farther, while a sharp breeze sprang up, to right rose the handsome and imposing buildings of the waterworks, also a failure, it is said, since that date when they were erected on a magnificent scale.

Two miles out of town lies Palermo Park; but

the increasing wind and its accompanying dust hardly allowed one to look up enough to admire a wonderfully wide *avenida*, studded with double rows of electric lamp-posts, diminishing in noble perspective to the brown river-estuary. In that feverish time when British investors poured their gold into Argentine hands with a blind confidence that any enterprise in this Tom Tiddler's ground would repay them from seven per cent. upwards—in that briefly gorgeous holiday for the republic *all* these electric lamps shone on summer nights. The rank and fashion of Buenos Ayres streamed out here in hundreds of splendid carriages that paraded up and down in slow procession, and a stranger might have fancied himself in some European capital. Alas! nowadays the town can only afford to light half its lamps, and far, far fewer carriages move at a fashionably funereal pace along the *avenida* before or after dinner, according to the season.

The Palermo Park is fine and extensive, but we only skirted it this day, passing the racecourse. Here a crowd was watching some races, while outside the railings meek saddle-horses were tied up by twenties and thirties, and belated sightseers came cantering on long-tailed nags, often two men on one steed.



By now the sky had darkened, and the high wind and flying dust so increased that it was a matter of difficulty to keep hats or even bonnets from taking flight, or to open one's eyes for occasional glimpses.

The Ombu Tree.

"There is an ombu tree! Look at it! It is the only kind of big tree you will see in all the country round here, and very few there are," exclaimed one of my companions, who was slightly sheltered under the lee of the coachman's box. Looking therefore, though at once half blinded, I caught side of a noble tree resembling a Spanish chestnut of great girth, with massive gnarled roots and a splendidly heavy head. Its appearance was patriarchal, so it was not surprising to hear that the shade of the ombu makes a summer parlour for the house which is generally attached to it, while, should this be a *rancho*, the poor folk cook and eat, sew, and lead half their domestic lives around its trunk. "*Hay ombu*" ("There is an ombu tree") may be read added to the advertisement of a house as a great attraction. Nevertheless the ombu's use begins and ends here. It is neither good for timber nor even firewood, the fibre being as light and friable as tinder.

A Polo-match in a Dust-wind. Presently we found the carriage turning into the polo-field, and so alighted, battling with our skirts, while one or two gentlemen hurried forward to greet us, at least one straw hat hopping wildly before its owner. It was a boon to find comparative shelter in the wooden stand with about a dozen ladies and a good many of the stronger sex, while tea was offered to everyone by Mrs. H—, who had, according to the next day's newspaper account, "kindly undertaken to provide refreshment on the occasion."

In front of the stand stretched no grassy lawn, but a bare brown ground, where a mimic battle seemed going on, the combatants charging amidst rolling clouds of dust raised from the dry earth at each stroke of their ponies' flying feet.

But who could with smarting, streaming eyes descry colours or belts in yonder reddish whirling dust-haze, which sometimes obscured half a pony completely, and always entirely hid the ball? When the match was over and the players came up to the stand, they seemed remarkably loth to approach the ladies—an unusual feature here. But their appearance gave a sufficient explanation, for the blackness of a sweep hardly describes the grime left by heat and dust on their faces. Nevertheless, this was not a "real" dust-storm, I was assured—far, far from that! It appeared that for a year back no one remembered playing on so horrid a day, while after rain I ought to see how green the lawn would show! (This was the first time I noticed how unusual the weather could be, as if in mockery of the passing stranger. But later on in Chili the same fate oddly accompanied me, at least so the residents said.)

Dust or none, polo flourishes in the Argentine, for ponies are cheap and fast, while hardly a better choice of level ground could be found in the world. Although the game is of comparatively recent introduction, there are already twenty-eight clubs, and it is rapidly spreading in the camp, wherever

it is possible to find enough players. A good deal of talk about horse-stealing was going on in the stand. The lady who gave us tea had lost her pet horse a short time ago—but this seemed scarcely strange, for the *peon* in charge had tied it outside

On Horse-stealing and on Brands.

the stable door on a hot night, though certainly within an enclosure. Another narrator chimed in with the experience of his best pony having been also taken, but he was lucky enough to recognise it some months later in a tram-car, and, his brand being still visible, he claimed it. This was a surprising "find," as Buenos Ayres is a big town and full of tram-cars, in one of which a horse's identity might easily be lost. A worse trick of the thieves is simply to sell a horse to be boiled down for grease. As to the police, or *vigilantes*, they are quite indifferent about such trifles—if, indeed, as some people darkly suggest, they are not friends and former comrades of the offenders. It is a common thing for English residents to declare that the police are recruited among gaol-birds; and certainly the worst convicts are pardoned and let loose on society again in the Argentine after the merest farce of imprisonment—so everyone agrees. The branding on every animal here is a great disfigurement to the horses, but is enforced by law. Whenever a horse changes hands a *guia* is given, or certificate describing its previous markings, to which the new owner immediately adds his own monogram. Thus some horses' flanks look like ruins visited by picnic parties. Even one hideous brand might be a drawback to their selling well if exported to Europe—a project that has been once or twice already rather unsuccessfully tried.

When it Does Rain, it Rains. On our way home, as we passed through the pretty suburb of Belgrano, its villas nestling in flowers, and its church proud of a really splendid dome, we now noticed watermarks on the walls, waist-high, left by the flood of last week's thunderstorm—or possibly waterspout. On board ship we had felt something of its force, the rain pouring into the music-saloon, that was soon hung round with buckets and blankets; but out here people waded knee-deep in their drawing-rooms, and apparently must have been forced to try swimming in the streets. When it does rain in South America—it rains!

On Real Dust-storms.

To reconcile me to the still worse dust-wind in returning, which has left a lively remembrance as a new experience it were a thousand pities to easily forget true tales were recounted by the rest of the party as to *real* dust-storms.

When one is first sighted at the end, say, of some street in the town here, it appears like an approaching black wall topped with lurid red, and folk rush into shelter and close their doors and windows. One of our party was almost caught in one whilst shopping this summer, and had only time, so quick it came, to rush down a street obscured to midnight darkness and enter the Ladies' Club before the big outer portals were closed. If shut out, she might have beaten in vain at the various heavy street doors without being heard, or possibly opened to.

Also, about the same time, some friends of my hostess who were living on an estancia suffered severely from a dust-storm. Possibly there was no time to close their *sala* windows, or they may have been absent for the day and the servants careless. At any rate, dust was blown in so great quantities into the pretty sitting-room, that it needed men with spades working all next morning to excavate the buried apartment like unto one in Pompeii. In her disgust and grief, the mistress of the estancia declared she would return to Europe immediately, and no longer endure such climatic freaks.

Again, the manager of one of the chief railways told me that his line was covered this summer by a dust-storm in one place to the height of a metre, and that, as rain followed, the dust hardened to mud, requiring a number of navvies to work hard digging it away. And this reminds me that locust-flights often stop trains by falling on the lines, which their slippery little bodies soon make greasy. A plague of grasshoppers was similarly witnessed by one of my acquaintances who had crossed from "the other side"—viz. Chili. After leaving Mendoza some distance, the train pulled up, and it was found that grasshoppers had fallen on the ground and rails in so great a quantity it was impossible to proceed. A number of passengers were obliged to help some men from a neighbouring station to brush the insects off for a mile or so, before the train could go on.

Hindrances  
to Society.

"See!" interrupted one of my companions, as we now reached a particularly wide, solitary-looking stretch of road about a mile and a half from town, "we were telling you of our winter mud. This is where a lady we know had her carriage stuck fast last year, returning from a ball at Belgrano, and she was obliged to walk into Buenos Ayres at two o'clock at night in her ball-gown and satin slippers." It is no unusual thing for guests to arrive an hour or so late for dinner in winter, thanks to having got mired in a *pantano* on the way.

Upon reaching home, it was a great relief to wash the dust off our faces, but for days afterwards one kept discovering overlooked deposits in the most hidden folds of one's clothes, in spite of strenuous brushing given them by that treasure in this easy-going land—a conscientious Scotch maid.

Violent dust-storms are much less frequent now, people say, than they used to be some seven-and-twenty years ago. The Minister told me that, during his first stay here as a young secretary of Legation, he often saw houses so thickly plastered with mud, when rain followed the dust-storms, that they needed scraping and re-painting.

On this present mild occasion the subsequent rain waited kindly a few days. Then, as if the climate wished to impress upon me that it does nothing here by halves, down came a shower one morning. A water-tank up in the sky seemed to have burst; and in next to no time there were pools and lakelets lying on the flat roofs around and in the *patio*. It had the refreshing effect of cooling the air, so the last mosquitoes of summer left us in peace. Lately they seemed to be maddened by their solitary lives to a ferocity which

one sorely felt called for a Government order to muzzle all stray ones.

A Cricket-  
match.

Flores is, perhaps, next to Belgrano, the favourite suburb of Buenos Ayres. After the rain the outlying streets and roads were, well—instructive. One really appreciates the blessing of European civilisation when jolting in and out of holes in the paving and avoiding deep puddles in which a mother goose and her goslings might easily enjoy a swim. Then one's mind is taken back in history to the days when English highways—if not old Roman ones—may have been just as impassable with quagmires as these. The carriage turned down one road, rather resembling a ploughed field, our swarthy coachman keeping carefully on the tram-lines—for all carriages here, even hackney ones, are expressly built of the exact width, allowing of easy stolen runs on these, delightful when the big car is behind, but most annoying when an angrily tooting horn ahead obliges you to be jerked off the smooth lines on to the horrible road again. Probably the tramcar shareholders get less dividends owing to this extra wear and tear; but then, they must be glad to feel themselves public benefactors! Our heavy landau, I may here remark, was of native manufacture, for no English-built carriage, however strong, could stand the strain to which it would be put here.

Presently, as we bowled along, a man riding towards us grinned, raised his hand, and called out "*No se puede*" ("It can't be done"). Alas! it was true, the road was too bad ahead—so shouted in confirmation the driver of a high cart which just then creaked painfully in approach. All carts here struck me as being ridiculously high, with gigantic wheels; but the reason of this was now apparent, for the very axle-trees of this one were thickly mud-coated, while the leader and wheeler, which are always needed to draw such a cart, had sunk above their knees in mud, poor beasts! Round we perforce turned, therefore, this involving an extra mile or two, driving past some notably big convents and many ornate quintas, occasionally resembling children's toys with their bright colours and fanciful shapes.

Arrived at last at the English cricket-field, we found cricket going. The play was declared very good; there were also tennis sets close by in full swing.

It was a cheery English gathering, very typical of life in the Argentine, and the fresh number of fellow countryfolk at each of these sociable meetings was a constant surprise to me. People were all eager to talk of the great cricketing event of the past summer, when in December (mark the time of year!) an Argentine picked team crossed the Andes to play the men in Chili. They had an enthusiastic welcome over there, all agreed, for the "west-coasters" are warm in their hospitality; and if the Argentines won the victories, their hosts won all praise.

Several ladies rode up to see the cricket, for all who live here are horsewomen as a matter of course, if not of necessity; but the best rider there was the smallest. She was a little girl about nine years old, who apparently grew scornful of watching her small

brothers, or friends, instructing their nursemaid in shrill Spanish how to bowl to them with a tennis-ball. So she dashed down her large picture-hat on a bench and marched off alone to where some horses were tied to a wire fence. Choosing a side-saddled pony among these, possibly well known to her, she proceeded to let down the stirrup with a scientific air, till, after frequent trials, she could reach it with her toe. Then up she hopped, retightened the stirrup, and galloped away from tire-some society into the delicious freedom of the meadow's farthest limits, careering round and round, her white frock, pink sash, and golden hair flying loose. No one seemed to pay the little equestrian any special attention; children ride here from the time they can hold on.

As the sun was growing low, we drove home again, admiring a gorgeously fiery sunset and some more side lanes on our way that looked like rich allotments deeply ploughed. Here and there one caught a gleam on a shimmering, liquid-looking spot. That was a *pantano*, or mud-hole, not dangerous now, though perhaps two feet deep; in winter it might be ten.

“Now you have seen some of our polo and cricket, you ought also to see the favourite game which all the Argentines are wild about—the famous *pelota*,” was said to me. Pelota is the Basque national game, as everyone knows who has visited Biarritz and the north of Spain. And here, though the Argentines do not care to exert themselves much, they pay well for players to come across the Atlantic, and applaud

were beaten. Pelota (ball) is made a gambling matter, and at great matches, when the betting is unusually heavy, the players are commonly suspected of taking bribes to arrange who shall win. Everyone agreed, however, it was a splendid game, and the sight so interesting that it was a great pleasure to me when one of the guests at dinner one evening proposed to invite us, for my benefit, to see a good match the following afternoon. Mrs. Pakenham and I drove, therefore, next day to the *frontone*, where our host and one of the officers of H.M.S. *Racer* met and took us upstairs to a box in the gallery, which ran round two sides of the oblong court. Below us was seated the sporting section of the spectators, who were dividing their attention between newspapers and bets. Ladies were few, for at this season they were lingering in camp, or, perhaps, at Mar del Plata, the Brighton of the Argentine, or at the hotel on the Tigre River, till winter cold and gaieties should fairly set in and bring them to town.

Opposite us was a long wall marked into sections, 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. The narrower and very high wall at the upper end had a line painted about three feet from the ground, above which the ball must strike to count. The four players soon appeared in the court, wearing differently striped jerseys and the red or blue Basque caps that are so like Scotch lowland “bonnets”; whereupon some preliminary play began, as if to rouse the attention of the on-lookers and the blood of the combatants. The smallest man of the four, a blue-stripe, challenged one of the reds. Each man then drew on a glove bound to his *cesta*, or weapon of play, a narrow-



ARGENTINE CARTS.

so vociferously that a few years ago, when people were richer than since the crisis, hats, sticks, coats, used to be flung down into the court, purses full of money thrown enthusiastically to encourage this player or that one, chairs and benches torn up in anger and hurled about if the popular favourites

pointed basket, in side view like a reaping-hook, and that corresponds to a sling. Stepping out, they tossed who should begin, and, blue winning, he dashed a ball on the ground, scooped it dexterously up into his *cesta*, took a short run, then danced sideways for some steps, dropping the ball to strike. Next moment he hurled it against the wall with tremendous force, so high that it rebounded far



behind in the court, and the red, running back at utmost speed, almost missed returning it. His ball was weaker and hit the wall half-way, whereupon blue, catching it easily, sent it this time so neatly low, only a few inches above the ground-line, that red almost dashed himself against the wall in a headlong rush to scoop it up—too late! The blue champion easily defeated soon both the reds, and also his fellow-blue, whereupon loud applause rang round the court, and the victor was instantly made the favourite in the betting.

Now the real match between all four players began. It was intensely exciting! Never—I can unhesitatingly declare—have I seen a game of skill to approach this of pelota in breathless interest. Perhaps the reason was partly because, being so near above in the gallery, even my short vision could see the full play of muscle which flung the ball higher and higher, stronger and stronger still; the wily returns, the hot rushes, the way each man, watching the player's eye and hand, knew instinctively how high or low the latter meant to throw the ball, and was ready, as if on springs, to meet it, either in mid-air or at the rebound. Hardly a second's breathing-time did any one of the four ever snatch, what with running, dodging, watching, dancing about the ground. No wonder that the two players who guarded the court far back, and who had the severe runs to make with the sun shining in their eyes, most often missed. Then a storm of hisses and disapproval went up from the galleries around, and the unlucky player would shrug his shoulders in comical apology, or pull off his cap to hide his face, or turn to the wall as if longing to obliterate himself from public obloquy. At these pauses, before the other side went in to play, three of the overheated players generally called for grace, and would retire to rub their streaming faces and necks with towels. Once one of the reds, having just missed and lost the innings, leant against the asphalt wall and slowly let himself slip till he sat on the ground, with his cap over his eyes, to express deep self-disgust. At that a roar of laughter greeted him, so stentorian that the comic actor looked up in surprise, to see fingers pointed at the wall behind. There a wet smudge, exactly the breadth of his own shoulders, was a visible joke. Despite the heat of the day, the champion blue, nevertheless, wiry and dapper, never turned a hair, and scornfully kept practising by himself, with wonderful flourishes of his cesta, till the others were called back by the timekeeper.

His play from the beginning had made the blues favourites and the betting eager in his favour, but as the score approached thirty the reds began creeping up. They had changed their tactics, and being themselves men of equal build and strength, kept the ball so furiously high that the champion had no chance of getting in for his low and crafty play, while his "back," who was a young giant, got overblown at the end of the court, where he was kept on the *qui vive*. At last the reds scored even—then two higher! And a sudden babel of anger, jubilation, and of betting cries burst out around us. A suet-pudding old Argentine close by, who had backed blue, jumped up, his fat body literally shaking with excitement as he screamed out ac-

cusations that the game was being sold. Then, fancying he saw a chance of hedging, he shrieked below, "*Yo doy diez pesos—yo doy—yo doy!*" ("I give ten dollars—I give!") But no one heeding him, he relapsed in disgusted bitterness of spirit into his seat, and unfolding the evening paper with trembling hands, pretended that the vanity of such a miserable game had no longer the least interest in life for him. But see! the blue champion has begun to run, having hitherto rather selfishly spared himself. He wins two more balls splendidly—shouts redouble—the newspaper drops on the fat man's lap. And now the reds make one and again seem winning. The interest is breathless. One more the champion makes by a low ball, so low that challenging cries ring out, but the umpires declare in his favour. And now, now—the last!—*Blues have won!*

Amidst the tremendous applause which greeted the favourites, I noticed our Falstaff neighbour swelling like a frog with pride and pleasure; then suddenly the gleam faded. He was watching some individual in the crowd below, already streaming towards the exit—doubtless the man with whom he had his bet. Suspicion, anxiety, were printed plain on his fat features, till, roused to a burst of anger, he waddled in a run down the gallery steps and vanished from our ken.

"Do you know that these Spanish fellows get as much as from 600*l.* to 700*l.* a year for their play?" said some of our party as we were leaving. And cricketers though they were, three or four Englishmen told me they preferred playing pelota out here to any other game, though it truly is tremendously hard work.

Other amusements there are also, Boating on the of so English a nature that people Tigre. enjoy them all the more, though they need description less. In warm weather one can take the train and arrive in an hour or so at the Tigre river, where smaller streams meet under the shade of tall gum trees and weeping willows. There is a good hotel by the water's edge, where people often spend some weeks, especially at regatta time. Some captious critics grumble at being eaten alive by mosquitoes and sand-flies, and of unlovely smells from the ooze, but gayer spirits declare it is "quite like the Thames" at Medmenham, or even Maidenhead, what with all the boats and oarsmen, although these may not be just as many.

Argentine Again, there were the famous Hur-  
"Hurling- lingham pony-races that Easter week.  
ham."

We went out a large party by train into the country, passing new suburbs of little houses for Italian emigrants. The plain beyond was sparsely dotted with tiny ranchitos, their thatched eaves fringed with corn cobs, and each owning a big oven outside and a bigger cart.

A horrid smell came down wind to my nostrils just before we whizzed past the carcass of a dead horse, torn by birds of prey. "One is nothing," lightly commented an encouraging friend. "Going over the pampa next week you may pass hundreds if there has been any cattle sickness, and there will be a stench." Luckily, I escaped this ordeal. Yet, as if to verify his words, five minutes later there lay a dozen and more skeletons near a slight



hollow in the ground—others presently. Had there been water there to which the poor beasts staggered thirsting to die?

But away with these depressing reflections on nature's unthrift. We have reached a modest wooden station, proudly calling itself "Hurlingham," and here some odd "shandrydans" await those who do not care to walk a little way to the big gates giving entrance to the grounds of the sporting club. Here are a few small quintas outside the gates, built by some speculating souls who counted on the English love for a "little box in the country." And beyond the lodge are red-brick bachelor quarters, now full of members who have been playing polo or finally training their ponies last week. Some are even sleeping out in spare railway cars on the siding. Shrubberies edge the approach; the racecourse is almost as level as a billiard-table; and if neither trees nor hills are here to form a background to the unbroken expanse, the ground is pretty, all shimmering yellow from the humble oxalis that has sprung up after the first autumn showers.

The grand stand is filled with rows of brightly dressed town-ladies and sunburnt *estanciero* men,

come in from the camp for a fortnight's holiday. Two groups of sailors were amusing to watch: the *Racer* bluejackets, eager to see *their* first lieutenant ride, who is got up in the most taut and trim style of silk jacket and cap; and the Germans from the *Alexandrine*, with theirs, who is a younger brother of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Duke August is a big young man, apparently eager for sport, and who speaks English with us all very well. English voices fill the air; the paddock is full of jockeys in rainbow hues, and ponies, ponies everywhere. The hero who won most of the races was a Baron whose nationality I heard described as both French and Austrian; himself an *estanciero*, he was loudly cheered. Only late in the afternoon, after tea, did we return to town, praising this excellent copy of the more famous club at home. This Argentine Hurlingham is thoroughly English, remember, although the Britishers are but a minor section in a foreign land. It is the venture of some sportsmen, who laid out the racecourse, cricket and polo grounds, made the racquet and tennis courts to gratify the longing of all our countrymen for "a good game" and a breath of country air.

MAY CROMMELIN.

## A ROYAL ALMS.

THERE is perhaps no part of the national life of the present day about which we have more cause to feel that, in very truth,

"Old times are changed, old manners gone,"

than about the personal relations of the Sovereign towards his sick and suffering subjects. Those days when the king kept open house, as it were, and bade all and sundry who might be afflicted with the dire disease called scrofula come and be cured by the royal touch—those days when he washed the feet of poor people in his palace chapel, in the presence of admiring spectators—are days of the past. It is, indeed, a great blessing to our common life that the Queen's name is largely and systematically connected with gifts, both of money and of other things, to the hospitals of the country, and to the funds which are collected in times of some prominent national calamity. And in the persons of members of her family she makes her actual presence known in our hospitals from time to time. But the day for personal contact between the king and his "poor and needy" has passed away, we must suppose, for ever—crowded out by the ever-growing complexity of life, and by that overwhelming tide of numbers which makes personal dealings between man and man an ever increasing difficulty. It cannot be prevented, we know—"the old order changeth," and changeth, in the main, for the better, let us hope, bringing new compensations for the old inevitable losses. We don't want the credulous days of "touching for the king's evil" back again (though one may fairly question whether faith in quackery has so

entirely died out, or whether it has only taken new forms), and old people would find their patent elastic-sided boots difficult to get off for the washing—to say nothing of their stockings! But, all the same, there is a subtle truth in the old proverb, "The king's face shall give grace"; and many regret that our Queen's poorer subjects should have so few opportunities of realising it. The loss of any personal link would be matter for lament, if it meant a loss on the side of the human tenderesses and brotherly sympathies and compassions—on that side of our nature, in short, which stands in ever greater danger of going to the wall, as our life grows more materially comfortable and more dominantly utilitarian.

There is still, however, one old court custom existing which popularly represents the reigning sovereign as one on whom God has not only bestowed "greatness and majesty" but "a heart also to show mercy to the poor and needy." I speak of the very ancient ceremony of the "Royal Maundy," in which we still, year after year, see the sovereign as the Royal Almsgiver, humbly passing round the circle of Christ's poor and aged, girded with the spotless scarf which memorialises that humblest acton of her Lord and Master of which hers is but a faint and far-distant copy, and distributing, one by one, her gifts, out of the abundance with which she has been entrusted. It is true that this ceremony (*ceremony*, by the way, sounds a heartless name for what is so touching and simple an imitation of the great Example) is only performed now by deputy—can it be the custom nowadays to do humiliating things by deputy?—but even so it is very full of mean-

ing, and surely says much to those who are spectators of it for the first time.

The removal of the Maundy from Whitehall, now that the Banqueting House has been closed as a chapel, and its instalment as one of the annual celebrations of Westminster Abbey, where it is so much more conspicuous as a ceremonial and so many more can be admitted to behold it, has brought it into greater prominence, and awakened no doubt a wider interest in it, as a relic of bygone days. A short sketch of its history and ceremonial may therefore, I hope, be acceptable to readers of the "Leisure Hour."

Everybody knows, probably, that the name of *Maundy* Thursday, which has been given to the day before Good Friday, is an anglicisation of the Latin word *mandatum*, command. "Mandatum novum" were the opening words of an anthem taken from St. John xiii., which it was the custom to sing while pilgrims' feet were washed at kings' courts, and in the halls of great nobles, and by the hands of princely abbots and prelates, on that day. The rite, of course, is a far more ancient one than is this name for it, having been practised in honour of the day of the Last Supper, in both Eastern and Western Christendom, from at least the time of St. Augustine, who refers to it in his writings. The quaint name of Maundy worked its way into the English language in what Skeat calls the "Middle-English" period—i.e. between A.D. 1200 and 1500—and is one of the many instances of a general word getting gradually narrowed down to a particular use. *Maundee*, *Maunde*, meant originally, of course, *any* command, but by degrees it came to be used only with reference to that special command of Christ spoken of in St. John xiii. 34, from the idea that to wash the feet of the poor was a conspicuous way of fulfilling that "new commandment to love one another." From very early days the washing of the feet was sweetened to the recipients by accompanying doles—gifts of food and clothing and, later on, of money also. In the course of time, as views and manners changed, the ceremony of the washing slipped into the background, and was at last given up, and the doles, in consequence, became the chief feature; and so it came about that the name of the Maundy was transferred from the feet-washing to the gifts. Thus the "Office for the Royal Maundy," which is still duly performed year by year, consisted last Maundy Thursday (March 22, 1894) of the mustering in Westminster Abbey of seventy-five pairs of poor and very old men and women, and a solemn procession of dole-bearers through their midst, and the distribution to them of the Queen's alms with appropriate prayers and anthems.

The last of our sovereigns who washed the feet of the poor with his own royal hands was James II. After his time—for so long as the custom continued at all—it was done for the King by the Lord High Almoner, who was, and is, one of the Archbishops or Bishops, and holds the office as a Court appointment. It is probably an old custom that the number of the receivers of the Maundy should correspond with the age of the monarch. It makes us realise that our notions have indeed changed, even during the last hundred and fifty years, when

we read of what the pensioners of George II. received, in the year 1731, in the way of food—of the plates of boiled beef and of shoulder of mutton, with "small bowls of ale" to wash it down, which were followed by "large wooden platters of fish and loaves," so that each person, it appears, received as his or her portion "one large ling and one large dried cod, twelve red herrings and twelve white herrings, and four half-quartern loaves." Besides these, there were the bundles of clothing, shoes and stockings, and linen and woollen cloth, and the leathern purses containing—as to-day—the pretty shining new penny, twopenny, threepenny, and fourpenny silver pieces, and the more marketable shillings, in all about £4 in value. One thinks of the aged men and women—there were forty-eight of them that year—when their feet had first been washed by the Archbishop of York, the then High Almoner, tottering away with their arms full of these treasures, and fancies what the steam and the odour and the odd jumble and incongruity of the whole scene must have been.

Compared with those days, the celebration we beheld was indeed a decorous and quiet one, though at the same time a picturesque and touching scene. It took place at one o'clock; so that the Abbey got the fullest benefit possible of the grey subdued light of a sulky March day. One longed for a ray of sunshine to make the picture the effective one it might have been. The central space of the choir was cleared to a greater breadth than usual, and on either side, on the outermost benches, sat the old candidates for the bounty—the seventy-five men on the north side, the seventy-five women on the south—making a long, long row, which reached from the steps of the sacarium to the far end of the choir. There was something very pathetic about these lengthy files—both as a silent reminder of the many years which have passed over the head of our English Queen, and also as a spectacle of such an unusual number of those with whom "all the world is old, lad," gathered together within those ancient walls, beside which the most hoary head among them was but "a thing of yesterday." One's eye wandered up and down that long assembly, passing over the uncovered heads of the old men, some set back with the strange, unseeing gaze upwards of the blind, some bent and bowed on their breasts; and over the funny dingy bonnets and silvery "fronts" of the aged dames; and one wondered which among them would have been called away before another Maundy Thursday came, leaving their worn-out shoes for some other ancient pilgrim to creep into. The old men, for the most part, sat still and silent during the waiting time, with very little look of expectancy or excitement about them; but the old bonnets, most of them, wagged and nodded, and crowded themselves together in groups of two, or three, or even four, and from their side of the choir a gentle murmur of gossip rose, now and then, above the hum made by the ever-increasing concourse of spectators.

Presently the notes of the organ broke out jubilantly overhead, and the echoing tread of feet could be heard on the flags of the vast, empty nave; and through the low door of the choir-screen

moved, at a stately pace, the little procession—first the beadle of the Abbey with his mace; then the white-robed choir and the clergy of the Abbey; and between them a black-vested group of clergy in their gowns, present to represent those who had recommended recipients for the Royal alms. Then came a stalwart and magnificent personage, the Sergeant-Major of the Yeomen of the Guard, pike in hand, and resplendent in the quaint scarlet uniform of the "Beefeaters," whom Londoners love; and next behind him came a figure that quite made one start as it emerged from the dark shadows of the doorway—a Yeoman, carrying on his head the huge round gilt alms-dish, its centre piled with the brocaded bags which contained part of the Maundy, and the rim ranged with the little red and white sacks, or purses, containing the other part, with their red and white strings hanging down in a thick fringe all round, and quite hiding the bearded face and black, flat-topped hat of the bearer—so that the effect of the whole was more like a huge cake that had gotten itself legs than anything else! This important functionary was followed by a still more important one—the Lord High Almoner himself (the Bishop of Ely), preceded by the Sub-Almoner (Prebendary Eyton), and followed by the Dean. The Almoners wore, over their robes, large white muslin scarves girded over one shoulder and hanging down at the side in soft voluminous folds—by this curious custom keeping alive a lingering memory of the former principal observances of Maundy Thursday, and of that scene, after the Last Supper, from which it took its rise.

Next behind the Dean came a quaint and unexpected group in the procession—the "Children of the Royal Almonry"—two little boys and two girls, carrying small, tight, frilled nosegays of bright flowers, and having their very ordinary British Sunday frocks and jackets redeemed and brought into character with the rest by the great white scarves in which they also were picturesquely swathed.

Following them came "the Secretary of H.M. Almonry and his Assistant," who perhaps presented the most singular appearance of all, as they wore black dress-suits under their envelopment of scarves. The rear of the procession was brought up by a scarlet phalanx of the Yeomen of the Guard—ten fine old men, who during the service stood like statues at intervals all down the choir, looking strangely incongruous in that place of peace, with their gleaming pikes in their hands and their great velvet hats adhering firmly to their heads from first to last!

The procession passed on up the choir, between the files of aged folk, some of whom were too feeble even to stand up as it moved by; the alms-dish was deposited on a table, covered with a white cloth, which stood for the occasion in the place of the eagle lectern; the High Almoner and his supporters took their places in the sacristy, and the service followed.

The "Office for the Royal Maundy" consists of part of the ordinary Matins, but with a special Psalm (the 91st), and special Lessons from the 13th chapter of St. John and the 25th of St. Matthew, and no less than four Anthems! After the first Anthem a pause is made; the Lord High Almoner and Sub-Almoner descend the altar-steps into the choir, followed by the Secretaries; and, passing slowly down the long row of recipients, the first instalments of the Royal Maundy are given, one by one, into the shaking feeble old hands stretched out to receive them. These gifts are handed out of the brocaded bags which had crowned the alms-dish, and consist of an allowance of £2 5s. to each man, and £1 15s. to each woman, in lieu of the clothing which was formerly dispensed. A little packet of money strikes one as a more prosaic and less characteristic gift than a bundle of linen and frieze, with other appendages; but no doubt it is more acceptable, in its present shape, to the receivers.

Later in the service the High Almoner and his attendants descend again from the sacristy; the great dish itself is lifted from the table by the Yeoman who has had it in charge, and the slow stately progress down the length of the choir and back again once more takes place; the little red and white bags are gathered up in pairs, their clinging strings disentangled, and they are handed to the Almoner, who distributes them to the expectant folk. Each red purse contains, as the service-book tells us, "£1 in gold, representing part of the Maundy; and £1 10s., an allowance in lieu of provisions, formerly given in kind;" and each white purse holds "as many pence as the Queen is years of age, and given in silver pennies, twopences, threepences, and fourpences, being the balance of the Maundy."

It is amusing to watch the bestowal of these treasures by the old ladies. Some roll them up in their pocket-handkerchiefs; some bury them in the depths of cavernous bags which they have got hanging on their arms; some wrap them in the envelope which has held their ticket of admission. Probably few of the pretty little silver tokens but will have changed hands before night. Some will have been given away as presents, and more will have been sold to those who are curious in such things.

The service concludes with the General Thanksgiving and a special prayer "for the Queen's Majesty," which asks that "the hearts of all those who have now been partakers of her bounty may be stirred up to be truly thankful unto Thee for it, and to pray for her that she may have a long and prosperous reign in this world and a heavenly kingdom in the world to come."

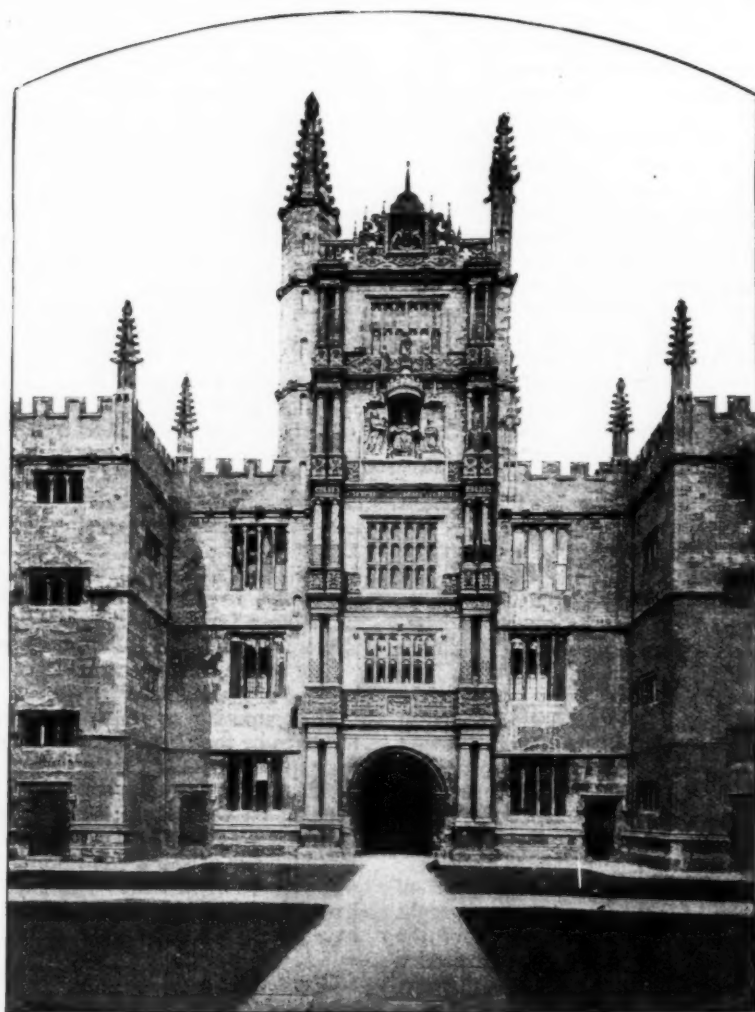
To which prayer not the Maundy pensioners only, but all loyal subjects of the Queen and all her well-wishers in other lands, will assuredly answer heartily *Amen*.

MARY E. PALGRAVE.



## NEW OXFORD.

### II.



THE OLD SCHOOLS, OXFORD.

OXFORD, like Cambridge, has widened its circle of attraction considerably, and however feeble that influence may be at the outposts, there are now some 30,000 people a year learning to talk of it as "their University," and contemplating its closer acquaintance with more or less anxiety along the many lines of its lectures and examinations.

It has been irreverently suggested that it is in its "side shows" that it is chiefly new, and there is a certain amount of truth in this, although it is, as it were, a failing to see the tree because of its branches, for its position has undoubtedly been

strengthened by enlargement on a popular basis. The success of the "side shows" is, however, so obviously due to the prestige of the main entertainment, on the continuance of which they depend, that their separate existence is at present hardly possible.

The establishment of the examinations for women was one of the earlier steps towards what is called its popularisation. The opening of the University to the non-collegiate students was of course an important movement in the same direction, but that was not so much the introduction of something new as the return to what was old, very old—

The Non-Collegiates.



in fact, to the original condition of Oxford, when all its students were unattached ; for the crowd came there first, then the hostels were started to accommodate them, and from the hostels were developed the halls and colleges. These non-collegiate are now lodged all over Oxford within a mile and a half of Carfax, most of them on the outskirts, most of them in lodgings, some of them, as we have seen, in colleges and some in hostels, many of them entering the incorporated colleges before their residence is over. They come from all parts of the world, even Chinese and Hindoos being amongst them ; and some are here for only two years owing to their having previously studied at the "affiliated" colleges of Lampeter, Nottingham, or Sheffield, or at the affiliated universities of the Cape, Adelaide, Sydney, Calcutta, Bombay, or the Punjab ; and, as a sign of how Oxford has extended its sphere, it may be mentioned that these Orientals can offer Sanskrit or Arabic as a substitute for either Greek or Latin, and offer a Sanskrit or Arabic book in place of the examination in Holy Scripture.

Though the non-collegiate have no college but the Censor's office, their education follows the usual routine of lecture and tutorial assistance, and for all administrative purposes they practically belong to a college of their own, of which the many gates shut fifty minutes later than those that take their time from Great Tom. In no sense are they "extra-academical." The extra-academicals in which Oxford has expanded itself, so as to come

The Teachers'  
Training  
College.

The Teachers' Training College is but two years old, but it bids fair to be of great value. The want of such an institution in such a place has long been recognised. The ordinary teacher rises from the ranks, and returns to teach the ranks with just enough instruction to earn a livelihood with, and no more. Of culture he has little except what he may have attained by his own unaided effort ; and this want of distinction between the teacher and his class is the great weak point of our present system of elementary education. The teacher still too often instructs on the narrowest dogmatic lines ; his limitations are obvious ; and as far as the true object of education is concerned, that of fostering a love of learning for learning's sake, he is powerless. It must have been out of sheer despair at this state of things, that at the recent London School Board election the Social Democrats included in their programme that delightful proposal : "punishment and rewards to be discouraged, but, when used, to be administered collectively rather than individually."

By the recognition of the Education Department a teacher can now use his Government allowance of £25 for residence at Oxford ; he must, however, have obtained a first-class in the Queen's Scholarship examination and have passed in Latin ; and to satisfy the requirements of both the University and the Department, his residence must extend to about thirty weeks in the year. He can be a



into more direct touch with the community, are the Women's Examinations, the Teachers' Training College, the Schools Examination Board, in both its branches, and the "Extensions."

"collegiate" or a "non-collegiate" as he pleases, but he must attend the day Training College and pass through a special course under the guidance of the Master of Method.

Another little known example of The Examination Board. Oxford expansion is that of the examination of higher-grade schools. It is now twenty years since the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board was established, and this branch of it took a long time to make headway, owing probably to the greater handiness and popularity of the "Locals" proper. About a hundred and fifty schools are now annually examined by the University representatives, the proprietors and managers having thus a perfectly unbiassed and independent check on the efficiency of the teaching for which they are responsible. This Board is a kind of High Court of Examination, for it

mercial certificates, but this can hardly be said to thrive, there being something in the Oxford air which does not encourage the direct pursuit of the practical for money-making purposes.

Oxford Locals. When Lord Clarendon wrote his history he little knew how useful it was to be for after generations. The copyright, which in those days was perpetual, was given to



will on application not only examine and report on the work of a school, but on any part of the work of a school, for any special purpose of reform or extension; and it holds its ordinary yearly examinations of the schools, and particular forms of schools, not only at the schools themselves, but at Oxford or Cambridge, or any other centre. It also holds examinations for certificates, higher, lower, and commercial, the higher exempting the holder from Responsions, as the matriculation examination is called. For these certificates a candidate need not be a member of the classes under examination, but can sit with them merely for the purposes of being examined; and should he not be undergoing education of the highest grade the University will give him authority to be there; so that practically the papers are open to all. For the higher certificates there are about fifteen hundred candidates a year, of which about two-thirds are successful. For the lower certificates, of which about four hundred are distributed every year among some seven hundred candidates, it is expected that young people about sixteen should enter. About six years ago an examination for boys of the same age was established for com-

the University by his son, and chiefly out of its profits there was erected in 1713 the Clarendon Building, which for 117 years was the home of the Clarendon Press until its removal to its present site in 1830. Then the Clarendon Building became University offices, and now, looking quite twice its age, it is the headquarters of the Oxford Locals, far better known to every schoolboy than who imprisoned Montezuma and who strangled Atahualpa.

These Locals have thrown a network of competition over half the kingdom, and, in association with the Cambridge Locals, have influenced the tendency of much of our modern teaching. The school examinations just alluded to are in many cases held in combination with them, and in some cases the Local papers are used wholly or in part; it is not, however, in examining the schools wholesale that the success has lain, but in examining the individual pupils who come up in twos and threes and half dozens from the smaller schools in which a better class of education is given than in the Board schools.

As it is with the examinations at the University, so it is with these; the knowledge of what subjects

are required and the kind of knowledge necessary for success has the inevitable effect of shaping the course of study. The programme of the Oxford Locals is a wide one. It includes Religious Knowledge, English, Latin, Greek, French, German, Spanish, Mathematics, Applied Mathematics and Natural Science, Drawing, Music, and Bookkeeping, which in their various subdivisions amount to over thirty subjects altogether for the candidate to choose from—English, for instance, including not only English History and Geography, but Literature, Political Economy; and Greek and Roman History. For an Honours Certificate a junior candidate must be under sixteen years of age; the seniors, who have a much higher trial, having to be under nineteen to be eligible for the certificate in Honours which confers the title of Associate in Arts.

These examinations are now on a large scale. At the 94 centres in which they were held in 1894, there were 4,232 candidates, of which 2,152 were boys, there being 1,712 boys out of the 2,878 juniors, and 914 girls out of the 1,354 seniors. In this outer sphere Oxford makes no distinction between the sexes as to certificates, or the titular honour; and it is worth noting that the girls do rather better than the boys. Among the juniors 72 per cent. of the girls passed against 66 per cent. of the boys; among the seniors 64 per cent. of the boys passing to 62 per cent. of the girls. Of course an examination depends upon its questions. It may sound very formidable and be in reality quite an easy affair; but the Oxford senior is not an easy trial in most years, and the young people who pass it in six or seven subjects have gone a long way towards obtaining a truly liberal education. The scheme, too, is far-reaching. You will not only find Oxford Locals at Penrith and Plymouth, at Ramsgate and Swansea, but you will find them in Jersey, Natal, and Hong Kong.

These Locals are not only of value as standards of instruction, but as tests for the discovery and encouragement of ability. This has never been better shown than by Canon Browne in speaking of those of the sister University. "The Universities," he says, "instituted for the good of the nation, and for the good of the schools, a system of Local Examinations. The Local Examinations, as they have been worked, have been a continual source of acquisition of extremely valuable material. A vague statement is not of so much value as one or two facts. One of the first things I had to do with regard to the Local Examinations, was to invent a device by which a boy who had gained a Local Examination Scholarship, and who from his marks showed that in both pure and applied mathematics he had most unusual power, could be saved to the University. The boy was in bad health, and was ordered to take a long sea-voyage, which would vacate his scholarship. A plan was devised, and we saved that boy. He became Senior Wrangler, and is now undoubtedly one of the leading men of the University of Cambridge—one of its most valuable members, whether in its mathematical teaching or in helping to guide the internal and external policy of the University. Another man we had a personal fight over for three years. Three consecutive Local Examina-

tions brought the boy to the top; we felt that he must be Senior Wrangler if he came to the University, but he was apprenticed to a tradesman. By dint of great exertions we settled it in favour of the University, and he too became one of the most distinguished Senior Wranglers the University of Cambridge has turned out." And there is another instance of a girl who began in a Board School, and step by step advanced until she came out above all the men of her year in the first division of the first class of the mathematical tripos. The ability to pass high in these examinations is to a certain extent a special gift, which occasionally runs in families, a most striking instance of this in the Oxford Locals being that of three brothers, who each in turn came out at the top of the tree.

#### University Extension.

With the establishment of these Locals, which we owe mainly to Sir Thomas Acland and Bishop Temple, University Extension may be said really to have begun. A way had been found for sending out examiners, why should not the University also send out teachers? The idea had occurred to William Sewell of Exeter more than fifty years ago, but his suggestions had been passed unheeded; a staff of itinerant professors had been proposed by Lord Arthur Hervey in 1855, but this also had been declared impracticable; and it was not until sixteen years afterwards that Professor Stuart revived the proposition with success. In 1877 Mr. Goschen founded the London University Extension Society, which has the monopoly of the Metropolitan district, and has given as many as 152 courses of lectures in the year to 15,665 students; not single lectures, be it understood, but courses of lectures, of which as many as 112 formed part of an educational sequence. Two years after London, Oxford adopted the system which has since been taken up by every English university, by many of the colonial ones, like Melbourne, Sydney, Kingston, and Fredericton; by many of the American ones, like New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Cincinnati; and by some of the Continental ones, like Budapest and Upsala.

The Oxford organisation now embraces over two hundred towns extending from Carlisle to Penzance and from Dover to Llanelli, most of them in the west and south, Cambridge, by arrangement, taking mainly the east of England north of the Thames, London, as above mentioned, having its own society. During the year Oxford gives about 240 courses of lectures, each course averaging over 13 weeks in duration; out of the 240 over a hundred are on physical science; and as there are some 23,000 attendances on the register, it follows that the average audience at each lecture is very nearly a hundred. The bulk of the work is done at centres organised by local committees; but of late the County Councils have been supporting the movement, and in 1893, 74 of the courses, attended by over 3,500 students, were delivered under their auspices.

A good deal of stress has been laid in some quarters on the inevitable scrappiness of the educational fare thus provided, and we have even had critics going so far as to propose the abandoning of



the system on account of its imperfections. This imperfection argument would, however, prevent every attempt at educational improvement, and, if it means anything at all, would even close the Oxford colleges and wipe out the University itself as being by no means perfect educational instruments. Surely we should do the best with the means at our disposal, improve them as much as we can, and take advantage of every opportunity, however small, of acquiring knowledge and enlarging our views of life. Of this bringing of knowledge to the people in every available form, there can hardly be too much in the days when the perfunctorily educated are the political masters of the nation; for the destinies of a country cannot well be in a worse way than when the majority of

are all voluntarily formed, make choice of their subjects. The cost of each lecture, with all its incidentals, ranges from £4 10s. to £7, and for this, as well as for the local management of the lectures and of the students' associations and home reading circles, the committee in connection is responsible, the fee to the University ranging from £21 12s. to £30 12s. for a course of six lectures, classes and examination, and from £66 12s. to £102 12s. for a course of twenty-four lectures, classes and examinations.

Before the course is delivered, a syllabus is drawn up, of which sixty copies are distributed free by the delegacy, which supplies further copies at a nominal price. At the moment the present writer has a



INTERIOR OF NEW EXAMINATION SCHOOLS, OXFORD.  
(From a Photograph by A. T. Shrimpton & Son, Oxford.)

the electorate have to regard their education as finished on leaving their elementary school.

And it so happens that there is every year an advance towards systematic instruction. As the opportunities become known the interest increases, the pioneer lectures lead on to short courses, the short courses to longer ones, and the local committees, which began with trying a few lectures by way chiefly of amusement, find themselves strong enough to attempt a sequence of studies that gradually extends.

The University entrusts the management of this branch of its expansion to a delegacy. The delegacy appoints the lecturers, practically examines them, and holds itself responsible for their proficiency. At the office of the delegacy in the New Examination Schools, the finest of recent additions to Oxford architecture, a list of these lecturers is kept; and from this list the local committees, which

pile of forty of these before him, and most useful things they are to have in the house. Some of them are on physical science, such as those on Spectrum Analysis, on Earthquakes, and on Ice; some are on economic questions, such as the Wage System, Trade Unions, and the Mechanism of Distribution; some are on educational matters; many are biographical, dealing mainly with poets, painters, and philosophers; and many are historical. Here are lectures on Herrick, Milton, and Dryden, on Rembrandt and Van Dyck, on Grotius and Galileo, on Hobbes, Descartes, Spinoza, and Locke. Here is Mr. Shaw on "The Making of England," on "Florentine History," on "The Age of Elizabeth"; here is Mr. Marriott on "The English Revolution and the Age of Anne," on "The Napoleonic Era," on "Europe since Waterloo"; and here are Mr. Mallet, on "The French Revolution," and Mr. Wells on "The



History of the University of Oxford." And most of these syllabuses are anything but bald chapter headings: they contain lists of authorities and books to read, and form capital guides to note-taking. They are not a complete or representative collection by any means; they are simply what happened to come along accidentally, and are given as a sample of the ground these lectures cover.

After each lecture is held comes the class, in which the lecturer is more or less pleasantly heckled, and the subject further developed, the class being the germ of the individual tuition which some day it is hoped to introduce. After the class comes the essay written at home, in the composition of which the travelling libraries come in so useful. These libraries are the property of the University, and consist of the chief books on the subject, the library being sent from lecture centre to lecture

the local lectures and classes, as he now in some cases does indirectly. Balliol has given a fellowship to one of the lecturers in order that he may continue his extension work, and Christ Church has given a studentship, which is there the same thing, to another. In many of the large towns the movement has so progressed that practically a college exists in all but name, and at one town, Reading, Oxford really has an extension college, as Cambridge has one at Exeter. At Reading there are 600 regular students in addition to the more than 2,000 who merely attend the lectures, and who, by the way, are not included in the 23,000 already mentioned; and to conduct the classes there are twenty teachers, several of them drawn weekly from Oxford and helping to keep the college in touch with the University. The honour of establishing this college belongs to



centre, like the travelling libraries of our light-houses and lightships. The percentage of essay writers among the students is not as large as it might be, but some of the work is of a high level of excellence, and quite as good as that of the undergraduate studying for honours. Finally, at the close of the course, comes the optional examination, which is never held by the lecturer but by an examiner specially appointed by the University. About 1,500 papers are sent in, of which some 800 just manage to pass muster, and 500 do well, there being three grades of certificates for the successful—the "satisfying," the "distinction," and the "Vice Chancellor's," the last of which is recognised by the Education Department as excusing the holder from the Queen's Scholarship Examination.

We are but, as it were, at the beginning of the University Extension movement, and may live to see the day when the student will graduate directly from

Christ Church, but it is supported by the Board of Agriculture, by the town council of Reading, by the County Council, and, of course, by much local effort; in short, the country is waking up all round, and among other cheering omens for the future of the extension, is the institution by several of the local committees of scholarships of 10% and 5% to enable students to attend the Summer Meeting at Oxford, which lasts for a month every year.

This Summer Meeting is another introduction which would make an old Oxonian stare. In the depth of the long vacation the place is all alive. During the first fortnight of the meeting there may be as many as twelve hundred students here, crowding the lodging houses and swarming in and out of the New Examination Schools, where, in term time, the non-collegiates have their headquarters and undergraduates of all grades their torture-chamber. Very different are the surroundings of an examina-

The Summer Meeting.

Reading College.

tion to what they used to be in the grey old schools that now form part of the Bodleian! This meeting is one of the most perfectly organised things done in this country; and the hypercritics of extension would find it difficult to find fault with the completeness of, say, the 1894 programme, which included what might be called "The Seventeenth Century from every possible standpoint." In addition were ten different lecturers dealing with the "Life and Duties of the Citizen"; three lecturing and class teaching on Greek Language and Literature; two lecturing on Chemistry with practical classes; two on Geology; one on Zoology; two on Physiography; two on Hygiene; one, with a course of the six lectures on Anthropology; two on Astronomy; besides others on other subjects, including classes on sketching from nature, wood carving, photography, singing, typewriting and shorthand; all conducted on the usual Oxford lines, of working from nine to one or thereabouts, making holiday during the afternoon, and returning to work in the evening. And be it understood that these students from every rank of society are

not all kept outside the ring as it were. Keble, for instance, boards and lodges forty of the men, and thirty of the girls find a temporary home at Somerville. The success of this Summer Meeting has, according to Mr. M. E. Sadler, the energetic secretary of the delegacy and the organiser-in-chief of the movement, greatly helped the extension system. And the success has led to other developments, as, for example, to the Mansfield Summer School of Theology, which brings together at Oxford in vacation time some three or four hundred non-conformist ministers of all denominations. The Faculty of Theology has also now instituted courses of lectures for clergy of the Church of England. This has been described as "a portent of Modern Oxford"; but are not the extensionists also a portent? The dons who dreaded the railway might possibly have resigned themselves to Oxford with trams and Oxford under the electric light; but what would they have said to a crowd like this in "the High," and lectures and picnics wholesale in vacation?

W. J. GORDON.



THE GUSHING MATRON.



SHE ALWAYS SPEAKS HER MIND.



## A COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE HOUSE.

BY PHYLLIS BROWNE.

### RATIONAL DRESS.

A FEW days before the one appointed for the sitting of the Home Parliament, when Rational Dress was to be discussed, Mr. Brown received—very much it must be confessed to his astonishment—an application from a neighbour named Mrs. Aitchison (a highly respectable elderly lady, well known to most of the members of the Home Parliament) to be allowed to be present on the occasion, and also to make a few remarks on the subject of the evening. With much pleasure Mr. Brown acceded to the request, and he even invited Mrs. Aitchison to open the debate. After a little hesitation the lady agreed to do this.

Now the young people of Mrs. Aitchison's acquaintance were always accustomed to speak of her as "a dear, good old soul, but sadly old-fashioned in her notions." When therefore it was announced that Mrs. Aitchison was to introduce the discussion on Rational Dress a smile went round the assembly. Amidst perfect silence the good lady arose. She said, "I hope my friends here will credit me with kindly intentions in coming to speak to them this evening." ("Hear, hear," arose from various parts of the room.) "The fact is, however, that I belong to the old school, and that some of the new ways of the present day are very painful to me. I was brought up to believe that a woman was best off when she was least visible, and that the virtues which best became her were modesty, unselfishness, and purity. I have never yet been able to see that this teaching was mistaken. On the contrary, I should be quite prepared to endorse the saying of Pericles, 'That woman is best who is least spoken of among men, whether for good or for evil.'

"Unfortunately, the women of to-day do not seem to entertain this view. Apparently they court notoriety, they push themselves forward, they seem to want to make themselves singular. One of the most noticeable signs of their attitude is that on every side they rebel against the custom, or in other words the fashion, of the time, and adopt extraordinary styles of dress.

"Perhaps you wonder that I should speak in this serious way about women generally, when the subject of discussion is Dress. The fact is, however, that, considered as the outward mark of inward character, Dress is of the greatest importance. We are all influenced by the kind of clothes we wear. You might almost change a woman's whole conduct by changing her dress. Suppose any one of us were suddenly to find ourselves dressed in the garb of another country, or of other days, we should find it very difficult to maintain in this costume the demeanour and dignity of everyday life. We all know the saying, 'Let who will make the laws of a people, let me make their ballads!' Let me make their clothes, would be a more expressive phrase.

"As a proof that dress influences character, we invariably find that the first sign that a young woman is beginning to entertain the unpleasant modern notions of 'emancipation,' 'liberty,' and what not, is that she disregards fashion and favours the extraordinary in her dress. Whenever I see a woman or girl with a large waist and large boots, I say to myself, 'There is another woman going away from the safe traditions of the past,' and I feel sorry. I therefore implore my friends, the younger ones especially, to pause before they

permit themselves to favour any form of the so-called Rational Dress ; or even to listen to the specious arguments of those who advocate it ; for if they go thus far they will go farther. They will gradually lose their womanliness, gentleness, and grace, and for the sake of a fancied independence will forfeit the esteem of moderate and right-feeling men and women. The term Rational Dress sounds harmless ; but it is the first sign-post on a road which leads to the destruction of much that we hold dear."

As Mrs. Aitchison resumed her seat the members of the Home Parliament turned at once with expectant looks to Miss Saunders. It was generally understood that this lady was an advocate for Rational Dress ; indeed, some of her acquaintance declared that she had the courage of her opinions, and that she carried her approval of it into practice. As, however, to all appearance Miss Saunders did not look different from other people, this statement did not meet with universal credence. When, however, she noticed the looks of her friends fixed upon her, and realised that she was expected to defend the cause which had been decried with so much earnestness and sincerity, Miss Saunders became somewhat afraid. But after a moment's hesitation she rose and said :

"We are all exceedingly obliged to Mrs. Aitchison for coming here to give us the benefit of her views, and we gladly acknowledge the kindly feeling which led her to do so. We only hope that she and those who see with her will be equally willing to believe that we who are in favour of Rational Dress have as high an appreciation of modesty and true womanliness as they have, and that we are not in love with eccentricity or consumed by a desire to make ourselves conspicuous. Indeed, we cannot but think that the dislike Mrs. Aitchison and others of our friends feel for Rational Dress arises from a misconception. They cannot disapprove of actual Rational Dress, but they very much dislike a bogie of their own creation to which this label has been affixed. They are against eccentric dress, extraordinary dress ; and they are afraid of it because they think it will lead the wearers to do something extraordinary and eccentric. Will Mrs. Aitchison and others of our friends allow me to give my definition of Rational Dress ? I should say it is dress that promotes health rather than injures it ; that does not impede movement ; that helps to maintain a uniform temperature of the body ; that makes the smallest possible demand on the powers of the wearer, and leaves the individual free to employ her strength in work more interesting and useful than that of carrying her clothes ; that disregards needless and ridiculous changes of fashion and extravagant expense, and prefers dress that is suitable to the occasion of its being worn, to the station in life and the occupation of the wearer. Surely there is nothing immodest or objectionable in dress that would answer this description.

"Whatever we may think of the various suggestions that have been put forward for improved dress, there is no denying that the fashionable dress of to-day does not fulfil the requirements named. It is as damaging to health as it well can be. Many

a girl becomes the victim of ill health simply on account of her dress. We are constantly told that girls suffer in health because they study too hard, or take too much exercise. Yet nothing is said of the tightly fitting corset, the heavy dragging skirts, the bands around the waist, and the pinching, distorting high-heeled boots. These account for much of the weakness of women and girls ; for they exhaust the strength and make freedom of movement an impossibility. Therefore, I maintain that the present style of dress is irrational, and ought to be altered."

Artistic Kitty now rose. She said :

"Miss Saunders has made a great omission in her definition of the characteristics of Rational Dress. She has not said that it ought to be *becoming*. A garment may be useful without being ugly, and nothing is gained when dress shocks the eye of taste. Yet fashionable garments are frequently extremely ugly. It is only because we are accustomed to them that we can put up with them at all. Fashion makes the mistake of insisting upon everyone being dressed in the same style, and thus the tall and short, the dark and light, the stout and slim, all have dresses made after the same pattern. Yet what suits one cannot possibly suit all. In order to dress becomingly we must dress to suit the complexion, age, features, and figure of the wearer. It is not likely that a fair person will look her best in the colours that suit a dark person ; and we should all turn away with pain if we met a woman of sixty tricked out in the pretty bright colours of sixteen. I agree with Mr. Ruskin when he says that girls ought to be charmingly dressed, only I would not limit the remark to girls, for I think all ought to look as charming as they can."

"Well done, Kitty," here interposed Harry Brown, who now rose with much enthusiasm. "You are a very sensible girl, Kitty, and I agree with you. There is where the reformed dress people miss it ; they do not make the dress *pretty*. It is a trial to see a pretty girl turned into a guy, even if you know she is dressed hygienically. Rational Dress would succeed better if it were charming and becoming ; of that I am sure. Yet I cannot deny the fact that fashionable dress is not pretty. As Kitty says, till you get used to a fashion, you think it is downright ugly. Women's dress must be tiresome and uncomfortable as well as absurd. I found that out when I dressed up as a girl in the charades last holidays. I could scarcely get along, and when I tried to jump I actually fell, for my petticoats got in my way. Women must find skirts awkward sometimes. I was walking out one day last week, when the streets were very wet and muddy, and I saw a woman trying to keep the hand of a little child, and at the same time carry a parcel and hold her dress at the back. She had a very bad time. First she let the child's hand go, then she dropped the parcel, then the dress ; and she looked hot, tired, and cross. When I last saw her she was at a very crowded and dirty crossing, and the dress had slipped from her and was in the mud. I am very glad I was not born a girl to have to wear petticoats."

Dr. Anstey was the next speaker. He said :

"I imagined that the long skirt for street wear



had gone out of fashion, for I have not seen it as much as I used to do, and I have certainly noticed that several ladies whom I highly respect wear short skirts in the street. Probably, however, I am mistaken; or the absurd fashion may return; there is no knowing, for fashions change very quickly. I often wonder who makes the laws of fashion. He or she is a great friend of the doctors, that is very certain. One year he arranges that we shall have lung diseases or sore throats, another year toothaches; another year headache with falling off of the hair through bonnets being heavy and hot; another year indigestion and corns. Yes, King Fashion keeps the doctors busy; they would not have half so much to do if he were dethroned.

"If bands round the waist were to disappear, one of the commonest causes of cold feet, headache, and indigestion would go too. If high-heeled boots were done away with, half the aching backs would cease to ache. As for the dragging skirts we were speaking of a minute ago, they were simply unclean. Women are supposed to be more fastidious than men, but it used to be marvellous to see that they could endure to be so dirty. By the way, though these skirts are supposed to have gone out, the dresses worn in the street are still almost always too long. One young girl walking for ten minutes through a dirty street would collect on her hosiery and skirt, in dust and dirt, enough germ life to make the whole family sick. A medical friend of mine used to say that if any of his daughters were to wear long skirts in the street he would compel them to imitate the Turks and leave shoes, stockings, and trailing garments outside the door to be cleaned in the open air. He would not allow the germs which the dirt contained to be brought into the house.

"Of course the most disastrous of the decrees of fashion was the one which ordained that women should lace tightly. I am, however, given to understand that tight-lacing is a thing of the past, and that very few women practise it now. I rejoice to hear this. It was certainly a most barbarous custom. Canon Kingsley was quite in the right when he said that 'In future years, when mankind has learned to obey more strictly those laws of nature and science which are the will of God, the fashion of tight-lacing will be looked back upon as a contemptible and barbarous superstition, denoting a very low level of civilisation in the people who practised it.' At any rate, you will all acknowledge that physicians have condemned the corset sufficiently; for many long years it seemed as though they were speaking in vain. I was therefore exceedingly glad to be told, as I was quite recently, that tight-lacing is fast becoming obsolete."

There was a pause of a minute or two after Dr. Anstey resumed his seat, and the lady members of the Parliament looked somewhat uncomfortable. Then Mrs. Brown said:

"I do not know who Dr. Anstey's informant was, but I am afraid the statement made could hardly be called correct. At any rate, my experience would not lead me to endorse it. It is undoubtedly true that the practice of tight-lacing is growing in disfavour with women, and that every year an increasing number of women venture to dispense

with corsets. At the same time, I believe that the fashionable corsets of to-day are really much more harmful than the corsets of a former generation. They are more harmful because they fit better; they are supplied with whalebone and stiff front pieces, and are so ingeniously woven that they hold the figure like a vice, and the body is compelled to take the form the corset-maker has devised. The fashionable corset of to-day is nothing less than an instrument of deformity."

"If that is so," answered Dr. Anstey, "I hope, Mr. Speaker, you will allow me to make one or two further remarks." (Mr. Brown bowed.) "As a medical man, I should like to add my humble protest to that of most of the educated and celebrated medical men of the day, and to denounce the corset in most unqualified terms as both absurd and injurious. It does no good; for so long as women and girls have bones of their own, they do not need to be supported by the bones of a whale. Tight-lacing not only ruins the health of those who practise it, but it throws a burden on the next generation and weakens the race. It enhances the perils of maternity, leads to curvature of the spine, and is the cause of many dire diseases, as well as of many small disfigurements. It is impossible for a woman who wears fashionable corsets to be really graceful, because true grace is marked by pliancy and ease, and Nature has made the spine supple with joints so that the form can bend and yield, whilst corsets keep it erect, stiff, and unbending. Thus, though tight-lacing is harmful, its effect is not lovely. It is a destroyer of beauty; it ruins the circulation and the digestion, and through them the complexion. It is the fruitful cause of pimples on the face, of a red nose, of faintings, hysteria, and nervousness. It is quite exceptional for a girl who does not wear stays to be given to fainting. The stupidity and wickedness of the practice it is impossible to exaggerate, and it is one of the greatest mistakes ever perpetrated by ignorance."

Having thus expressed his views, Dr. Anstey sat down a second time, and Miss Rogers, B.A., took possession of the House. She said:

"There is but one medical man belonging to our Home Parliament, and we are none of us in doubt concerning his opinion of fashionable dress. Indeed, I have been most astonished while listening to the speeches made by the members of this Parliament. I expected that everyone would be opposed to Rational Dress, and, with the exception of Mrs. Aitchison, everyone is in favour of it. In theory we all approve it; the question is, then, why do we not wear it? Why do we limit our approval to theory and avoid practice?"

"I will tell you what I believe to be the explanation of the inconsistency. We are all afraid of the small boy in the street. We do not like to be jeered and shouted after. We are not afraid of the sensible people—they would understand and admire; but the small boys would throw stones, and we do not like stones.

"I notice that the gentlemen members of our Parliament look pityingly at me when I confess that women are afraid in this way; but I maintain that we are justified in getting out of the way of

stones. We are wisest when we avoid extremes, and make gradual changes. We are told that there is nothing so painful to human nature as a new idea ; it is, as the uneducated say, 'so upsetting.' Let us refrain from upsetting our neighbours and acquaintances, and go to work gradually. I should think it is quite possible to dress hygienically and prettily without making any radical change in the external dress, and without attracting the attention of the small boy. As a matter of fact, thousands of women are doing this at the present time. Anyone can see that women could not play tennis, boat, and take exercise as they do, if they wore the absurd fashionable garments. Doctors are telling us that physical exercise is as valuable for women as for men ; more than this, a great many women are now compelled to earn their own living who formerly would have stayed at home. At a very early stage in their career all these women discover that they are hampered by their clothes ; either they must alter their garments, or they must give up play and give up work. Having resolved to do both, they alter their garments. When it is made evident that the new garments are decent, safe, becoming, and also convenient, women generally will adopt them. Rational Dress is coming. We need not make ourselves a mark for jeers and jibes in order to advocate it."

Mrs. Jones was the next speaker. She said :

"Miss Rogers seemed to think that the gentlemen members of our Parliament looked pityingly at her when she confessed that women were afraid of having stones thrown at them. Yet surely the gentlemen are not any more courageous than women are in matters of dress. The chimney-pot hat is quite as absurd as long skirts, and men think it so, but they dare not abolish it. I never realised how hideous an Englishman's ordinary attire is until I went to Tyrol last year. The costume of men there, as we all know, is quite picturesque, and every man's and boy's hat is decorated with a plume. The dress seems to be in accord with the blue of the sky and the beauty of the landscape. After being accustomed to it for a few weeks, the Englishman's attire looks ridiculous in the extreme. I remember well the occasion when we first caught sight of a chimney-pot hat after our holiday. It was at a wayside station on the return journey, and we all crowded to the window of the railway-carriage and laughed ; we thought it so grotesque. So long as men continue to wear this covering, they ought to be careful how they condemn women for cowardice."

Uncle Gregory now rose. He said :

"I beg to assure Mrs. Jones that I, for one, have no thought of condemning women for cowardice. On the contrary, I can quite understand that a woman possessing self-respect, although extremely courageous, would refuse to adopt singly a costume, no matter how rational and suitable it might be, that was startling and altogether different from the attire of ordinary individuals. Nor do I feel disposed to defend the chimney-pot. I remember too well the remarks made about it by the chief advocate of Healthful Dress, Mr. Treves. 'The ordinary tall black hat is heavier than a hat need be ; it is rigid ; it is impervious to moisture ;

it compresses the scalp in an unyielding line, and it usually presents no opportunity for ventilation. To these disadvantages it adds the feature of being peculiarly ugly. It is worn both in cold weather and hot, and is particularly affected by those who may reasonably be supposed to be desirous of keeping their heads cool. This eccentricity of modern dress is bad enough when worn in winter, but as a covering for the head during the height of summer, it could hardly be more unsuitable."

"The chimney-pot hat, therefore, I discard. But I cannot hand over the rest of man's wardrobe to the scorners. Men's garments are doubtless capable of improvement, but they are not ridiculous. They follow the lines of the figure fairly well ; they do not catch on every hook and splinter ; and, whatever else you say against them, you cannot deny that they are always decent. They are loose, too, and can easily be taken off and put on, and most coats can be buttoned across the chest in a moment. On the whole, I maintain that men's clothes are 'by way of' being rational. They are hideous, but they are serviceable and comfortable, and men can wear them without sacrificing either self-respect or health. Moreover, men's fashions do not vary. With slight changes in the length of the waist, the shape of the collar, and the widenings and narrowings of trouser-legs and sleeves, they have been as they are now for a long time. If women could say as much in favour of their dress as we can in favour of ours, there would be no need for women to 'agitate' on account of their clothes."

"The pockets too, Uncle Gregory," cried Maudie. "You forget to mention them. How I wish girls had as many pockets as boys have, and that our pockets were put where we could get to them."

Uncle Gregory smiled, and said, "Women are decidedly at a disadvantage with regard to pockets. I am astonished that they submit to being so. Where there is a will there is a way, and we should scarcely have expected women to fail in solving that small difficulty."

The Speaker now interposed, and said that before the discussion closed he hoped the matrons of the company would say a word or two on the practical side of the subject. He therefore called on Mrs. Smith to favour them with her views on Rational Dress.

Mrs. Smith in reply said "that she was hoping to find an opportunity to make one or two observations ; as she particularly wished to remark on something that had been said by Miss Rogers about the desirability of adopting Rational Dress *gradually*. I speak," continued Mrs. Smith, "as one who has used and recommended hygienic dress for fully fifteen years, and who would not, if I could help it, allow any young growing girl to wear corsets of any description. I think, however, that the most usual mistake made by those who have been persuaded to adopt rational dress is that they attempt partial changes instead of radical changes. I must explain that I am concerned now with underclothing only ; if this is rational, external clothing may, I imagine, be left without fear to the combined efforts of the dressmaker and the wearer. With regard to underclothing, however, partial changes do

not answer ; they generally make people impatient with rational clothing altogether. It is no use, for instance, for a girl to cast away her stays and wear her other garments as they are. The result of this experiment will be that she will feel uncomfortable and look untidy. If Rational Dress is to be a success, the underclothing must be remodelled entirely.

"A woman or girl can dress rationally without adopting any special style of dress, choosing what is most becoming and appropriate in fashion and material. But she must observe the following points. First, she must take care that the vital organs in the central regions of the body are allowed unimpeded action ; therefore the corset and all strings and bands about the waist must be forbidden. Second, she must reduce the weight of the clothing as much as possible. Third, she must let the shoulders, and not the hips, be the base of support. Fourth, she must aim at preserving a uniform temperature of the body. These points being attained, all will go well."

"But where are we to get patterns for our healthful garments?" asked Violet Foster.

"I will answer that question," said Mrs. Brown, seeing that Mrs. Smith had finished speaking, and was prepared to listen. "It happens that I have been thinking about the matter quite lately. You can get patterns for rational underclothing at nearly all the places where you would buy ordinary patterns. It is true that of the fashionable garment there will be many patterns, and of the reformed shapes only one or two. Still one or two will be there, and if only you look out for garments that will cover both the upper and the lower part of the

body in *one piece*, not two, you can get what you want. By securing the one piece in place of two, all bands or strings either round the waist or on the extremities are rendered unnecessary, and all superfluous folds around the waist are avoided, with the unsightly 'tucking' which makes a dress look untidy and ugly. Thus all interference with the circulation of the blood will be prevented ; for it is impossible for this to go on as it should in any body that is girt about by bands. In fact, the *unity* which dispenses with waist-bands, and involves the lifting of the weight of the skirts from the hips to be borne by the shoulders, instead of the *duality* which renders bands indispensable, is the essential detail of healthful costume. If in addition to the observance of this point, the would-be reformer will have all her undergarments made of flannel instead of calico or linen, she will leave little to desire."

As Mrs. Brown resumed her seat, the Speaker rang the bell, and said that the discussion must now come to an end. He added that he thought that even Mrs. Aitchison would see that the aims of the advocates of Rational Dress were not as extravagant as she had supposed them to be. He hoped that the outcome of the interest which was taken everywhere in Rational Dress would lead to the discovery and adoption of a graceful, appropriate, and healthful costume, both for men and women. What was wanted in the dress of both sexes, was a costume which was the expression of good sense and taste. If this could be obtained, both the health and happiness of the community would be increased.

## Varieties.

**The Crisis in Newfoundland.**—In no part of the world did the new year open less auspiciously than in Newfoundland. The distress in the island consequent upon the failure of the Union and Commercial Banks in December was terribly severe. The principal circulating medium was the notes of the two banks, and with the suspension of the banks came the stoppage of almost every form of trade. People whose only wealth was represented by the notes were for a time in just as bad a plight as those who were without a penny. Later on in the crisis, the notes of the Union Bank began to circulate again, as it was believed that this Bank would ultimately recover itself. Those of the Commercial Bank were, however, from the first treated as worthless. The lack of money led to the adoption of curious devices in order to make a currency. The Government of the island were as short of money as the poorest labourer. Their accounts had been kept in the Union and Commercial Banks, and their balances were absorbed in the general ruin. To meet their obligations to officials and work-people, the Government issued "IOU's" in payment of wages. These notes are redeemable in a year. With them the Government *employes* went to the shopkeepers and traded the notes for goods. A discount of about twenty per cent. was usually charged, and none of the tradesmen would give any change. Every Government department was disorganised, and for some days it was impossible to obtain a post-office order to be sent to England or the United States, as the Government had no longer any means of transmitting money from the island. In St. John's,

the seat of Government, there were thousands of cheques from the educational and municipal bodies ; but they were drawn on the banks which had collapsed and people would not negotiate them. When people had not Government promissory notes, or the notes of the Union Bank, they had to resort to barter, trading off one lot of goods for another. Workmen who had nothing but their labour to offer were in the direst distress. Those who were retained in their employments considered themselves highly fortunate, although they received their wages in provisions. This was the condition of things in the capital of the island. In the fishing villages round the coasts the inhabitants were far worse off. They had no chance whatever of palliating their condition. Their only means of living at ordinary times is the fisheries. In the extreme winter months, the fisheries cannot be pursued, and at this season they usually support themselves and their families by their earnings in the previous season, or by the credit of the merchants who fit out the fishing fleets. The majority of the fishing people had their little savings in bank notes, and were unable to get food even if it had been for sale in their neighbourhood. But most of the stores in these fishing places were in the hands of the merchant firms which had gone down with the banks in the early days of the crisis, and the stores were closed. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the distress existing in Newfoundland at the opening of 1895. The rioting at St. John's was a sad sequel to the suspension of the banks a month before. The Assembly Chamber was broken into, and some of the rioters saw the Governor, who at once telegraphed to



the Home Government, recommending that the Local Government be empowered to guarantee the bank notes at face value. Only this, he thought, would placate the rioters and remove the prevailing destitution. The people demanded the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the whole system of finance and administration in Newfoundland. They also asked a loan of one million dollars.

**Ancient Brasses.**—At the Exeter Church Congress, in a paper read on Ancient Brasses, it was stated that the oldest in England was that called the D'Abernon brass, having the date 1277. It has been since pointed out that this may be true of English brasses, but there is one at Verden, to Bishop Ysowipe which bears the date of A.D. 1231, of which a rubbing is given in Crey's work on Continental brasses.

**Derelict Ships Destroyed.**—One of the most graphic scenes in the "Voyage of the Sunbeam" is where Lord Brassey's steam yacht met with a large ship drifting in mid-ocean. No answer being given to signals, it was evident that this was a derelict ship, and it had to continue to drift, as a source of danger to vessels coming in its way. In stormy weather, or in darkness, collision with such a ship might be as disastrous as meeting an iceberg or touching a hidden rock or reef. Lord Brassey had no means or material for attempting to break up or to sink the dangerous vessel. We are glad to learn that the Government of the United States, by a special department of the naval service, has several ships constantly employed in discovering and destroying these floating derelicts. They carry explosives, electric cables, and all apparatus for effectually breaking up or sinking these perilous obstructions to safe navigation. The report of the last year gives account of the proceedings in the Atlantic, with statistics, which show that some hundreds of derelicts have been destroyed during the years since the operations were commenced. It occurs to us that the English Government, through the Admiralty, or establishments like Lloyd's, largely concerned in ocean commerce, might well co-operate with the American Government in so useful a service. There is plenty of adventure and excitement in the peaceful work, and some experience in this service could be made a useful part of the training of the sailors of the British Navy.

**School Friends of John Walter the Third.**—The articles in the Press, at home and abroad, in praise of Mr. Walter, as chief proprietor and director of the "Times," form a memorable record. Due notice has been taken of his active interest in all the departments of the great journal, literary, social, and political. Of the mechanical improvements and the outward appearance of the newspaper "the Walter printing press" is a splendid memorial. Nothing can be added by us to the history of John Walter of the "Times," and of the predecessors, his father and grandfather, by whose labours and talents the paper has been conducted, from the time when it was a small sheet at the end of last century till the present time.

But we are specially interested in the records of the personal character and excellences of the man. In the funeral sermon preached by his venerable friend, Prebendary Rogers of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, these features were well brought out. They were schoolfellows long ago at Eton, and Mr. Rogers told how, amidst all the busy scenes of Mr. Walter's life, whether as a large landowner or as a public man, he had always been a warm friend and a liberal helper and subscriber to local institutions.

Another instance of personal friendship, dating from school-days, the present writer knows and would commemorate. Sir Arthur Hodgson, K.C.M.G., was a great chum of John Walter at Eton. After Sir Arthur returned finally from Australia, he became the owner of the Clopton estate, and was thrice elected Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon. In the jubilee year of Queen Victoria, a memorial monument to Shakespeare, in the form of a Clock Tower and Drinking Fountain, was the gift of the late G. W. Childs of Philadelphia. The inauguration of this splendid American gift was the occasion of a notable gathering of the men of both nations who honoured the memory of Shakespeare. Mr. Phelps, the American Minister, Sir Theodore Martin, Lord Ronald Gower, Sir Philip Owen, and many others were there, and

Henry Irving, one of the Trustees of Shakespeare's House, came to open the Fountain. Sir Arthur Hodgson invited Mr. and Mrs. Walter, and his old Eton schoolfellow and friend was present and made one of the most telling speeches at the Mayor's banquet that day. The result was that in the "Times" of the following day, October 18, 1887, a full account of the proceedings, and report of the speeches appeared, with letters from John G. Whittier and J. Russell Lowell, and a poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes, "a man who was loved," as Henry Irving said, "wherever the English language was spoken."

**Champagne Statistics.**—A curious report of the production and consumption of champagne has been issued by the syndicate of champagne merchants at Rheims. The state of the trade is shown during the past fifty years. The report is not very favourable in regard to the advance of temperance among wine-consuming people. No reference is made to the many effervescing and intoxicating drinks made from fruits in imitation of champagne, and largely used in substitution for it.

According to these returns, the quantity of champagne made in 1844 was 6,625,652 bottles, of which 4,380,214 were sent out of France; while in 1868 the production had reached 13,502,229 bottles, of which 10,283,886 bottles were exported. In 1880 the production had reached 20,620,904 bottles, of which 18,220,980 bottles went abroad, so that in the twelve years from 1868 to 1880 the French consumption had diminished by nearly a million bottles. But last year, with a total production of 22,235,867 bottles, the exports had fallen from 18,220,980 to 17,359,349 bottles, while the home consumption had gone up from 2,399,924 to 4,876,518 bottles. It may be said, therefore, that the exports of champagne for the last twenty years have oscillated between fifteen and twenty million bottles, and as the total quantity of wine made in the department of the Marne alone last year was nearly eighty million bottles, there is, after making full allowance for that which is not converted into sparkling wine, a very large surplus supply in stock—something like the equivalent of six years' consumption.

**"Rattle his Bones over the Stones."**—The following letter will interest many readers. "In the 'Leisure Hour' volume of the present year, page 168, the lines 'Rattle his Bones &c.' are introduced (*i.e.* misquoted) by the author of the article about Buenos Ayres. They were not written by Hood, but by Thomas Noel, the Maidenhead poet. It is a curious irony of fate that the only scrap of poor Noel's verse which is remembered at all should be generally misquoted and always credited to some one else. The full text of the passage is as follows:

"Oh, where are the mourners? alas there are none!  
He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone,  
No tear in the eye of child, woman, or man:  
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can!  
Rattle his bones  
Over the stones,  
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

T. ENGHOLME. *Sendal, York.*

**Buckingham in the Olden Time.**—In a lecture given about twenty-five years ago by Mr. Goldwin Smith, on "John Pym and the Long Parliament," he described eloquently the conditions of English yeomen of the olden time. Some of his words are worth recalling now, when efforts are being made to restore as far as is possible the independent yeomen of England. He was speaking of the freeholders of Buckinghamshire, whom Mr. Disraeli had then said to be as numerous as ever they had been, and as independent. "Rushworth says that 'in 1641 divers knights, squires, and other freeholders of Buckinghamshire, to the number of 4,000, marched to London, each man with a copy of the protestation in his hat;' but I am told that if there were 4,000 freeholders then, so there are now. Well, I find on the electoral roll of Buckinghamshire 4,500 freeholders. But are these freeholders independent yeomen cultivating their own land? No. Investigation shows that these freeholders are composed of men holding freehold houses, cottages, and small pieces of land. Take any place



within the Parliamentary limits of the county, and this statement would be borne out. I will instance Chalfont, a place of historic note, and celebrated as the refuge of John Milton, when he was fleeing from the Tory mercies of the Restoration party. I find that in this place there are 11 occupiers of 50*l.* value, 30 freeholders, one squire, one rector, and that the freeholders are holders of houses, cottages, and small pieces of land; out of them 18 are not resident—rather small change, I think, for the Ironsides. I know but little of the county of Bucks, but it is notorious that, except in the very north of England, the yeomanry have almost ceased to exist. The estates of the small gentry have been bought up by the large proprietors. This is a great evil, as it makes the nation but tenants at will of its own soil; it is a sad fact that we are merging to an aggregation of the land into the hands of a few commercial and manufacturing millionaires."

Such is the statement of Mr. Goldwin Smith, who has long been absent from the home country, but who is as keenly observant of events as ever. There is much to be said on both sides of this question. The existence of vast estates and wealthy landlords has many advantages as far as agriculture and wealth and material prosperity are concerned. But on moral and patriotic grounds the old times were better. England is now dependent for much of its supplies on foreign lands, and the commerce by which she flourishes requires men of independent and English spirit to sustain the greatness of the Empire. A yeoman population, if it could be had, would be the best and surest defence of the nation.

**Workmen's Trains in the London District.**—The companies which are required by special Acts to run workmen's trains are the Great Eastern, London, Chatham, and Dover, Metropolitan, Metropolitan District, North London, and London and Brighton Companies, with an aggregate of 11 workmen's trains and a mileage of 47 miles. Taking the totals of the 14 railways (which includes the City and South London Electric Railway), it appears that there has been a marked growth in the provision of workmen's trains in the metropolis, the number of trains run having risen from 110 in 1883, with a mileage of 763, to 307 in 1890, with a mileage of 1,824, and 476 in 1894, with a mileage of 2,732.

**Lord Mansfield and Dr. Brocklesby.**—The eminent physician Dr. Brocklesby met Lord Mansfield one night at supper, when some stories were told, a little trenching on decorum. It so happened that the doctor had to appear next morning in the witness-box. On the strength of last night's companionship he nodded with unsuitable familiarity to the Chief Justice. His lordship took no notice of the salutation, but went on writing his notes of the case. When he came to summing it up to the jury, he said, "The next witness is one Rocklesby or Brocklesby, Brocklesby or Rocklesby—I am not sure which—and, first, he swears he is a physician!"  
—*Lives of the Chief Justices.*

**Sir C. Scott Moncrieff on the Nile.**—In a paper on "The Nile" read by Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff at the Royal Institution he stated that in May 1883 he took charge of the Irrigation Department in Egypt, and soon had the inestimable advantage of being joined by a band of the most indefatigable, energetic, and able engineers, with whom it was his happiness to work for the next nine years. He could not speak too highly of his colleagues; men who knew their work and did it, who kept constantly moving about in the Provinces, badly lodged, badly fed, and denied all domestic comforts. Their first great work was the restoration of the Barrage, the dam built by Mehemet Ali at the bifurcation of the Nile, about twelve miles north of Cairo. These works were finished in June 1890 at a cost of about £800,000, and the annual increase of the cotton crop, even at the present very low rates, was never less than two and a half millions sterling, which had not been a bad investment for Egypt. The question of drainage had been thoroughly taken up. Twelve years ago it might be said that there were no drainage channels in Egypt; two years ago there were about one thousand miles of such channels. In 1884, when the expedition up the Nile was first being considered, he was asked by the General Officer commanding in Egypt whether he thought there was any possibility of the Mahdi diverting the river in the Soudan and depriving Egypt of

its water. A Government official had no business to talk politics, but he might be allowed to point out an evident enough fact that the civilised possessor of the Upper Nile Valley held Egypt in his grasp. At this moment the Italians were on the Eastern edge of that valley, a nation who, he must say, had been consistently most friendly to us in Egypt. Supposing that they occupied Khartoum, the first thing that they would naturally and very properly do would be to spread the waters of the Lower Nile over the Soudan, and no nation in Europe understood irrigation so well as they. What would then become of Egypt's cotton crops? They could only be secured by a series of the most costly dams over the river, and the fall of Philæ would surely be sealed. But more than this—a civilised nation in the Upper Nile Valley would surely build regulating sluices across the outlet of the Victoria Nyanza, and control that great sea as Manchester controlled Thirlmere. This would probably be an easy operation. Once done, the Nile supply would be in their hands; and if poor little Egypt had the bad luck to be at war with this people on the upper waters, they might flood the country or cut off her water-supply at pleasure. Was it not evident, then, that the Nile from the Victoria Nyanza to the Mediterranean should be under one rule? That time was, perhaps, far off. He concluded by giving them the assurance, to which he challenged contradiction, that at no time in the long history of Egypt—under Pharaoh or Ptolemy, Roman, Arab or Turk—had the people of the country been so prosperous or so justly ruled as during the last nine years.

**Transatlantic Speed.**—Passages are now frequently made under six days by steamers of different companies, but the Cunarder *Campania* has beat the record as yet. On one of her voyages she passed Sandy Hook Lightship at 9.20 on Saturday morning, and reached Queenstown in 5 days 9 hours and 30 minutes. That passengers should leave New York on Saturday, and be landed in Ireland on the Thursday night, is an event unprecedented in Transatlantic voyaging.

**Blondin over 70 Years of Age.**—The recent performances of the veteran high-rope walker, M. Blondin, are worthy of being recorded. Thirty years ago he obtained celebrity by his daring exploits at Niagara and elsewhere, and had gradually passed from public notice. In his old age he was compelled by financial straits to re-appear in the wonderful performances of his earlier days. The feats witnessed at the Agricultural Hall in Islington are almost incredible, and we can only hope they will be the last attempted by one so aged. On a high rope near the roof of the Hall he crossed easily with his balancing pole. Then he astonished the spectators by running instead of walking across. Then he made the same aerial journey in a sack, and blindfolded; winding up by standing on his head on the rope; standing on a chair which he himself balanced in the centre of the rope; and finally carrying his attendant across.

**Ireland Independent.**—Horace Walpole thus wrote in 1779: "Great concessions to Ireland have been adopted, and are sailing through both Houses with favourable gales, and we trust will restore harmony between these islands." In May 1782 he wrote: "Both Houses have in a few hours signed the absolute independence of Ireland. I shall not be surprised if our whole trinity is dissolved, and if Scotland should demand a dissolution of the Union."

**Babylonian Exploration Fund of America.**—The United States Minister in Constantinople, reporting recently to the Department of State on the exploration of the ruins of Niffer, near ancient Babylon, mentions that the work is undertaken at the cost of an association in Philadelphia which was formed in 1888, and is called the "Babylonian Exploration Fund." Some 200 Arabs are constantly employed under the direction of Dr. Peters, of the University of Philadelphia; and the Minister says that, "in the number of tablets, brick, inscribed vases, and in the value of the cuneiform texts found, this American enterprise rivals, if it does not excel, the explorations of Layard at Nineveh and Rassam's excavations at Abu Habba. Dr. Hilpricht, also of the University of Pennsylvania, who was originally connected with the exploration, remains in Constantinople, at

the request of the Turkish Government, to translate the inscriptions and arrange the tablets and other objects excavated. Many tons of these, including tablets, vases, inscribed brick and sarcophagi, have arrived at the Constantinople Museum, and the Sultan has promised that Pennsylvania shall receive one of all duplicate antiques. So far, 20,000 tablets of clay and stone have been discovered, on which are inscribed promises to pay, deeds, contracts, and other records of public and private events. "About 150 Hebrew, Mandic, Arabic, and Syrian inscribed bowls have been dug up. These, says the 'Times,' in its analysis of the report, are more than all the museums in the world possessed before. They have also found hundreds of Babylonian seal cylinders, about 1,000 vases of alabaster, marble, with votive offerings of lapis lazuli, magnesite, and agate; many hundred vases, toys, weapons, instruments, and household objects in iron, bronze, and clay. The temple of Bél is being dug out, and the Minister says that, when finished, it will be the first temple of Bél ever systematically excavated. The excavation was carried down 42 ft. below the foundation of the immense temple."

**Maxim's Flying-Machine.**—In a letter from Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, dated January 12, 1784, there is an account of a projected flying-machine. After speaking of balloons, then engaging much notice, he writes, "We have a daring projector, who, disclaiming the help of fumes and vapours, is making better than Dædalian wings, with which he will master the balloon and its companion, as an eagle masters a goose. It is very seriously true that £800 has been raised for the workmanship of iron wings, one pair of which, and I think a tail, are now shown in the Haymarket, and they are making another pair at Birmingham. The whole is said to weigh two hundred pounds—no specious preparation for flying, but there are those who expect to see him in the sky." It will be remembered that in "Rasselas" there is a chapter "On the art of flying," which ends with an amusing catastrophe. "The maker appeared, furnished for flight, on a little promontory. He waved his pinions awhile to gather the air, then leaped from his stand, and in an instant dropped into the lake." Let us hope that greater success will crown Mr. Maxim's attempts.

**Commas Wanted.**—The following advertisement appeared in the newspapers about the time that the famous "Essay on Irish Bulls" was published: "Owing to the distress of the times Lord Camden will not shoot himself or any of his tenants before October 4." Maria Edgeworth said that people might laugh at Irish bulls, but Englishmen were capable of making equally amusing blunders, as in this advertisement, whether lack of commas was due to Lord Camden or to the London compositors and printers.

**Highland Honour.**—In the rebellion of 1745, the Highland army under Prince Charles came to Newliston, the seat of Lord Stairs, and it was feared that the Macdonalds would take vengeance for the massacre of Glencoe by burning and plundering the house. Macdonald of Glencoe heard of this, and deemed that the honour of his clan was involved. Demanding an audience of Charles Edward, he represented that, if a guard was required for the house of Newliston, it should be supplied by the Macdonalds of Glencoe. The demand of the high-spirited chieftain was granted, and not the slightest injury was done to the house or property. The statesman who had devised and directed the massacre of their fathers at Glencoe was honourably protected by the descendants and representatives of the clan.

**Bishop Ryle's First Charity Sermon.**—The Bishop of Liverpool, in lately opening a sale of work in connection with St. Paul's, Princes Park, Liverpool, we read in the "Musical News," said: "He understood that the bazaar was, amongst other things, in aid of an electric motor to blow the organ. He did not know what an electric motor was. He did not know what it was like, whether it had hands, or feet, or claws; but as the motor was to blow the organ in St. Paul's he trusted it would blow it well. Fifty-three years ago the first sermon he preached was for a charitable object. He was trying to induce the villagers, when he was a curate in Suffolk, to take more interest in music. He found that he could get a man to play the clarionet, another the bass viol, and another the flute. Unfortunately, however,

the flute was cracked. The first charity sermon he preached was on behalf of buying a new flute. From a flute to an electric motor was a very long road indeed. He got £1 5s., and so they bought a flute, and it was given over to the musicians. The man who played the bass viol was of an undenominational mind, and persisted in carrying off the bass viol to a chapel, and playing it therein. The churchwardens thought that would not do, and as the man persisted in doing it, he was told that he must give up the bass viol. He accordingly returned it to the churchwardens, but before doing so he cut off the strings, saying he had bought them himself. He heartily wished success to the electric motor which they were going to have in St. Paul's Church."

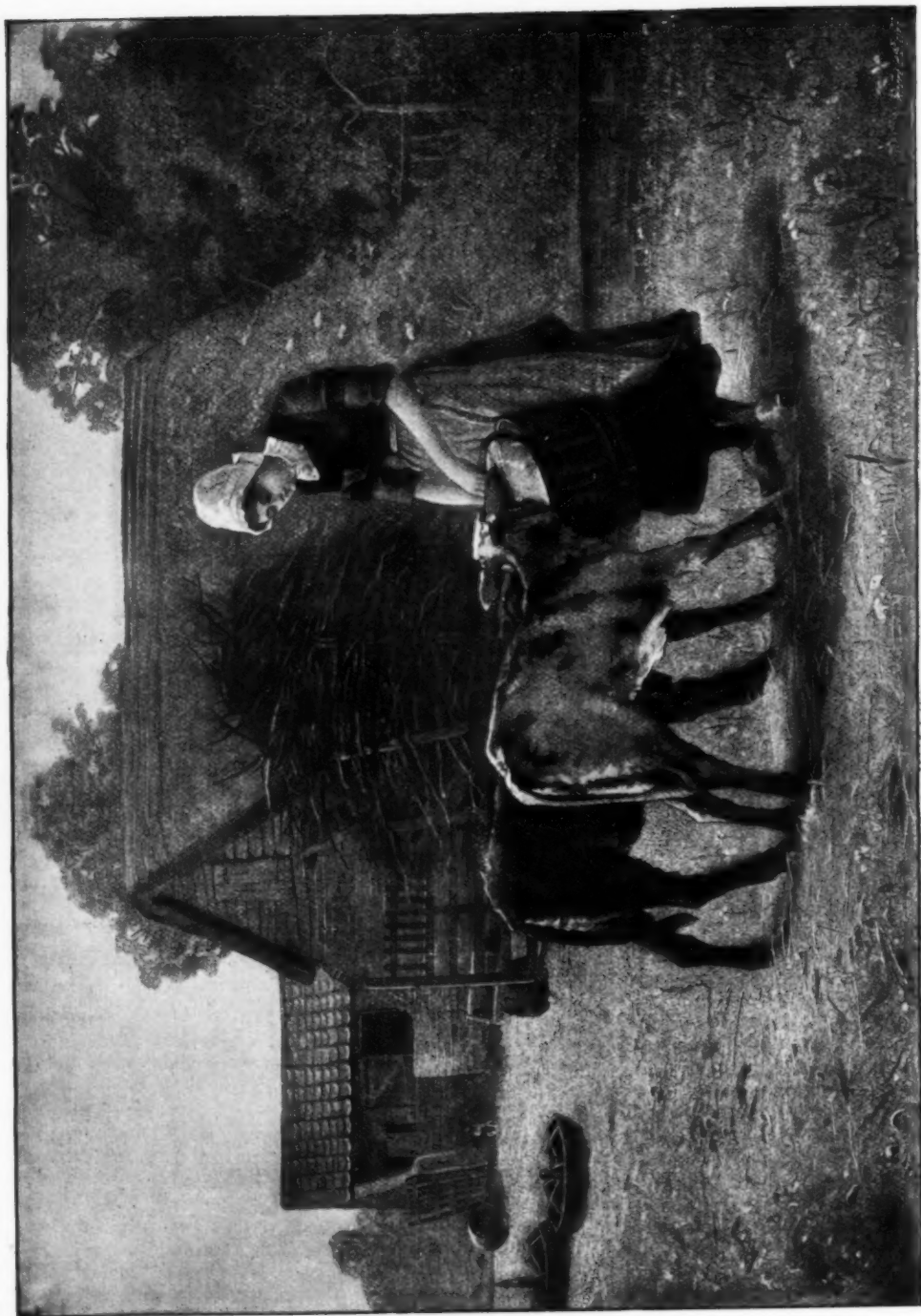
**Ambergris from Whales.**—Hobart Town. — Messrs. McGregor and Co. lately acquired 90 lb. weight of ambergris, taken from two carcasses of whales given to Mr. Carver, a resident of Port Davey. The ambergris from these whales is worth from 47s. an ounce.

#### Publications of 1894.—

	New Books.	New Editions.
Theology, Sermons, Biblical, etc.	476	80
Educational, Classical, and Philological	615	127
Juvenile Works and Tales	269	29
Novels, Tales, and other Fiction	1315	337
Law, Jurisprudence, etc.	126	23
Political and Social Economy, Trade and Commerce	141	21
Arts, Sciences, and Illustrated Works	98	30
Voyages, Travels, Geographical Research	282	68
History, Biography, etc.	256	58
Poetry and the Drama	160	21
Year-Books and Serials in Volumes	328	2
Medicine, Surgery, etc.	97	59
Belles-Lettres, Essays, Monographs, etc.	370	115
Miscellaneous, including Pamphlets, not Sermons	767	215
	5300	1185

**Astronomical Notes for March.**—The Sun rises at Greenwich on the 1st day at 6h. 47m. in the morning and sets at 5h. 38m. in the evening; on the 15th he rises at 6h. 16m. and sets at 6h. 2m. He will cross the equinoctial line on the evening of the 20th, so that day and night will then be of equal length. The Moon will enter her First Quarter at 40 minutes past noon on the 4th, be Full at 38 minutes past 3 on the morning of the 11th, in Last Quarter at 32 minutes past 5 on that of the 18th, and New at 25 minutes past 10 in the forenoon of the 26th. She will be in perigee or nearest the Earth soon after midnight on the 9th, and in apogee or farthest from us on the morning of the 22nd. A total eclipse of the Moon will take place on the morning of the 11th, and the whole of the phenomenon will be visible in this country if the sky be clear, the totality commencing at 8 minutes before 3 o'clock in the morning, Greenwich time, and terminating at 27 minutes past 4. This will be followed a fortnight afterwards by a partial eclipse of the Sun on the 26th, which will be wholly invisible in London and its neighbourhood, but a small portion will be perceptible in the Western part of England and somewhat more in Scotland and Ireland; where the eclipse is largest, in Greenland and Baffin's Bay, considerably less than half the Sun's diameter will be obscured. The planet Mercury will be at its greatest western elongation from the Sun on the morning of the 24th, so that about that date he will be visible to the naked eye (near the waning Moon) before sunrise. Venus is now an evening star and increasing in brilliancy; in the course of the month she will pass from the constellation Pisces into Aries. Mars has become very faint, but is visible during the first half of the night in the western part of the sky in the constellation Taurus; he will be near the Moon (almost half full) on the 3rd. Jupiter is somewhat farther to the east, in the borders of the constellations Taurus and Gemini; he is now a brilliant object until about two o'clock in the morning, but at the end of the month will set soon after midnight. Saturn is in Libra and does not rise until about 10 o'clock in the evening, though as the month advances this will take place somewhat earlier.—W. T. LYNN.





[JOHN M. BRONLEY.]

THE FOSTER-MOTHER.

BY PERMISSION OF HENRY GRAVES AND CO.]



## THE INDIAN UNCLE.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "LISBETH," "A TROUBLESOME PAIR," ETC., ETC.



IF SHE COULD BUT SEE ELLEN WITHOUT BEING HERSELF SEEN.

### CHAPTER XVIII.—MALLY'S LAST MOVE.

THE first to inform Adam Gordon of the night's events was Mrs. Alec, basket in hand, bent, as she explained, on her morning's marketing. It struck him as odd that her outings should always so nearly tally with his own, but he was a simple-minded man, and he accepted the coincidence with resignation; nor did Mally think it needful to confess how long she had waited in the greengrocer's in the hope of catching a glimpse of him, nor how neatly she had timed her exit so as to give the encounter an air of accident. She was well aware that if he had suspected himself to be under female espionage he would at once and indignantly have turned from her. As it was, she felt the challenge of his latent hostility and exercised all her arts to disarm him.

"Have you anything fresh about this queer affair to tell me?" she said eagerly, though she knew full well he had heard nothing at all. "I

was over at 47 ten minutes ago, but Mrs. Gordon was resting, so the maid told me. So I did not go in. Anyone would want rest after such a night. I am sure you must be worn out yourself, though young Savory looks as crouse and canty as you please. It's little of pen work he'll be doing this day, or I'm mistaken."

"Is Mrs. Gordon ill?" he asked, aware that something had occurred, and anxious to cut through her feminine mystifications. Here was his opportunity to make plain his identity, to espouse Ellen's cause, to reproach Mally for her concealment of Ann's message—and he did not avail himself of it. He did nothing—nothing but let himself be drawn into the Square garden while she gave him an elaborate account of what had occurred in the small hours. She made no further allusion to his absence; she allowed him no time for explanations, and she told her story so well, with so much verve, with so light and sprightly a touch, that he could not help being interested and amused. Mally was

at her best, self-forgetting, good-tempered, sympathetic; his feeling of distrust and dislike began to wear away. Perhaps he had misjudged her after all.

When he rose, saying he must go at once in case there was anything he could do, she reminded him that her mother-in-law was sleeping, and had given orders that she was not to be disturbed, and he sank reluctantly back again on the garden bench.

Then Mally passed lightly from the subject of the robbery to other topics; she hinted at the business for which she sought his help, but exclaimed in the same breath that she could not dream of worrying him with it when there was so much else to occupy his thoughts. By a fine gradation she brought the talk round to her marriage.

"It's so strange to me to think that you knew Alec!" she said. "It seems to bring my poor dear husband back to me!"

To this there was no reply he could make. That which he knew of his cousin Alec did not redound to the latter's credit: the black sheep of the family, he had been a source of trouble and anxiety during his boyhood, and from what Adam could gather his marriage had done little to amend matters. In how far it had proved an unhappy union to the wife of his choice he was scarcely in a position to judge, nor was he anxious to be enlightened. Mally's allusions to the past began to be a source of dread to him.

"You see," she went on, her voice taking an inflection of sadness, "there are so few to whom I can speak of my marriage with any hope of sympathy. Poor dear Alec was not—ah, well *you* know what he was. *De mortuis*—you know," she gave a little half-tearful laugh. "That's my sole tag of Latin; I have tried to translate it into English, I have kept my troubles to myself, I have held my tongue. Mrs. Gordon never forgave me for marrying Alec, and that did not make our life together any easier. Oh, it isn't just everything to be a Gordon, Mr. Menteith, and I paid for the honour! I'm sure I don't know why I should be telling you all this, but somehow—it seems natural to confide in you—you are so kind and—and one is so lonely!"

He did not feel kind at that moment. His heart would not soften to this plaintive appeal. He was casting about in his mind for some decent excuse to slip away, but Mally had him in her clutches. Like some gelatinous creature of the sea that seems all softness and weakness, her tentacles could hold fast. Unfortunately Adam Gordon's old-fashioned ideas of courtesy to a woman did not permit him to rise abruptly and seek relief in flight: he was compelled to sit and listen, making wheels and circles on the trodden path with the point of his stick, and covering with a cool exterior the embarrassment he suffered within.

One way of escape lay before him, one honourable easy way. He had but to say—"I am not the Menteith you take me for—I am Adam Gordon, your husband's cousin," and in a moment Mally's unsought, unwelcome confidences would cease and determine. But his bachelor inexperience of women turned him coward. What would Mally

do under the shock of his revelation? Would she fly out in anger? Would she cry—he could not bear a woman's tears—would she perhaps faint? He had heard of women fainting on far smaller provocation, and at the thought of Mally's comfortable bulk flung helpless on his shoulder he shuddered and hastily put from him all idea of confession. When he unfolded his tale, let it at least be done decently within the shelter of four walls, where there were no gaping nursemaids and round-eyed children, no curious gazers from neighbouring windows to assist at the scene.

Mally noticed his silence: perhaps, having a woman's gift of penetration, she divined its motive: he was beginning to be afraid of her. She must speak yet more plainly or fling away her last hope.

"Since I have known you," she said, and her voice was soft with some real feeling—she was not all hypocrite—"I have felt as if life might begin again for me—as if—love were not all dead. Perhaps there is a little happiness waiting for me too. I have had so little in my life! Oh, forgive me"—she turned her head away that he might not see the mantling shame in her face. "I know I must seem very bold, very unwomanly, to talk as I am doing, but you have been so kind, and your—your friendship, your society, your companionship have been so much to me. I am only a weak woman. Oh, how am I to say it—and yet I must say it, think what you will of me. If you go away, if you leave me, it—it will be miserable! If you go back to India—to that dreadful Adam Gordon—he will teach you to despise me. He has never done anything for me, he who owed everything—home and education and food to Alec's parents. He has been against me as all the others are against me. He will repeat things—cruel things, untrue things. Oh," her agitation made her words scarcely audible, "must you go? Couldn't you stay—is there nothing that would induce you—?" She caught her breath sobbingly and her voice died away.

Was ever man put in such straits as this? His heart ached, his cheek burned, but with vicarious pain and shame. His dislike of her was for the moment swept away in a flood of compassion. And how to answer her without abasing her in her own eyes? If he had known it, his pause was answer sufficient. Already the reaction from her wild impulsive words was setting in: she felt cold; she shivered though the sun was hot as it beat on her black clothes; a creeping feeling of deadly resentment against him was growing in her heart. He could hesitate, coolly deliberate when a woman stooped to appeal to him! Oh, how dared he humiliate her!

In reality he was pondering how to clothe his words so that they should not wound, but he abandoned the attempt in despair. He could not give her the answer she desired, and any other must needs seem brutal.

"India is home to me," he said, trying to keep his voice quiet and unconcerned; "more homelike than the land of my birth. I have lived so large a portion of my life—all the responsible part—in it, and all the deepest experiences I have known have come to me there. It was there I first met the

only woman I ever loved, the woman I had hoped to make my wife. It is there that I feel myself to be nearest to her still, for she loved India, and left her fortune to further the good of its women. So you see there are other ties beyond the work which also makes an imperative claim, calling me back to the East. But I shall not on that account forget the friends I have made here, or cease to feel a keen interest in all that concerns them, or weary of the wish to serve them. Pray remember this; you will understand better why I urge it some day when—when you know a little more of—my life."

Mally moved faintly, her womanliness and her pride were in fierce conflict. She would have given the world to answer him nonchalantly, to turn upon him with a laugh and ask him if she had not played an excellent trick on him, and duped him finely with her pretty piece of acting. But her soul rebelled, she dared not face the contempt that would leap to life in his eyes.

"You have been quite adopted as one of the family," she said coldly.

"Yes;" he grasped at the idea eagerly. "Think of me as one of the family—a Gordon, with all the clannishness of his race, ready always to stand by his own folks. Why," he broke off, unable wholly to conceal the immense relief he felt, "here comes Grizel, and by her signals I fancy it is I who am wanted, and that reminds me that I have a message for her father. If you will excuse me I will go to meet the impatient little damsel."

"Go, go," she said almost fiercely. "I've more to do than to stop chattering with Grizel."

He rose, but paused behind her. He had steadily turned his eyes from Mally's averted face, and he did not look at her now while he laid a hand on the back of the bench. She felt it there and winced inwardly. Why did he not go? If he were to say anything kind to her even now, she should give way at once. The tears were dangerously near.

"We have been—chatting of other things," he said in the unnatural way one speaks when making a desperate attempt at ease, "but there is one thing I think you ought to know: I feel sure it will grieve you to hear of Ellen's—Mrs. Thomas Gordon's—very serious illness. Ann Lauder is in charge at Castle Street, and I have been spending the night there—to be at hand—"

Mally's tears were dried up in a blaze of sudden furious jealous anger. Ellen, Ellen! Was it always to be Ellen!

"You are indeed a true friend of the family," she said with ill-concealed spite, "Mr. Menteith, to be humouring the whimsies of a sickly woman, and playing at nurse! It's easy to see Ann Lauder has got round you with that pretty little story, but carry it over to No. 47, and see what reception my mother-in-law will give it. I question if you will find her quite so sympathetic with Ellen's woes as you seemingly expect me to be."

He left her without a word, and she could hear him presently greeting Grizel. She waited till the sound of voices and of footsteps had died away, and then made hastily for the farther gate. To get out from the range of curious eyes—to be alone that she might give place to her pride, and hate,

and scorn, and let them rend her, was her supreme desire.

Unfortunate Mally! Of too poor a courage to play boldly the conscienceless part of an adventuress, she had made her little bid for fortune and favour, and had been spurned. The knowledge was as wormwood because she knew herself not wholly false. She loathed her narrow life, but she could have blessed the hand that led her into freedom. She craved for the power to go out into the world, to see and be seen: to travel: to live in big hotels, to see strange new lands: to command servants and carriages of her own, to surround her table with lively faces: to exchange the slavery of her mourning for the splendours of London shops.

All these material delights had come first in her thoughts, and Menteith's had been merely the purse that could supply them, but she had not seen him many times before she realised that the man himself could not so easily be put aside. He claimed respect, he claimed regard: he could no longer be separated from his wealth, yet he stood above it, far beyond it. It was his to give those fairy gifts, but it was his also to give what she was learning to prize still more—consideration, trust, love—and he had told her calmly, plainly, in so many words, that these had long been the property of another.

The blood burned in Mally's cheek like fire as she re-lived that half hour in the garden. She had lost the one great chance of her life, the first influence for good to which she had ever yielded. Not only love, but the respect of an upright gentleman she had ruthlessly destroyed with her own hands. Her love was embittered, was turned to hate.

Mally had dealt her character a blow from which it could not recover. Hitherto she had been a silly woman; now she was prepared to be a revengeful one.

#### CHAPTER XIX.—BEHIND THE SCREEN.

FOR the space of two days Mally Gordon secluded herself in her own little dwelling, a prey to moods which varied with every hour. But her nature was too shallow to live for long even upon its own emotions, and presently the craving to know what was passing in the little world of her kindred—to learn what was being said of herself there—became too strong to resist. In the resentment which burned in her heart against Menteith she could make no allowance for his chivalrous silence; the belief she had cherished in his magnanimity had died before his mute denial of her appeal. The thought that he would talk of her lightly, laughingly, was a scorching shame—yet to know the judgment that was being passed upon her was less of a punishment than to be left to the torment of conjecture.

But where to go for information? Not certainly to Jean and Grizel, of whose youth with its opulence of chances she felt the bitterest jealousy. Had Menteith not left her side in Grizel's company, glad to escape from her to the girl's irresponsible chatter—obviously, pointedly forsaking her in the eyes of all the idlers in the Square, at Grizel's first



signal? No, bold as Mally was, she could not face the scrutiny of their wondering glances, their half-hidden smiles.

Still less was it possible for her to front the terrible irony of the old lady at No. 47. That door was shut to her, while Menteith—shame on him!—chose to “sorn” on the Gordons, and eat their bread. Yet the greater the obstacles the more she felt impelled to wrest from some member of the family the secret of the last two days. The exciting incident of the robbery had faded into the background of her memory—a thing of no importance; her mind had room for nothing but the one torturing question, How much had Menteith betrayed?

In her need she remembered the despised Ellen, whose cause the stranger had espoused. From the soft, yielding Ellen it was easy to extract anything one wanted to know. Mally had an immense scorn for her sister-in-law’s nebulous, pliable temperament. Even if she were forbidden entrance to the invalid, Ann Lauder was certain to present herself, and from Ann’s expression it was never difficult to guess accurately the state of the family weather.

It will be seen that Mrs. Alec’s need was indeed great, since not even the thought of Ann’s wrath and contempt had power to deter her.

Arrived at Castle Street, Mally put on her most gracious expression. She had a good-naturedly intimate manner at command that won her favour with those beneath her in the social scale, and the young, overworked maid-servant who answered her appeal at the bell thought her a most delightful lady.

Mally diplomatically asked for Ann Lauder, and was told that she had gone out.

“I’m afraid I mustn’t venture up to my poor sister-in-law’s room without Mrs. Lauder’s permission,” Mally said, looking distressed. “It is so disappointing, for I have come a long way and am most unwilling to go back without a peep at her. Yet I wouldn’t for the world disturb her.”

“Couldn’t you wait, ma’am?” the girl suggested. “There’s a room here that nobody uses except the Indian gentleman when he is waiting till Mrs. Thomas Gordon can receive him.”

“Is he there now?” Mally asked, feeling that if that were so she might as well trudge back to Buccleuch Place.

“No, ma’am, he hasn’t been here to-day, and when he comes he’ll go right up. Sheriff Gordon arrived last night, and they’ve taken the whole floor to keep it quieter-like.”

“Dear me,” said Mally, “I had no idea the Sheriff was coming. I’m afraid Mrs. Thomas isn’t so well.”

“She’s dying, ma’am,” said the girl gravely. “You can’t look in her face and not see what’s written there.”

“This is terrible!” said Mally, not without a certain degree of sincerity, “and to think we knew nothing about it! I’m very thankful I came, and if you think I won’t be putting anyone about, I’ll just wait in the room you speak of till Ann comes back and I can get full particulars from her. I know how bad it is for invalids to have too many visitors at a time, and if the Sheriff’s there, poor Mrs. Thomas won’t want anyone else.”

“The room’s empty,” said the girl, “and you’re welcome to it. I’ll tell Miss Primrose, and she’ll see you’re not disturbed.”

“Thank you,” said Mally, “it’s very kind of you to think of it.” She followed the maid into the front room where Adam Gordon had once kept watch. “This will do very nicely, and I’ll be glad to rest after my walk. The sick room is above this, I suppose? A wee bit too near the noises of the street, isn’t it?”

“Mrs. Gordon is in the back room,” said the girl, falling quite naturally into the trap. “Dr. Abernethy thought it would be quieter for her, and she was moved there last week.”

“Well, now, I mustn’t be keeping you,” said Mally good-temperedly; “it must be close on your dinner hour, I’m sure.”

“Yes,” said the girl, smiling and blushing, “and the only half hour in the day when we get a chance of sitting down to rest. I’ll bring you the morning paper, ma’am, and you’ll not find the time so long.”

But Mally was in no mood for the day’s news. She had scarcely seated herself near the window before she saw Menteith approaching the house with long, quick steps. She shrank involuntarily, but he looked with grave pre-occupation straight in front of him. She had a moment of palpitating dread when she heard the latchkey he had borrowed turn in the lock; if he were to enter and discover her, what could she do or say? She had scorned the thought of Ellen’s illness, and on what ground could she account for her presence there? But to her intense relief his footstep passed the door, and he went as the girl had foretold directly upstairs.

Then followed a few moments of tormenting indecision which Mally brought to an end by opening the door with excessive caution and listening intently. A door closed somewhere in the upper regions, and then there was unbroken silence. When it had lasted a few minutes Mally took her courage in both hands and crept softly upstairs. Like many stout people she had a light footfall, and it made no sound on the carpeted treads.

The lodgers were mostly out for the day, the maids dining below stairs; all unmolested, unchallenged, Mally crept up to the first floor where the sick woman lay. If she could but see Ellen without being herself seen, she could better judge in how far a visit was permissible, and what chances there were of attaining her end.

Fortune favoured her. The door of the invalid’s room stood wide open for air, and a screen only partially intercepted the view. By taking up her position well behind it Mally not only remained hidden, but between its interstices could command the entire room. And even she could scarce look on Ellen’s worn face, and longer doubt the seriousness of her condition. Mally’s heart gave a great leap; for a moment she had an impulse to go round the screen, to fall on her knees by the bedside and ask Ellen’s forgiveness for so many harsh judgments and unkind thoughts, for the neglect that had left Ellen to drift to the Borderland unfriended by those from whom she might have



claimed aid. But before she could put her thought into action—deterred as she was by a certain shame—the Sheriff spoke. He sat by his wife's side, her hand lay contentedly in his, her face had already the look of the last peace upon it, as if she and earthly troubles had bidden each other farewell.

"I can't get over the thought that you are here, Adam, after all these years," he said. "I could not believe my eyes when I read your letter, and I can scarcely credit them now that I see you in the flesh."

"I knew him the first moment," said Ellen, the drawl of weakness in her voice.

Mally listened, her heart beating to suffocation. There was but one other person in the room besides the sick woman and her husband. His back was towards Mally as he leaned at the foot of the couch, but the figure was unmistakably that of the man whom she knew as Andrew Menteith. With quivering nerves, strained to lose no syllable, she waited for his reply.

"Yes, I couldn't have kept my secret long from you, Ellen," he answered.

"It beats me what you wanted to keep it for at all," said the Sheriff in his blunt, downright way. He was not a man of delicate fibre, and after the first natural grief and disturbance at his wife's condition he had rallied, and was glad to catch at Adam Gordon's companionship in order to forget for a while the oncoming of trouble.

"Why you should masquerade as Menteith when you knew there was a hearty welcome awaiting you in your own name is more than I can understand."

"I don't know that I quite understand it either," said Adam with a smile for Ellen. "It was one of those rash impulses one acts on in haste and repents at leisure. And you see I am punished by being found out by the woman who mothered me when I was a lad. There's no deceiving love like that."

"Aye, so you came to make discoveries, did you? And a fine time you've been having of it, I'll be bound?" laughed the jovial sheriff. "It's as well you saw through the deception, Ellen my woman, or we'd have had the 'chiel takin' notes' of us too, and making pretty fools of us. And what think you of Adam Gordon's women folks, Mr. Menteith—you that have been hand and glove with them all these weeks?"

The listener behind the door waited to hear no more. She went with a quiet step, and those within the room were as unconscious of her presence as if she had never come and gone. To await Adam Gordon's reply to the Sheriff's light question without self-betrayal was a test to which she dared not put her courage; she required it all for the step she had resolved to take.

More than one person turned to look at the widow as she walked home, all unconscious of the glances she attracted. In the tumult of her thoughts one purpose burned steadily, and the colour in her cheeks and the set of her mouth, the brightness of her eyes as she tasted the triumph of revenge, lent a sinister depth of expression to a face usually characterised by a vulgar good-nature.

In her black draperies, caught at street corners by the swirl of the wind and blown about her ample figure, her step quick and determined, poor Mally looked as if she were cast for the part of a tragedy queen.

She had no vision for Ann Lauder, who, laden with parcels carried in a fold of her Paisley shawl, stopped to stare after the figure, so strange and yet so familiar.

"Peety me, what's she efter noo, the upsettin' hizzy!" Ann ejaculated, recognising mischief in Mally's high-held head. "I'se warrent she's been trying to get her fit in at Castle Street, an' the Shirra's gi'en her a daud on the side o' the hied; an' serve her richt. He never could pit up wi' her forreetsome ways."

But Ann was scarcely less pleased when she learned that Mally had merely called, waited a short time, and finally left the house without so much as a word of explanation, and without giving the Sheriff a chance of administering the rebuke on which Ann had reckoned.

"Mally Gordon here! I never set eyes on her," he exclaimed, "and I've not left my wife's side for five minutes. What made the woman so blate all at once that she couldn't come up, or at least send a message?"

"Aye, ye may ask," said Ann dryly.

#### CHAPTER XX.—JEAN'S VICTORY.

THE shivered panes of glass had been restored in the dining-room window of old Mrs. Gordon's house, the plate temporarily removed to the strong room in Murchison's bank, and grandmamma made no further allusion to the night's adventure in which young Savory had played the part of hero.

But at this time Jean was suddenly restored to the old lady's favour. Not a day passed that she was not summoned to bear her grandmother company, Ann Lauder's absence the excuse. Grizel laughed a wise laugh when the royal command reached the other side of the Square, and she saw Jean preparing herself dutifully to answer granny's questions and write granny's notes, and pick up the dropped stitches in her knitting, and play a game of draughts or cribbage if Mrs. Gordon's humour ran that way.

The young man diligently at work in the basement of Mr. Andrew's house did not laugh when one of the young servants from forty-seven came slipping down the area steps of seventeen, for he was never included in those imperious commands. He could but wait and watch for the little figure that was sure to trip forth from the house, and pass the lower windows slowly, very slowly, with sometimes a shy downward glance, and sometimes a scarce perceptible wave of the small gloved hand which seemed to say—

"Trust me, and I will do my best for us both."

Jean's opportunities for intervention, however, were few. Those were the days of listening youth and talking age, and Mrs. Gordon was the last person in the world to forego her privileges. She had a way of rallying the girl which Jean found trying, and a trick of incisive bitterness that made her young soul shiver. But one day Jean found

her tongue; she used it in defence of her Aunt Ellen.

"I hope she is satisfied," the old lady said scornfully, "now that she's got them all taigled to her tails. Ann Lauder, Menteith, not to speak of the Sheriff himself. My son Thomas has been two days in town, and he has never so much as had time to look near his mother for waiting on his wife."

"I think—I am afraid—Aunt Ellen is very ill, grandmamma. Grizel went over whenever Mr. Menteith told us, but Ann would not let her see Aunt Ellen."

"Ann Lauder has a fine conceit of herself," said the old lady. "She magnifies her office. She's a grand hand at the nursing, by her own way of it, though I'm thankful to say I've had little experience of her skill, and it's easy to keep a sick-room going when one silly wife is set on coddling and the other on being coddled."

"I wish you'd go and see Aunt Ellen, granny," Jean ventured wistfully.

"So I will, all in good time, my dear, but I'm not one for over many last partings."

"Papa is going to-day—"

"The less need then for me, or for you, my woman. You ought to think it a privilege to wait on your grandmother, when those that should know better desert her."

"I am glad I can help you, granny."

"Aye, you do your best, and it would do Ann Lauder good to know how little she's missed. I'm thinking I'll have to speir your father to make you over to me as my companion."

Jean lifted a face on which the blushes mantled rose red, and there was a glint in her eye, though her voice was scarcely brave.

"I was thinking of being somebody else's companion, granny."

"Aye, and were ye so?" said the old lady composedly. "And who might the somebody else be?"

"Somebody you know, granny, and—like, a little, I hope—"

"Then it cannot be Hannah Pettigrew you have in your mind, who is wanting a lassie they tell me to tire her head and paint her cheeks, for she's a woman I never could abide."

Jean was destined to get no help from her interrogator, whose keen eyes missed no sign of the girl's confusion.

"Granny," she said, summoning all her courage, "do you mind the day you told me North and South could never agree, but must ever be divided in thought and feeling—" She paused unable to go on.

"I am little likely," said the old lady with dignity, "to forget that I warned my grandchild against a rash choice in marriage, if that's what you mean."

"Ah, if it were rash!" said Jean; "but, granny, you know, you have seen for yourself, that he is brave and good."

"If 'he' means the young Englishman, Savory, my dear, he saved my spoons and dishcovers, and for that I'm beholden to him. If I were a romantic old fool like Hannah Pettigrew, which I'm not, I daresay I might add that he had saved my life as

well; but being a sensible woman, I'm bound to own it never was in the smallest danger. And if you ask my opinion, it seems to me a pretty long price to pay, to give my granddaughter in exchange for an old kist of dinner-plate."

Jean laughed a girlish laugh.

"I'm not worth the Gordon heirlooms, granny," she said, "and it would be a poor bit of barter for you, but won't you give me freely and for nothing, granny? You are giving me to a good man."

"You seem gey siccar, my lass."

"Yes, I am sure, granny, and I will tell you why. One day upon the hillside below Castlelaw Mr. Menteith told me a story—"

"Mr. Menteith, indeed! and what had he to say to a young girl like you?"

"Nothing but what was true and kind. He told me of some one who missed happiness because she was not brave, and who spoilt another life as well as her own for lack of a little courage at the right moment. And he showed me that where love is strong enough and true enough, it rises above all difficulties. Granny, I have thought about it a great deal, and—I am not afraid."

"So Menteith has turned preacher! And pray was it his own experience he used to point the moral?"

"Is that a fair question, granny?" said Jean, grown bold she scarce knew how. "If it was his own story he did not say so."

"Whose story was it then?" Mrs. Gordon spoke with a quiet persistence not to be evaded.

"He said it was—Uncle Adam's—"

Mrs. Gordon's fine little hand fell on Jean's shoulder; the girl was kneeling at her feet.

"Bairn!" she said, "if you had Adam Gordon on your side"—her blue eyes flashed—"you would maybe make me lippen to you."

"Ah, but I want to win you over all by myself," said Jean, seizing her moment, "because I love you, granny, and because I think you care a little for my happiness too, and, and—you loved grandpapa, and you would have let nothing in the wide world come between you and him."

"So you've the Gordon spirit after all," said the old lady, not unkindly, "and you'll e'en take your own road whether I bid ye God speed or no."

"No," said Jean very softly, "we want your blessing before we set out, granny."

Half an hour later the scene was changed. It was the hour of Mr. Andrew's afternoon call, and he had scarce established himself in his usual seat and got over the preliminary greetings, when Menteith came in.

Mr. Andrew stretched out a solemn hand—he was vaguely aware of a mystery in the air, Jean's cheeks were like roses, and her dark eyes glowed with a happy inner light. Menteith looked at him oddly, almost one might say guiltily. Ten minutes earlier Mr. Andrew had met Mally, and she had asked him with ill-repressed eagerness if he were on his way to visit his mother. As if he did not every day of his life spend the same half-hour in his mother's company.

He pondered these things in his mind; he had not yet succeeded in satisfying himself why Menteith—at best but a recent friend—should take so

profound an interest in Ellen Gordon as to spend the greater part of each day in the Castle Street lodgings, and it seemed to him as if the riddle were about to be read. To help its solution he asked abruptly:

"How's the invalid to-day? I had meant to go and see Thomas this afternoon, but I was hindered. But my daughter Grizel has gone over. Maybe you met her?"

"No," said Menteith, answering the second question first, "but I did not come directly home. I went to Dr. Abernethy's house first."

He looked at Mrs. Gordon, with the glance even she was learning to flinch from, so full of dignified reproach and rebuke was it. Day by day he came, hoping to find her softened, changed; ready to fulfil the unspoken wish in Ellen's face for reconciliation, and day by day she flouted at him, and sent him away disappointed.

"Mrs. Thomas Gordon is less well to-day," he said.

"A fine job for the doctor!" she cried with a lifted chin.

"Soon it will be too late for peace or kindness."

"It has been 'too late' these twenty years, and yet there is time and to spare," she replied undaunted.

Mr. Andrew looked on with a long lip of wonder. Something was dimly surging in his brain, some echo of a voice once heard, upraised in these same half-masterful tones, of an answering look of unflinching pride and rebellion on his mother's face. That look, indeed, was too familiar to call for special remark; it had quenched many of Mr. Andrew's observations and conquered him times not a few—but that it should be directed against Menteith seemed to imply an understanding between them more subtle than circumstances warranted. Mr. Andrew's thinking machine was of the ponderous order, slow to evolve ideas, and it is questionable if he would have hit on the truth without a little help from the outside. That help, however, was immediately forthcoming.

Mrs. Alec Gordon, who had watched from a safe distance the various visitors assemble at No. 47, now crossed the square with a firm step and rang the bell. She stood in no fear of a "steekit" door. Ann Lauder was not there to bar her entrance, and had a hundred Anns withstood her, the strength of her inborn purpose would have vanquished them all. The young servant who opened the door fell back half frightened before the determination which sat on the widow's lip and brow.

Mally brushed past her, and ascended the stair unannounced; with a wave of her hand she forbade the maid to follow. For once she was without dread of man or woman, for once her heart did not go kettle-drumming in her ears for fear of the old lady who held the purse-strings, and could draw them with a sparing hand on occasions of offence; she was nearing her moment of triumph, and there was no place in her heart for lesser emotions.

Already she tasted the joy of revenge, and she used the moments of her ascent to the drawing-room to smooth from her face all that might interfere with its dignity. A victor can afford to be calm.

## CHAPTER XXI.—EXIT MALLY.

AT her sudden, unannounced entrance there was the nameless quality in the air that heralds interruption. It was only Mally, yet everybody looked round, and everyone—even old Mrs. Gordon—was silent, waiting for her to speak. Adam Gordon went forward gravely and placed a chair for her.

"Thank you, Mr. Menteith," she said with a thrill of inward triumph at her own perfectly maintained dignity. "I can stand while I say what I've got to say."

"And what great news is it you bring?" asked the old lady, in the tone of light disparagement she always used towards this unloved daughter-in-law. "It must be wonderful indeed if Mally Gordon is in haste to tell it and begone."

"Mother," said Mally, well aware in her turn that Mrs. Gordon disliked this assumption of relationship on her part, "I have painful news for you."

"You too? Then you come from Castle Street, I'll be bound."

"Yes," said Mally, "I have come from Castle Street, and it was there I found out—what I found out."

"My dear," said the old lady suavely, "the tragic rôle does not suit you; it seldom suits stout middle-aged folk. Leave all that nonsense to a lassie like Jean here, and come to the point like a sensible woman. If you've anything to say, out wi' it. You'll feel better when you've delivered yourself."

"Maybe *you* won't feel so well," said Mrs. Alec with a gleam of malice. "I wanted to spare you, but you won't be spared."

"Hoots!" said the old lady with derisive briskness, "I'm a Gordon as well as yourself, Mally. It's no' their way to be feared!"

Could the tragic pose be maintained in the face of levity such as this? Mally's eyes lost their look of exaggerated indifference, her brows met, but she was conscious that she still held the attention of the other occupants of the room—Mr. Andrew staring and inquisitive, Jean half frightened, Menteith calm and silent. It was that unbroken calm she longed to shatter.

"If you will have it then," she said, "I am here to tell you that for these many weeks past you have been giving shelter and hospitality to a traitor. I learned it only to-day, and from his own lips, and lost no time in coming to warn you. But I waited—I will own it—till I knew that I should find him here, so that I might accuse him to his face. I had no wish," said Mally grandly, "to strike in the dark. That man," she turned to the Indian guest, indicating him with a lifted hand, "that man came to you giving himself out as Andrew Menteith, the friend and crony of Adam Gordon. Let him deny it if he dare."

"He does not seek to deny it," said Adam quietly.

"You hear that?" said Mally, shrilly addressing the company in general, losing control of her composure at this unexpected avowal. "He doesn't seek to deny it! He brazens it out before



you all. He knows that he's found out, and when he can hide no longer behind a false name he condescends to make use of his own! Aye, Adam Gordon, but what of the weeks and weeks you have deceived your own kin—eaten of their bread—wormed out their secrets—betrayed their trust."

"Well I never!" said Mr. Andrew, bringing down his hand with a great slap on his knee. "This beats everything. So that's the likeness that's been puzzling me all along: it's our own Adam after all!"

"Our Adam"—Mally flashed round on him. "You would own him—you that were made to feast him as a distinguished stranger—the man who stooped to act as a spy, and came among us to laugh at us in his sleeve! He counted securely on his disguise, and no doubt when he tired of his little jest he would have gone back to India and amused himself for the rest of his days with the way he had taken in his simple family; but fortunately there was one pair of eyes that could not be deceived. It was a mistake—a sad mistake—for Mr. Menteith to pretend such a great concern for his old acquaintance, Mrs. Thomas Gordon, that he must needs go daily to see her; but even when she detected him and would have exposed him, he thought his secret safe with a dying woman. But those who talk of things they don't want overheard should keep shut doors."

"Ah, now I begin to understand," said Mrs. Gordon. At the significant tone Mally turned quickly on the defensive.

"Do you think it a trifle that you have been so grossly deceived?" she asked. "You sit there silent—is it that you don't believe me? Ask himself, and see if he dare say I accuse him falsely!"

Mrs. Gordon had said nothing hitherto, watching Mally with a curious contemplative interest. Poor Mally! a human soul given over to the anarchy of the lower passions is never a pleasant spectacle to look upon. She had ceased to struggle after control—rage and hate had her in their hands and tore her.

"I take your word for it, my dear," said her mother-in-law cheerfully. "If you had expected me to believe that your great discovery rested solely on your penetration, I might have had my doubts, but I am well aware that you are perfectly capable of listening behind a door."

Adam Gordon took a step forward, Jean started from her chair, each moved by the same spirit of compassion to interference. Mally may have deserved much, but this she had not deserved. But Mrs. Gordon waved them imperiously aside. She held herself erect, and her steel-blue eyes were lit with a humorous lambent flame.

"Besides, my dear," she went on, "before you bent your pride to take such a step for my sake—it was very kind and considerate, I'm sure, to be so eager to warn me—you might have reflected that your news would maybe be piper's news after all, a wee thing too late in the telling. If my daughter-in-law Ellen can recognise a kent face, do you suppose I've no eyes in my head that I should not know the laddie that was as my own from the day he was born till his twentieth year?"

"You knew all the time!" stammered the miserably Mally.

"I knew from the day he stepped into this house, from the hour he looked in my eyes and lifted his voice."

"Aye! but ye kept it close!" cried Mr. Andrew in his offence and excitement; "you might have given a body a hint."

"If Providence has made you slow in the uptake, Andrew, my man, ye needn't look to your old mother to supply you with brains," she retorted briskly. "I knew him, as I tell ye, as Ann Lauder that nursed him knew him, and what's more I laid my commands on him that he should bide by the name he had chosen till I gave him leave to take back his own."

"It was cruel, it was shameful," said Mally with slow bitterness. "I'll never forgive you—or him."

"And what harm did it do you, pray, that a guest of mine should call himself by any name he had a fancy for? What was Menteith to you?—you who never so much as set eyes on Adam Gordon in your life, and could have no possible interest in his friend? Hoity, toity! it's a fine thing that you should be feeling yourself injured and ill-used, as if you were a lassie like Jean here, ready to cheep and chatter her bits of secrets. Would you have me believe you a tale-pyter, Mally Gordon, to carry the family clashes to a stranger, or a silly wife pouring out her griefs and her woes to a man she's scarce set eyes on half a dozen times, you that will never see forty, and have been widowed these twelve years? Jean may well blush, the monkey, but you can have nothing on your conscience, Mally Gordon, that ye need talk of being ill done by—"

Jean could contain herself no longer. Every shaft of light scorn pierced her as it stabbed the culprit, standing desperate, defenceless, a target for every arrow sped from that unerring bow. She ran forward and took Mrs. Alec by the hand.

"Aunt Mally," she said with an infinite tenderness, "I did not know either—till to-day. We none of us knew, not Grizel, nor me, nor papa—"

"No," interrupted Mr. Andrew, who had had time to gather offence as he recalled certain indiscretions of his own, "we were kept in the dark, like you, Mally, and I will say it was scarcely a friendly thing to do, to come to a man's house and eat his bread, and lead him maybe to say things he wouldn't have said if he had known it was one of his own folk. Aye, you've my sympathy, Mally, I must say."

But Mally was beyond salvation either from Mr. Andrew's condolence or Jean's eager entreaties.

"And oh, Aunt Mally, you have heard how it arose just from a little jest, to give us a greater surprise in the end. And it is quite true what granny says, that I have been talking a great deal of nonsense to—to Mr. Menteith, thinking him to be Uncle Adam's friend"—Jean's blushes deepened—"but he is so good and kind, he has never seemed like a stranger, has he? And now that we know he is the real uncle, what does it matter if we have gone to him with our troubles and our hopes and fears? He has a better right to know them than he ever had before."



Mally, staring straight before her, made no pretence of listening. She shook off Jean's pleading hand impatiently. The face she turned on Adam Gordon was white with wrath and shame.

"I wish you joy of your jest, sir," she said; "if I have done anything to add to its relish, I suppose I ought to feel very humbly grateful."

Gordon had been all this time looking on the ground as one lost in a dream, but as she turned away he started forward and intercepted her.

"No, you shall not go till I have spoken. I beg of you to listen—at least give me the right to make such poor explanation as I can. You can't be more deeply conscious than I am, Mally, of the immense mistake I made in sailing under false colours; you can never regret it as I regret it. But—well, it need be no secret to you—it is none to my aunt, and my cousin Andrew, that in leaving this house thirty years ago I went against the wishes of those who had been parents and brothers and sister to me. I took their displeasure with me, and though in the long years of exile old scores were forgotten, I scarce knew what kind of reception Adam Gordon might meet with in coming back uninvited.

"You know what a welcome—a most undeserved welcome—Menteith received, but you can never measure the growing shame and embarrassment the concealment caused me, nor the relief it was to find that Ellen knew me, and that there at least I need not keep on the mask. But for the pledge I had given, you should none of you have been kept a day in ignorance. But I would have you all believe"—he looked at Mr. Andrew—at Jean with a little smile—at Mally earnestly, "that no chance trust or confidence any of you has given me, thinking of me as Gordon's friend, has been held other than sacred, or has been received in any spirit but one of gratefulness. As Menteith, I have seen Adam Gordon with others' eyes, a chance that does not often fall to a man, and his failings and shortcomings I humbly hope to amend. And now will you not all forgive me the annoyance I have caused you? And you, Mally, for Alec's sake, who grew up child and lad with me, will you not shake hands and let bygones be bygones?"

But Mally could not lift herself to that summit of magnanimity. Not one of them had been humbled and shamed as she—not one had so many scorching memories of spoken words that would not die.

With a mute gesture of refusal, she turned and left the room.

No one spoke for a time. At last Mr. Andrew broke the silence.

"It's time we were going over to our dinner, Jean," he said, "the potatoes will be spoiling. Well, well, it's a queer story we've been hearing, and I'll not say I was just very well pleased at first, Adam; but we'll say no more, and you're welcome back, I'm sure. You'll look in and take potluck with us some day, or a rummer of toddy in the evening, if you've no' forgotten the taste of it."

"An Indian can't afford to trifle with his liver, Andrew, but I'll come in gladly—without the toddy."

"Aye, aye, you'll no' be asked to give another feast, Andrew, my man," his mother laughed. "The

next you eat will be at my board. And since one good turn deserves another, Adam, and you kept your pledge to me like a man and a Gordon, I would fain do ye a pleasure. So we'll e'en away as fast as horses can birl to Castle Street. I've been sore dealt by in the matter of daughters-in-law, but fusionless as Ellen is, she never yet cast shame on the Gordon name."

The others, more merciful, withheld their stones. Jean's kiss spoke all her love and gratitude to the new uncle. She at least had nothing to forgive.



SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED!

Her face was radiant as she sprang upstairs and burst into Grizel's bedroom.

"Something has happened," she cried.

Grizel made a little grimace to the looking-glass while she curled her hair.

"So the powers have relented," she said, "and it's ower the Border we are going, carrying granny's blessing with us."

"How did you guess?"

"I'm not an absolute idiot," said Grizel succinctly.

"Well, but there's something else."

"If you mean Aunt Ellen," said Grizel gravely, "I know. I saw her. Ann is breaking her heart because granny isn't there."

"Granny is going to-day with—with——"

"With—with—Mr. Menteith, perhaps?" said Grizel slyly. "I'm awfully glad, but why can't you give the poor man a name?"

"Because that isn't his real name. You'll never guess this time, Grizel!" Jean laughed triumphantly.

"How many chances will you give me? What would you say to a bit of news from me, this time? Would it make your hair stand on end—it's near as tousy as the 'weary pund o' tow' of the old song, by the bye—if I were to tell you that not long ago—in this very house, I saw Uncle Adam Gordon?"

Jean emitted an "oh," the flat, faint "oh" of the forestalled newsmonger—but neither then nor ever after did she tell of poor Mally's hour of discomfiture. Menteith had read her surely when he called her loyal.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—LOOKING BACKWARDS.

ADAM GORDON, pacing the deck of the Eastward-bound vessel on what, forty years ago, was the leisurely sea passage to India, re-lived the days spent in the land of his birth, and asked himself sometimes, in pessimistic mood, whether it



ABOUT THAT LITTLE MATTER OF A LOAN.

had not been better had he refrained from his experiment, and remained content among so many others in the land of his adoption, who dream of home, and are happiest seeing it only in dreams?

For there is no picking up the old threads and piecing the past and the present so that the rent shall remain invisible.

Still, in spite of certain quietly abandoned illusions such as all must needs lose who come back thinking to find the old order unchanged, there were many reminiscences on which it was pleasant to dwell. There was that dinner given by the head of the House, the Lord Advocate sparkling and beaming at her side, and recalling his best *bons mots* for the benefit of so appreciative a companion. All the clan was gathered at that feast, Mrs. Alec alone excepted. Mally, as it happened, had gone on a little visit to her friends the Miss Mathesons at Cockpen, when the invitation upon which Adam Gordon insisted reached her flat.

"So that's the lilt o't! You must surely think me very keen for her company," said the rebellious old head. "I tell you I can do fine wanting it, Adam Gordon."

"But I can't," he was quick to retort. "It's about the last favour I shall ask of you. Don't refuse it."

"If there's a waur tried woman than me in the parish I would like to see her, but needs must when a Gordon drives."

He stooped to kiss her, the tall man bending over the wee woman. She looked up with a sly laugh in her keen old eyes. He thought he had conquered, did he? That very day a note was despatched by Bowed Jamie, the caddie, to Cockpen, and the ladies of the Manse into whose hands it was delivered knew better than to disobey its behests. Mally also was wiser than to refuse the pressing invitation of her friends to take the air in the country, and when Gordon, grown suspicious of his aunt's tactics, climbed the long stair at Buccleuch Place it was to find the door locked and the key in a neighbour's possession. He never saw Mally again.

To this dinner of formal reconciliation and recognition the Sheriff came, cheered by a temporary improvement in his wife's condition, and cousins and second cousins to distant generations were bidden to welcome the Indian guest.

Even Mr. Andrew, cheered by the good eates provided at another's cost, thawed from his usual solemnity, and button-holed Adam in a corner of the dining-room, where the men were left to their wine.

"About that little matter of a loan, Adam," he said, "you'll not be pressing for payment?"

Adam laughed.

"Do you usually make your guests pay for their own entertainment?" he asked. "Well, it was Menteith whom you feasted, and Menteith from whom you borrowed. When he sues you, it will be time enough to pull out your purse."

"I thought you would maybe look on it in that light," said Mr. Andrew, much relieved. "Bawbees are scarcer here than with you, and you've only yourself to fend for, Adam. If you had two lassies like me, it would be another story."

Adam had his own plans with regard to those lassies, but he did not divulge them. He moved his seat to that next Frank Savory, and when the two rose at last to join the ladies in the drawing-room, the young Englishman found himself richer by a friend.

A good deal of Adam Gordon's wealth remained behind him in bonnie Scotland. Some of it went in ways of which none save the clergy and others at work in the waste places of the city knew anything. Two young girls were made happy beyond their wildest dreams, the days of turned frocks and mended boots gone by for ever. Mr. Andrew accepted the bounty graciously on their behalf, and practised his own little economies more rigorously than ever. As he truly remarked, somebody must illustrate the virtue of thrift, and you cannot put old heads on young shoulders.

Miss Martha Proudie received from the same generous hand an annuity that lifted her above the doles of charity and made her into the happiest and most useful of Edinburgh's spinster sisterhood.

And Mally?

Gordon felt himself a bold man when he settled an income on Alec Gordon's widow, which should free her from dependence on her mother-in-law, and allow her to indulge her longings for a wider life, and nothing would have surprised him less than to find his gift spurned. It gave him a very sincere if somewhat humorous satisfaction to receive Mally's formal acceptance through his solicitor of the gift, "as an act of reparation." Mally's pride may have had its struggle, but desire proved stronger than pride, and in making Adam Gordon atone for the sins of Menteith she salved her conscience. She had the grace, however, to remove herself from Edinburgh, and took some pains to ascertain Adam's movements, so that in any future homecoming of his, as wide a distance as the kingdom permitted should divide them.

Of these results of his generosity Adam as yet knew nothing, but even in the middle of his dissatisfaction there was cheer in the thought that he had brought happiness into some few lives that would have been a little less glad but for him. At each pulse of the steamer he could hear the tap of chisel and mallet as the walls of the old house of Bassendean began to rise once more on their ancient foundations; and he laughed to himself as he recalled Mrs. Gordon's dignified satisfaction and Ann Lauder's exuberant delight in the thought that a Gordon would again reign there in the days that were to come.

"I'll be waiting on the doorstep to welcome you, Adam, my son, when you come home to your own roof-tree," said the stately old lady with as fine a confidence as if she had leagued with death to forget her. That second coming looked far off to him. The East with its familiar magic drew him: there, where he had known happiness and grief, had toiled and overcome, was his true dwelling-place.

Yet among his visions of the grey cold city of the North, which he had seen in its spring glory and left in its autumn gloom, two pictures dwelt with him and would remain indelibly.

The one, his last look of Ellen Gordon as she lay faint and far spent in Ann Lauder's faithful arms. The end was not yet, but Ann in her love and grief seemed to see a beckoning hand steal out of the evening shadows.

"You're no feared?" she whispered.

"Why should I be feared?" Ellen asked with a smile, as of one who had already seen the Angel of the Presence and was waiting to follow where he led.

"Adam," she said, "you'll write—whiles—to my poor man? And my laddies—wanderers both of them—if they should come across your path, you'll not turn away from them?"

"I'll be to them, Ellen, God helping me, as far as in me lies, what you were to me in my difficult youth."

With that he went from her and out into the quiet streets bathed in the radiance of a sun that set in glory behind the Corstorphine slopes, and drowned the world in light.

As he thought of it, he looked across the wide estranging sea, opal-tinted in the fading day, towards the red ball of evening fire dipping slowly wavewards, and wondered as it struck the plane of waters with a crimson track if, on such a night as this and at such an hour of royal peace, Death, the minister who waits on life, had entered that far-off chamber.

Long weeks must pass before he should know, and yet did he not know already that she would rise at the messenger's call unafraid? And what was there to wish for more than that? But he was glad to remember that softened moment when Mrs. Gordon stood in the sick room and realised at last what her unbelief had meant. She did not chasten the dying woman with reproaches: poor Ellen had reproached herself too harshly for her own shortcomings all her life, and she was meekly glad of a little love at the last.

He recalled, too, Ann's wail, as he followed her downstairs leaving the two alone.

"There's naebody like the mistress—naebody. She has mair pride in her auld back-bane than wad ser' a' the New Town, no' to speak o' the Auld,—but I aye tell't ye," she turned on him fiercely, "that she wad lippen tae her hert or it was ower late. Ye dinna ken her as I ken her, Adam Gordon, that has waited on her, lass and woman, that ye suld hae misdooted her!"

One other picture, and the last.

A lad and a lass walking hand in hand between the hedgerows growing sere in the autumn wind, where love that doubted walked while May was in bloom, and love assured remained undaunted by the lurking sadness in the air. For there was no longer any confusion in the mind of either between being in love, the commonest of vulgarities, and love itself, the best thing and the rarest between man and woman.

And to have helped towards such a consummation was worth the cost of a homeward journey, of a few surrendered illusions—of a going back to loneliness. Yes, that was the prettiest and most lasting picture after all.

## THE AMERICAN CAPITOL.



PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON.

ENGLAND has been congratulated on the fact that she has never been called upon to put together a wholly new constitution, or to set out to build a national capital. The American people have had to face both these great political tasks. In 1787 they devised a written constitution, and a few years later they laid out and commenced to build an entirely new city, to serve as the headquarters of their national government. In accomplishing the first of these undertakings, they proceeded on lines widely differing from those on which our constitution has been built up and our political institutions slowly developed. This is evident to a new-comer to the city which, since 1800, has been the seat of the Federal Government. It becomes evident to him directly he steps from the railway station into Pennsylvania Avenue. Looking eastward as he crosses from the southern to the northern side of Washington's magnificent central boulevard, there is the stately Capitol, while to the westward, down the Avenue and fully two miles away from the Capitol, are the Treasury Building, the White House, and the State, War, and Navy Departments.

The distance between the Capitol and the Executive Mansion and the State Departments forms a key to the American political system. An English visitor, who knows how very close is the connection between Downing Street and the Houses of Parliament, might be apt to inquire when he enters the House of Representatives or the Senate for the whereabouts of the seats of the Representa-

tives of the Executive Departments who form the President's Cabinet. He will not, however, make an inquiry of this kind if, when on Pennsylvania Avenue, or, better still, when on the top of the commanding terrace on the western side of the Capitol, he has noted the way in which the Executive buildings are dotted about the city, and how remote many of them are from the great building in which the two Houses of Congress hold their sessions. If Downing Street were as far away from St. Stephen's as Hyde Park or the Oval, it would hardly be possible for the Chancellor of the Exchequer or the Home Secretary to divide his official day between his department and the House of Commons.

The distance between the Capitol at Washington and the Treasury and the departments of State is almost as great as that between Westminster and Hyde Park. One reason for this is, no doubt, the fact that the American political system does not call for the presence of the members of the Cabinet either in the Senate or in the House of Representatives. Their duties, like those of the President, can be discharged in their departments; and neither the President nor any of the eight members of his Cabinet has business which takes him with any frequency to the Capitol. In the early days of the Federal Government the President read his annual message to Congress. Nowadays it is submitted to Congress, and the President goes to the Capitol only on the occasion of his inauguration, which takes place on the Terrace, and occasionally



at the extreme end of the session to sign some bill which it may be necessary to pass before Congress adjourns. There is a room for the President at the Capitol, elaborately furnished; but it is little more than one of the show places, one of the sights in the Capitol, which the guides point out much as they do the manuscript Bible which is kept under a glass case in the Congressional Library.

The City of Washington was an early and immediate outcome of the governmental system set out in the American Constitution; and the intimate connection between the two, between the famous document drawn up at Philadelphia and the great city laid out as a political capital by L'Enfant, the French engineer, is irresistibly suggested to anyone who climbs up the Washington Column or the dome of the Capitol to take a bird's-eye view of the city, and of the district of Columbia of which it forms part. The French engineer laid out the city, and French architects designed the central and older portion of the Capitol. French influence was making a great impression on America, and on her political life, at the time Washington was laid out and the Capitol was built. Later on this influence was shaken off.

French ideas, however, continued in vogue at Washington for a good while, and about 1860 they came very near impressing themselves on the Capitol for all time. In that year the colossal statue of Freedom which now adorns the dome was about to be cast. The original model, as made by Crawford, the sculptor, was crowned by the liberty cap, which had been much in favour as a political emblem with American patriots of the Revolutionary era. But in 1860 the Southern slave-holding Democrats were in power at Washington. The rebellion had not yet broken out in the South, and Jefferson Davis—later on the President of the Southern Confederacy—was still at Washington holding the office of Secretary at War. His department was in charge of the work on the new Capitol. When he saw Crawford's model he at once protested. "This," he is said to have declared, "will never do! We Americans have patronised this absurd liberty cap too long already. It was the detestable head-gear adopted by the freed slaves at Rome. Let us put it out of our sight." And so Jefferson Davis ordered the statue to be crowned instead with a head-piece of feathers like those worn by the North-American Indians. Jefferson Davis's remarks concerning the liberty cap are taken from a Republican source, from a Republican journal which thirty years ago would not have hesitated to have put any sentiments against liberty in the mouth of the late President of the Confederacy. It is, however, a matter of record that the liberty cap at first formed a part of the statue.

Congress first occupied the Capitol in 1800; but it was then not more than a fifth of its present size, and it remained in a more or less half-finished state until 1811, when a dome and two wings were added under the superintendence of the French architect Latrobe. Three years later, when America was again at war with England, there was a battle at

Bladensburg, a few miles from Washington. The English were victorious, and from Bladensburg, headed by General Ross and Admiral Cockburn, the troops marched into Washington, which then had less than eight thousand inhabitants. As a result of this incursion both the Capitol and the Executive Mansion were partially demolished by fire. It was from this time that the residence of the President was known as the White House, and that the face of the older portion of the Capitol building was painted white. White paint was used in both places to cover up the blackening of the sandstone walls caused by the smoke.

American historians are rather uncertain as to the actual causes which brought about the burning of the Capitol. It is not known, they say, that the British troops at first intended any acts of wanton vandalism. "But," continues the American version of the occurrences in Washington in 1814, "as the soldiers marched triumphantly through the streets of the conquered capital, some one was foolish and criminal enough to shoot at General Ross. The bullet missed the general, but killed the horse he was riding. This naturally incensed the British, who at once burned the house from which the shot had been fired, and then hurried to the Capitol in an ugly frame of mind. Reaching the Capitol, they fired a few volleys of musket balls through its windows, and then a regiment marched into the old Hall of Representatives, now known as Statutory Hall. They were in a state of great excitement and ready for any mischief, and their leaders, instead of restraining them, actually urged them on to violence. Admiral Cockburn went to the Speaker's chair and harangued them, suggesting that 'this harbour of Yankee Democracy be burned.' The reckless soldiery took up the cry. The Library was sacked, its books piled up on the floor of the temporary wooden passage-way between the two wings, and then set afire. Soon the entire interior of the building was a raging furnace; and then the soldiers hurried away to destroy in like manner other public buildings. Scarcely were their backs turned, however, when a tremendous downpour of rain extinguished the flames, thus saving the foundations and walls of the building."

Latrobe was entrusted with the work of rebuilding the Capitol. The outer walls were not damaged, and form part of the present Capitol. It was 1827 before the second Capitol was ready for occupation; and Congress had been only a few years in possession when it was found that the building was too small for the growing requirements of the Federal Government. In 1850 an Act was passed authorising immense additions. These took the form of two wings, one now devoted to the Senate and the other to the House of Representatives, and forming with the older portion rebuilt by Latrobe the most magnificent pile of buildings in the western world. The central portion is of sandstone painted white; the wings are of marble. Public buildings in America are constructed at a slow rate. Work on the enlarged Capitol was begun in 1851. It was not, however, until the end of 1863, at the time when the war of rebellion was at its height, and when a third of the Senators and Representatives had

withdrawn from Washington to take part in the Confederate Congress, that the building was completed, and that the statue, which owes its present incongruity to Jefferson Davis, was placed in position on the dome.

Generally speaking, the uses of the Capitol correspond with those of St. Stephen's. The two

Washington as the Congressional Library, and at present answers the combined purposes of the Libraries of the Houses of Parliament and that of the British Museum. All copyright business is transacted at this Library, and to it are sent copies of nearly all the books published in America. It answers generally to the British Museum Library, except that as yet there is no



ONE OF THE THREE WINGS OF THE PRESENT CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

Houses of Congress meet there; and, as is the case at Westminster, the highest court in the land holds its sessions in the Capitol. This is the United States Supreme Court, a tribunal by which the final trial of cases arising under the Federal Constitution is heard and determined. If any one of the forty-five States now forming the Union passes a law which the citizens of the State regard as conflicting with their rights and privileges under the national constitution, the matter is brought for trial at Washington before the Supreme Court. The members of this court, unlike those of nearly all the other courts in America, hold office for life. Its judges wear robes when on the bench, but not wigs. Counsel appearing before them, however, are neither wigged nor gowned. They appear in morning dress, as do judges and lawyers in the other courts in the United States.

One institution is housed under the roof of the Capitol which has no counterpart at St. Stephen's. This is the National Library. It is known in

systematic collection and filing of all newspapers, magazines, and reviews, as has been done for so many years past at Bloomsbury.

Like the Capitol, the Library has had a somewhat chequered history. It was almost completely destroyed by the fire in 1814; its contents were more than half destroyed by another fire in 1851; and for ten or fifteen years past it has been crowded into a space altogether too small for its requirements. The Library occupies three sides of the western projection of the central portion of the Capitol; but the space available for its treasures is not as large as that at the Guildhall Library in London, or at the Picton Library in Liverpool, or the Central Library in Birmingham. A large proportion of its 700,000 volumes are stowed away in garrets and cellars, and piled high on the floors and galleries of the Library. For the last ten years the Library, to a casual visitor, has presented a scene of overcrowding and confusion which is surely not to be matched in any other public library in the world.

Visitors must have wondered that the librarians have not lost heart. They might have done so, but for the fact that across the beautiful little park which separates the Capitol from the residential district known as East Capitol, a veritable palace was in building, which is to be the future home of the library. The outer shell of the building is now complete. The internal work is in progress, and in two or three years' time the American people will be in possession of a National Library building, second as regards size and magnificence to no other library building in the world.

The building is of white marble. All the corridors and stairways are lined and adorned with polished and finely carved marble. Every part of the building is fire-proof. In the centre there is a magnificent dome, like that under which the library at Bloomsbury is housed, only that instead of the sides being lined with books, as at Bloomsbury, they will be of variegated marble. The books will be contained in alcoves off the Central Hall and in the scores of rooms which are grouped about it. *The new building is as large as the whole of the British Museum.* It is to be devoted entirely to library purposes, and will afford shelf room for seven million books, with a most ample provision for readers and for the staff of the Library.

Neither in the Senate nor in the House of Representatives is there much to remind an English

added to after each decennial census, and also by the admission of new States, now numbers 356 members. It meets in a chamber 139 feet in length and 93 feet wide. A large part of this area, however, is cut off from the chamber by the way in which the galleries are constructed. There are galleries on all sides of the hall, the four galleries seating almost three times as many people as are accommodated on the floor of the Chamber. Equally large space is afforded in the Senate Chamber, where there is accommodation for a thousand visitors. The presence of visitors was by no means an afterthought with the architect who designed the 1850 additions to the Capitol. In both chambers, as has been shown, great space is given up to them, and visitors are free to go in and out of the galleries as they choose. No tickets of admission are required. Anyone who is sufficiently well appearing to pass the attendants in the outer hall goes into the galleries of the chambers without let or hindrance, the only restriction being that while infants in arms are admitted in the House of Representatives, they are excluded from the Senate chamber.

Most of the gallery attendants are one-armed or one-legged men, who lost their limbs in the late war. The Federal Government takes the greatest care of the soldiers of the war. It has 980,000 pensioners from it, and of its 200,000 civil servants thousands owe their places in the service to the preference



THE NEW NATIONAL LIBRARY.

visitor of Westminster. The arrangement of the halls is totally different, and in many respects the mode of doing business is widely dissimilar. The House of Representatives, whose members are

which the law directs shall in every case be given to men who served in the war of the rebellion. In most of the official buildings the doorkeepers are men who were crippled in the war.



In both the Senate and the House of Representatives the seats and desks of members are arranged in horseshoe fashion round the tribune occupied by the Speaker, the clerks, and the official shorthand writers. The broad aisle running from the reporters' table to the northern door in the House of Representatives is supposed to divide off the Republicans from the Democrats. But it often happens, as in the present Congress, that one political party so overwhelmingly outnumbers the other, that it is impossible to seat all the members to the right or to the left of the Speaker. The Democrats sit to the Speaker's right; the Republicans to his left; but in the present Congress a large number of Republicans are grouped in the front rows to the Speaker's right.

There is no change of sides in the chamber with a change in the political complexion of the Government, or with a change in the majority of the members. Year in, year out, parties are grouped in the same way. The only changes are in the seating of individual members. Congress lasts two years. At the beginning of each Congress members ballot for seats. Democrats ballot with Democrats, and Republicans with Republicans; and usually a member occupies the seat he secures at the ballot during the two years he is in Congress. Changes are sometimes made to accommodate the chairmen of committees. The Speaker and all the chairmen of committees are chosen from the party which is in the majority. The chairmen of committees fulfil in the House somewhat the same duties that the parliamentary heads of the State departments discharge at Westminster. At Washington bills originate in committee, and the chairman of each committee pilots his own bills through the chamber of which he is a member. When a chairman of an important committee has had the misfortune to draw a back seat, his friends usually make room for him elsewhere, and secure him a position from which he can easily catch the Speaker's eye and command the ear and attention of the House.

The Speaker of the House of Representatives is an avowed partisan. He is elected as such, and is practically the leader of his party in the House. The work of the House in its initial stages is delegated to some sixty committees. All the members of these committees are chosen by the Speaker, who also names the chairman of each. The chairman is always of the same party as the majority, and he controls the patronage of the committee, and appoints its clerks, its shorthand writers, and its messengers from people who are of his political friends.

At the beginning of each Congress there is a large amount of patronage at the disposal of the party which is in the majority. This is outside the rules of the Civil Service Commission, a body which for some years past has protected the rank and file of Government clerks from arbitrary dismissal, and has largely broken up the spoils system, which had dominated every department of political life in Washington for sixty or seventy years. A small proportion of the patronage connected with the Senate and the House of Re-

presentatives is conceded by custom to the members who are of the minority in each House. The bulk of it, however, goes to the friends of the members of the majority. The offices thus at the disposal of the chairmen of committees are comparatively well paid; some of them are almost sinecures; and at the opening session of each Congress there is a wild scramble for these places. Politics dominate each appointment, no matter whether the position is a highly paid clerkship to an important committee, or a place as page in the Senate or the House of Representatives.

In the House of Representatives there are twenty-five or thirty pages whose business it is to wait on the members. These boys, whose ages vary from thirteen to sixteen, discharge the duties which in the House of Commons are assigned to the middle-aged and grave attendants who go about in evening dress, wearing gilt chains and large gilt badges. There is not much gravity about the little fellows who answer the calls of the Congressmen at Washington. Apparently they soon get into the spirit of the place, and lounge about the chamber with the ease and freedom from convention which characterise a Congressman who has spent half a lifetime at the Capitol. The pages wear no uniform. Most of them are in knickerbockers. Their only badge of office is a silver star. They are paid at the rate of fifteen pounds a month, and boys come from the remotest parts of the country to take these positions. I remember sitting in the visitors' gallery next to a little fellow of about twelve who had come from Tennessee to act as page. So far the page-elect had not got his silver star, nor seen his name duly recorded on Uncle Sam's great pay-roll. But, like thousands of Americans who spend all they have got to make pilgrimages to Washington with a view to political office, my little neighbour in the gallery was full of hope, and was spending the interval before getting his star in watching from the gallery the doings of the boys in the Chamber below, in whose ranks he was so anxious to be enrolled. He spoke of the representatives from Tennessee as "my Congressmen," and grew quite confiding as he pointed them out to me. "There's big money in it," he gleefully remarked; and then added with great pride, "It isn't anybody who can get these positions. You need influence. But I am all right. My Congressmen are elected to the next Congress, and I am right for that too."

For the last fifteen years one of the Senators from Maryland has been a man who commenced his political career at Washington as a page. During this time the pages have looked up to him as peculiarly their friend, and have regarded him with the same admiration as an English boy regards one of Mr. Smiles's heroes. This is the only recorded instance of a page having become a Senator. But scores of the boys who began as pages are now in good position in the State departments; while others have gone into the law and into newspaper work.

A set debate in the House of Representatives is exceedingly interesting. Debates of this kind,



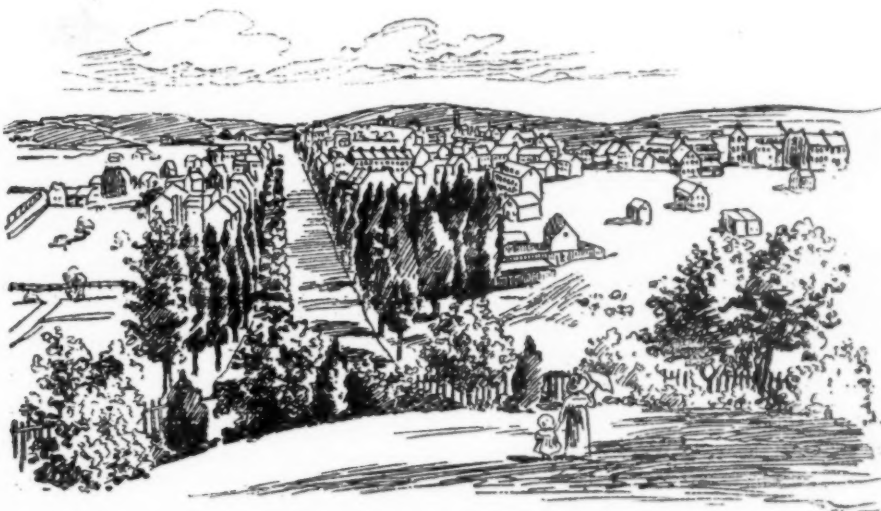
however, are not of frequent occurrence ; and the chances are that when a visitor takes his place in the gallery, he will find the clerk calling the roll, a most wearisome proceeding, or some business going forward which interests perhaps only a score of the 356 members. Two-thirds or more of the House may be present ; but, on an occasion like this, the majority of the members take no more interest in the matter before the House than do the coloured loafers who have come into the galleries out of the cold, or to while away an afternoon. The few members who are interested leave their seats and crowd the main aisle and the space in front of the Speaker's chair, and carry on the discussion with all the energy and freedom that characterise an American side-walk convention on a fine summer afternoon. The Speaker occasionally intervenes ; but usually he allows the little group to worry the matter out in their own way, and at their own pace. The other members know that every line of the discussion will appear in the "Congressional Record" next morning ; and, beside the little group, the only people who seem interested are the official reporters for the "Record." When these discussions are in progress, the reporters are compelled to abandon their table, and dodge in and out among the members in order to get a full note of the utterances. As for the rest of the members, some write letters, others read the newspapers, others smoke and exchange stories with their neighbours.

Like the House of Commons, the House of Representatives possesses a mace. When the House is sitting it is placed, not upon the table as at Westminster, but in an upright position on the steps leading to the Speaker's chair. It is in the custody of the sergeant-at-arms, and on occasions of tumult in the House, when the sergeant is called upon to restore order, he takes the mace to the scene of the disorder. The Stars and Stripes are always displayed from the roof of the chamber when the House is in session, and also at the back

of the Speaker's chair. The House of Commons is exceedingly jealous of any intrusion beyond the bar. At Washington there is no spirit of this kind. Admission to the floor when the House is sitting is accorded not only to the President and Vice-president, to the judges of the Supreme Court, to Congressmen-elect, to the heads of the State departments, and to foreign ministers, but also to the governors of States, to persons who have received the thanks of Congress, to all ex-members of the House, and to numerous secretaries and private secretaries. Several hundreds of people are thus privileged to go in and out of the chamber while business is proceeding.

The House meets in the morning and seldom sits after six o'clock, except at the end of the session. The mode of addressing members from the chair and by fellow members sounds a little odd to anyone who is accustomed to the House of Commons. Here a member is the "Honourable Member" or the "Right Honourable Member," as the case may be. In the House of Representatives a member is addressed as "the gentleman from Tennessee" or "the gentleman from Missouri."

This style of addressing members is partly due to the fact that representation in Congress is by districts, not by towns and cities and counties and divisions of counties, as in England. There are no members for Philadelphia or for St. Louis, or for any other large city. Philadelphia is a Congressional district, and the members from that district are associated at Washington not with the city of Philadelphia, but with the State of Pennsylvania. In the case of States having a number of members of Congress, the members associate themselves in an organisation, the president of which is known as the Dean of the Delegation. Members thus associated act and work together in distributing the Federal patronage assigned to their State. Not only are there postmasterships and collectorships of revenue in each State to be filled by party adherents, but each State is entitled to its quota in the staffs of the numerous departments at the National



WASHINGTON IN 1813. (From an old print.)

Capitol. All the Washington patronage as well as the foreign patronage, the positions as ministers plenipotentiary and the consulships, are divided among the States according to their representation in the lower House of Congress.

A certain share of all Federal patronage is, however, reserved for the inhabitants of the District of Columbia. The district is the area ten miles square, partly occupied by the city of Washington, and formerly owned and still administered by the Federal Government. Washington people have no political franchises, municipal, State, or Federal. From one year's end to another a resident of the District of Columbia never casts a ballot. But residents in the districts get their fair proportion of

Federal patronage, and as another compensation for the fact that the suffrage is thus denied them, the Federal Government charges itself with half the cost of the municipal administration of the city. This makes municipal taxation in Washington a light charge upon its inhabitants.

As compared with most American cities, Washington is well administered. Since the elective form of government was done away with in 1871, there have been no grave municipal scandals. The city is splendidly paved, and has a most efficient service of street cars. The streets and avenues are clean and well lighted. All this is more than can be said for any of the other large American cities.



### THE LAST THOUGHTS OF A MAN OF SCIENCE.

THE relation of Science to Religion is, in these days, a question always with us. Are the methods of the two quite incommensurable, or have they any meeting-point? May the man of science be also the man of faith? Such questions have been perhaps sufficiently discussed on abstract grounds; it may be useful to turn to a living example. A very notable example has recently been brought before the world of readers by the Rev. Canon Gore, in the fragments of a long-meditated work, partly autobiographical, partly philosophical, by the late George John Romanes,<sup>1</sup> one of the ablest expositors and advocates of the Darwinian theory of evolution: The study throughout is marvellously interesting and suggestive.

Mr. Romanes was trained in the Evangelical faith, and at the age of twenty-five (1874) gained the Burney Prize at Cambridge for an Essay on "Christian Prayer, considered in relation to the belief that the Almighty governs the world by general Laws." In this Essay, to which an appendix on "The Physical Efficacy of Prayer" was added, Romanes assumed the existence of a personal God and the truth of the Christian Revelation, maintaining with much subtlety and power that specific answers to prayer are not inconsistent with fixity in the general laws of nature and life. Hereafter the numerous acknowledged works of Mr. Romanes dealt chiefly with natural phenomena and scientific theories, as "Mental Evolution in Man," and "in Animals," "Darwin and after Darwin," "An Examination of Weismannism," etc., besides papers in the "Nineteenth Century," the "Contemporary Review," and other publications. In these the deeper problems of philosophy and religion were for the most part left untouched; but some four years after the Essay on Prayer there appeared in Trübner's Philosophical Library an anonymous work entitled "A Candid Examina-

tion of Theism, by *Physicus*," in which the conclusion is distinctly, even dogmatically, on the side of agnosticism. "The advance of science," says the author, "has now entitled us to assert, without the least hesitation, that the hypothesis of mind in nature is as certainly superfluous to account for any of the phenomena of nature, as the scientific doctrine of the persistence of force and the indestructibility of matter is certainly true." And again, "There can no longer be any more doubt that the existence of a God is wholly unnecessary to explain any of the phenomena of the universe, than there is doubt that if I leave go of my pen it will fall upon the table."

There was at the time much curiosity as to the authorship of this lucid, subtle, and passionless persuasive to atheism. But the secret was well kept; and it is only now known that the author was George John Romanes. As if penetrated by some inward misgiving, he wished only one edition to be issued.<sup>2</sup> "My object in publishing was solely that of soliciting criticism for my own benefit." The writer's personality, however, appears in a touching paragraph in which he eloquently mourns the vanishing of his early faith.

"Forasmuch as I am far from being able to agree with those who affirm that the twilight doctrine of the 'new faith' is a desirable substitute for the waning splendour of 'the old,' I am not ashamed to confess that with this virtual negation of God the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness; and although from henceforth the precept to 'work while it is day' will doubtless but gain an intensified force from the terribly intensified meaning of the words that 'the night cometh when no man can work,' yet when at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it,—at such times I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible. For, whether it be due to my intelligence not being sufficiently advanced to meet the requirements of the age, or whether it be due to the memory of those sacred associations which to me at least were the sweetest that life has given, I cannot but feel that for me, and for others who think as I

<sup>1</sup> "Thoughts on Religion, by the late George John Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. Edited by Charles Gore, M.A., Canon of Westminster." Longmans, 1895.

<sup>2</sup> This wish was not carried into effect: a second edition has been published.

do, there is a dreadful truth in those words of Hamilton: 'Philosophy having become a meditation not merely of death, but of annihilation, the precept "*Know thyself*" has become transformed into the terrific oracle to *Œdipus*: "Mayest thou ne'er know the truth of what thou art"'" (p. 28).

"His face is stern," Mrs. Browning writes of *Lucretius*, "as one compelled, in spite of scorn, to teach a truth he could not learn." The opinions of Mr. Romanes gradually underwent a change. "It does not appear to me," he now writes, "that the modifications which my views have undergone since the publication of my '*Candid Examination*' are due so much to purely logical processes of the intellect as to the sub-conscious (and therefore more or less unanalyzable) influences due to the ripening influences of life." The outcome of these influences was seen first in the preparation of three papers for the "Nineteenth Century" on "The Influence of Science upon Religion," in which the sceptical conclusions are modified, but in a still anxious and uncertain tone. "Natural Religion at the present time can only be regarded as a system full of intellectual contradictions and moral perplexities; so that if we go to her with these greatest of all questions: 'Is there knowledge with the Most High? Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' the only clear answer which we receive is the one that comes back to us from the depths of our own heart—'When I thought upon this, it was too painful for me.'"

These Essays, for some reason, were not published in the periodical for which they were written. Canon Gore has printed two of them for the first time in the book now before us. But by far the most interesting part of the volume is in a series of Notes prepared by Mr. Romanes, during the latter part of his life, for a work which should contain his mature conclusions, and which, as a corrective to his former treatise, he intended to entitle "*A Candid Examination of Religion, by Metaphysicus*." Had Romanes lived, this book also was to have been anonymous; but his death has removed all reason for concealment, and the Notes appear as they came freshly from the author's mind, with here and there a word of comment from the editor, and a reassuring and beautiful conclusion: "It will surprise no one to learn that the author of these 'Thoughts' returned before his death to that full, deliberate communion with the Church of Jesus Christ which he had for so many years been conscientiously compelled to forego. In his case the 'pure in heart' was, after a long period of darkness, allowed, in a measure before his death, to see God. *Fecisti nos ad Te, Domine; et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in Te*."

Some readers will share Canon Gore's profound regret that the author was not allowed to complete his work. And yet we are not altogether sure that the fragmentary form in which the Notes are presented will not be a gain to some, whose minds, instead of being engrossed by one sustained chain of argument, will be set to work in various directions, and stimulated to different lines of inquiry. There is hardly a page that may not be long and profitably pondered,

whether we agree or not; for assuredly on some points the instructed Christian reader will be inclined to withhold his assent, or, it may be, to distrust the very steps by which the author was led from darkness into light.

To the end Romanes was unshaken in his adherence to the evolution theory. He even writes on the subject of the analogy between Nature and Revelation: "I shall somewhere show how much better a treatise Butler might have written had he known about Evolution as the general law of Nature." This intention he has not carried out; it is one of the unwritten portions of the "*Candid Enquiry*." But Romanes' general position is quite clear. Throughout the whole realm of the physical, according to him, Nature works by the method of Evolution. "Reason," i.e. the process of scientific ratiocination, can guide us no further than this. So far as any realm beyond the physical is concerned, reason in this sense is purely agnostic. If in this higher sphere we can discover anything, it must be by extra-rational faculties, as intuition, spiritual apprehension, faith. Now, is there in man "an organ of spiritual discernment"? With the illustrious Pascal, as well as with many great modern thinkers like the late Thomas Henry Green, Romanes answers this question by an assured affirmative. He notices the frequent objection that such apprehension is of value only to those who actually possess it; and, in reply, some of his most striking and original notes maintain that the existence of this spiritual discernment may be objectively regarded, as a fact of human life. "The existence of God," he profoundly remarks, "is not a merely physical problem to be solved by man's reason alone, without reference to his other and higher faculties." And again: "Pure agnostics," he says, "ought to investigate the religious consciousness of Christians as a phenomenon which may possibly be what Christians themselves believe it to be, i.e. of Divine origin." Once more: "All first principles, even of scientific facts, are known by intuition and not by reason. Now if there be a God, the fact is certainly of the nature of a first principle, for it must be the first of all first principles. No one can dispute this. No one can therefore dispute the necessary conclusion, that if there be a God, He is knowable (if knowable at all) by intuition and not by reason."

It is interesting to know that on the last Sunday before his death, Romanes expressed to Canon Gore his entire agreement with the main argument of Professor Knight's "*Aspects of Theism*." In this work the reality of theistic intuition is maintained with much force and eloquence. Thus:

"The very existence of the intuition of which I now speak is itself a revelation, because it points to a Revealer, within or behind itself; and however crude it may be in its elementary forms, in its highest and purest state it manifests itself as at once an act of intelligence and of faith. It may be most fitly described as a direct gaze, by the inner eye of the spirit, into a region over which mists usually brood. The great and transcendent Reality, which it apprehends, lies evermore behind the veil of phenomena. It does not see far into that reality, yet it grasps it, and recognises in it the 'open secret' of the universe. This, then, is the main characteristic of the theistic intuition. It announces the existence of a transcendent Being, whom it apprehends in the act of revealing itself. It perceives, through the vistas



of phenomenal sequence, a Presence which it only knows in part, but which it does not follow in the dark, or merely infer from its obscure and vanishing footprints" (pp. 119, 120).

Now, among the intuitions of the mind is that of *causality* as implying *will-power*. "Of all philosophical theories of causality, the most repugnant to reason must be those of Hume, Kant, and Mill, which, while differing from one another, agree in this—that they attribute the principle of causality to a creation of our own minds, or, in other words, deny that there is anything objective in the relation of cause and effect." This relation, then, is real, and if real, it implies volition. "The plain man will always infer that all energy is of the nature of will-energy. . . . Nor is this inference confined to the plain man: the deepest philosophical thinkers have arrived at substantially the same opinion, *i.e.* Hegel, Schopenhauer. So that the direct and most natural interpretation of causality in external nature which is drawn by primitive thought in savages and young children, seems destined to become also the ultimate deliverance of human thought in the highest levels of its culture."

Thus is the scientific mind, rescued from the toils of Atheism, led to a belief—to use the language of the old Natural Theology—in the Great First Cause, and to the universe as the product of Design. True, the language is not that of Paley and the Bridgewater Treatises, so often regarded, in these days, with superficial scorn. Since their time, undoubtedly, the conception of Teleology has widened, from that of Design, to be discerned in any individual being or thing, to the sublime inclusion of the evolved universe in one vast scheme of Order, the product of one creative Thought.

Romanes acutely criticises both the opponents and many of the advocates of design in Nature as holding in common to one erroneous postulate: "That, if there be a personal God, He is not *immediately* concerned with natural causation;" that is, that the "natural" course of things is independent of the immediate action of God, and that "there must be something inexplicable or miraculous about a phenomenon in order to its being Divine." On the contrary, our author insists upon the possibility of the union of *immanence* with *personality*. As Dr. Martineau strikingly asks, "Is it true that in acknowledging Design we separate the Designer from the world and leave Him 'standing outside'? Why not *inside*? . . . Theism is in no way committed to the doctrine of a God external to the world, but is at liberty to regard all the cosmical forces as varieties of method assumed by His conscious causality, and the whole of Nature as the evolution of His thought."<sup>1</sup> In conformity with this idea Mr. Romanes undertook to prove these four points:

"That if there be a personal God, no reason could be assigned why He should not be immanent in Nature, or why all causation should not be the immediate expression of His will.

"That every available reason points to the inference that He probably is so.

"That if He is so, and if His will is self-consistent, all natural causation must needs appear to us mechanical.

<sup>1</sup> "A Study of Religion," vol. i. p. 349.

"Therefore, that it is no argument against the Divine origin of a thing, event, etc., to prove it due to natural causation."

The distinction, therefore, between "natural" and "supernatural" causation must be abandoned. God is in both. "All causation is but the action of the Divine will." In the language of eighteenth-century poetry, His is

"the mighty Hand  
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres,  
Works in the secret deep, shoots streaming thence  
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;  
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;  
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;  
And, as on earth the grateful change revolves,  
With transport touches all the springs of life."

The advance from Theism to Christianity is inevitable. "I agree with Pascal," says Romanes, "that there is virtually nothing to be gained by being a Theist as distinguished from a Christian." And again: "Those who reject Christianity with contempt are those who care not for religion of any kind." Christianity for these days is the only possible religion. The mind, set free by the acceptance of Theism for the admission of at least the possibility of Divine revelation, is irresistibly led to consider the claims of Christ. Romanes finely writes:

"Not only is Christianity immeasurably in advance of all other religions. It is no less so of every system of thought that has ever been promulgated in regard to all that is moral and spiritual. Whether it be true or false, it is certain that neither philosophy, science, nor poetry has ever produced results in thought, conduct, or beauty in any degree to be compared with it. This, I think, will be on all hands allowed as regards conduct. As regards thought and beauty it may be disputed. But, consider, what has all the science or all the philosophy of the world done for the thought of mankind to be compared with the one doctrine 'God is Love'? Again, as regards beauty, the man who fails to see its incomparable excellence in this respect merely shows his own deficiency in the appreciation of all that is noblest in man. True or not true, the entire Story of the Cross, from its commencement in prophetic aspiration to its culmination in the Gospel, is by far the most magnificent in literature. And surely the fact of its having all been lived does not detract from its poetic value. Nor does the fact of its being capable of appropriation by the individual Christian of to-day as still a vital religion detract from its sublimity. Only to a man wholly destitute of spiritual perception can it be that Christianity should fail to appear the greatest exhibition of the beautiful, the sublime, and of all else that appeals to our spiritual nature, which has ever been known upon our earth" (pp. 159, 160).

Several sections follow these impressive words, on the special doctrines of Christianity, as the Trinity and the Incarnation, their reasonableness being strongly maintained. But into these details we cannot now go. Enough that we have in these pages the testimony of a singularly candid and independent mind, versed in modern science and philosophy, drawn at one period into depths of scepticism, but, with larger knowledge and maturer judgment, raised into the light of faith. "I can hardly think," Canon Gore well remarks, "anyone can read these Notes to the end without agreeing with me that, if I had withheld them from publication, the world would have lost the witness of a mind, both able and profoundly sincere, feeling after God and finding Him."

S. G. G.



## MUSIC IN THE COVE.

COMING up from the Cove to my lodgings one morning, I met a small urchin running full pelt down what serves for a road in Porthgwavas. News of exciting importance was plainly written on his face. Events of any kind whatsoever—save of a fishy kind—are rare indeed in this remote little settlement, planted as it is in a cleft of the Land's End granite rocks, ten miles from a railway, on the road to nowhere at all; so my curiosity was naturally aroused, and I turned and followed the corduroyed Mercury. When I came up with him, half the population—say, some thirty souls—had already collected round him, and the other half was quickly coming up, the men leaving their nets and crab-pots, the women running out bare-headed from their household "churrs"; for the Cornish are as constitutionally eager to hear some new thing as ever the Athenians were.

The small boy, with a vivid sense of his temporary importance manifest in his demeanour, was holding forth in the centre of a ring of interested faces.

"Ess," he was saying, "I seed en up to Rosemorna Farm. 'A was standen in the yard, and 'a turned the handle and 'a turned the handle, and the music come out—aw, lovely 'twas! So I waited till 'a did stop, and then I goes up to 'm, and says I, 'Mister Hurdy-gurdy man, plaize be you a-comen down 'long to Cove?' So 'a glazed upon me out of his little eyes—ess, that 'a did: made me feel brae'm wisht, the way 'a glazed upon me—and 'a said, 'Naice leet' boy, gif pen-nee for mu-sica'—just like that. So I said to hurdy-gurdy man, 'You come down 'long to Cove, and you'll get plenty o' pennies,' said I; 'down this way,' said I, and I pointed the way. So 'a hoisted hurdy-gurdy on his back, and, says he, 'You naice leet' boy, show-a me ze vay'—just like that. But 'a looked so wisht wi' the great box on his back, like a hump, and him stooping and stumping like a 'auld witch, and the big beard of en and the little eyes of en, that I thought I'd like to run on just to tell 'ee 'a was comen."

"That'll be the chap come last year, I'm thinken," said one.

"Ess, I mind en, wi' his beard and hair all todgy," said another; "just the picture o' William here after a week out to say."

"That's the chap," said a third, while the laugh went round at William's expense. "I-talian, 'a b'lieve. Very pretty music 'a had in that box, too."

"Pretty 'twas," declared the patriarch, Bob Jago, emphatically. "Now listen to me, you chaps," he continued, "for I've got a notion. 'Tedn' often we d' get a bit o' music in these parts, as you'll agree, and more's the pity. Now what d'ye say to hauling the boats up and taking a holiday? Pollack edn' feeding to-day, and the pots can wait. What d'ye say?"

The suggestion was received with acclamation.

The love of music among all Cornishmen is intense; and Porthgwavas folk love it as much as any, and get less than most. The place is not large enough to support a regular choir of its own, such as flourishes in the larger villages; and the inhabitants, needy crabbers and trammel-fishers, cannot afford to emulate the example of the aristocrats of the herring-fisheries, and buy their daughters pianos. Save for one decrepit, uncertain-voiced accordion, and a few insignificant small fry in the shape of penny whistles and jews'-harps, William Tredegar's harmonium is the only musical instrument in the place; and, starved as you may be for musical sustenance, William Tredegar's harmonium and William's performances thereon come to pall upon you after twenty years or so.

Stories are told of men from here who have been sent to Thursday market at Penzance with a long list of necessities to be procured; but immediately on descending from the coach in High Street they have fallen under the spell of the town band, and followed it about meekly from place to place all the livelong day, their business forgotten, their women-folk's reproaches unthought-of, until when night has come and the coach has departed, they have awakened to apprehension of worldly matters and the prospect of a ten-mile walk over the hills in the dark. And it is a fact that no visitors of the "quality" class can expect to stay in Porthgwavas three days before being lured into William's parlour on some pretext or other, there to be confronted with that ancient harmonium, whose keys, like the steps of a public building, are worn away in the middle with the pressure of William's horny fingers. And if you can play but a single piece which is not in William's *répertoire*, your fame is established, your popularity secured.

Such things as these, faintly indicating the musical enthusiasm of Porthgwavas, will help you perhaps to understand the intense excitement with which we awaited the coming event, and may justify in your eyes the proceeding of Mr. Jago in declaring a mid-week holiday—an almost unprecedented thing, you must know, in thrifty, hard-working Porthgwavas.

In a few minutes the expected visitor arrived—a little black-bearded, bleary-eyed Italian, bending painfully under the weight of an overgrown barrel-organ. He was at once surrounded by the crowd, who watched in silent expectation while he lifted the instrument from his back, passed the strap round his neck, and planted the prop on the ground. Then he cast an indifferent glance around, and began to turn the handle.

A sigh of satisfaction proceeded from the audience. But, oh! the fearsome sounds that issued from the organ when the little bleary-

eyed Italian turned the handle! I could just recognise the tune. It was a music-hall ditty much in vogue about the London streets some fifteen years ago. To hear it was like being confronted with, and called to reckoning for, one's forgotten childish misdeeds. (Is any form of staleness half so offensive as the staleness of a street song when once the butcher-boys have abandoned it?) And the tone!—such husky, broken piping and groaning, such wheezy clucks and rattles and gasps for breath! Of such stuff are musicians' nightmares fashioned.

The hearers, however, did not seem aware of any shortcomings. There was a murmur of delight when the tune came to an end, succeeded by a fresh hush as the performer shifted the barrel and began to give out the next instalment of torture. But at this one member of the audience rebelled. It was Snap, Dan Jenkin's terrier pup. He lifted up his nose and wept grievously. At this unmannerly interruption everybody looked daggers, and after one or two vigorous but ineffectual reproofs, uttered in an undertone, Dan Jenkin seized the offender by the scruff and removed him hurriedly, blushing up to the eyes for shame.

The tune coming to an end, Bob Jago took it upon himself to make an apology to the stranger.

"Axen your pardon," he said, in a very loud voice, which no foreigner could fail to understand, "axen your pardon; pup dedn' know no better. Never had no manners, that pup hadn'. Hope you'll be so kind—play tune again."

But the foreigner *did* fail to understand; or at any rate he took no notice, and began the third selection forthwith. It was curious to see how completely this dirty, ragged bit of Italy ignored his audience. He scarcely vouchsafed them a glance. It did not seem so much disdain as weariness and indifference. He looked wearily over one shoulder moorward, and over the other shoulder seaward. He gazed wearily into the sky overhead. Once or twice he glanced, with some life in his eyes, towards the nearest cottage door, from which pennies might be expected to issue. But always his eyes wandered back to a downward contemplation of his organ, and there he mostly kept them fixed, regarding it with something of acquiescent affection, I thought, as one might regard a lifelong companion who has grown to be almost a part of oneself, at once a burden and a solace.

The fourth tune—a jerky jig with a horrible drone, bagpipe fashion, for accompaniment. In the brief intervals between the tunes, one's ear caught fragments of a very different concert, Nature's own: the delicate silver sound of larks rising and falling all the way up the glen, a twitter from a hedge-sparrow, a trill from a wren, the far-off laughter of gulls floating in a maze high up in the blue, the rushing wings of a sooty gang of daws hurrying across the valley and calling "Jack, Jack" to one another in a dozen keys, and, underlying all, a ground bass to the symphony, the low roar of the Atlantic.

The fifth—a massacre of "Adeste Fideles." In the middle came a hoarse croak from above. Nobody else noticed it, but when I looked up, there, sailing in wide circles high over our heads,

was a great black raven. I wondered what he, who may be styled the tutelary genius of the land, the acknowledged master of all wild creatures in it, lord of the birds and terror of the four-footed things—what he thought of this most irreverent and discordant invasion of his territory. His own voice, harsh as it was, was yet in perfect keeping with the wild place, with the bare brown moor and the rocky glen and the ever-troubled sea; but this!

The sixth—the "Little Buttercup" air from "Pinafore." Was there ever anything so vexatiously, so comically incongruous? And only an hour ago I was thinking how pleasant it was to be out of the world for a while, in a place where no disturbing influence could reach; where there was nothing to remind one of cities and their vulgar sights and sounds; where the inhabitants, good, gentle people, lived, hand-in-hand with nature, a simple innocent life, linked to the world only by the slenderest of chains; where, too, the soil was impregnated with the poetry of ancient things, with legends and memorials of fairies, of Druids, of Merlin himself; of Irish saints and Danish Vikings, and

"The grave Tyrian trader from the sea;"

where one looked from the cliffs over the waves that hide Lyonesse, the buried land of Tristram, Tristram the peerless knight and musician: and now here was the latest substitute for Tristram's harp of gold.

With a last discordant squeal the uproar ceased. But it was only for the briefest space. Without troubling to shoulder his instrument, but letting it hang by the strap from his shoulders at one step and rest by the prop on the ground at the next, the little bleary-eyed Italian hobbled on to the next cottage. The crowd parted respectfully to let him pass, and then followed, forming round him again as soon as he stopped.

The next cottage was but a dozen paces off, and then we had it all again. And not only once again. There are twelve cottages in the Cove, and before every one of those twelve cottages did this too conscientious child of the South relentlessly grind out his six tunes. If two doors happened to be only two yards apart, it made no difference to him; neither was slighted. He also played before the two cowsheds, Jago's and Tredegar's, obviously under a mistaken impression as to their real character—a pardonable error, perhaps; for a Cornish cowshed, built substantially of granite, neatly white-washed, and roofed with slate, is no doubt an imposing structure to foreign eyes.

After three or four performances the audience thinned. The women without exception went back to their household affairs (there is no true enthusiasm in the nature of womankind), and most of the men discovered that they could hear just as well, while better consulting their dignity, by remaining at their doors or among their pots and nets, instead of trotting about at the heels of this latter-day Orpheus. Only the children remained faithful to the end. They did not attempt to dance to the music, as town children would have done; the thing was too strange and novel



THE RETURN OF THE FISHING BOATS.

[c. T. DAVIDSON.]

for that. But wherever the hurdy-gurdy man went the pretty band followed him, and stood and gazed and listened with rapt solemn faces, the younger and more timid ones hand in hand. Once I saw a little rosy maid go shyly forward and touch the wonderful box with her finger, and then, alarmed at her audacity, run and hide behind a companion.

But at last, when every door had been visited, and no more pennies were forthcoming, hurdy-gurdy and hurdy-gurdy man took their departure up the valley. But we were not done with them yet. Sounds carry far in the pure moorland air; and all the afternoon fragments of doleful melody were floating down to us, first from one hill-farm and then from another, forcing themselves willy-nilly upon the ear, and dominating the native music of land and sea in a fashion out of all proportion to their worth and acceptability. The soft gorse-laden breezes submitted tamely to carry them; the Atlantic breakers, instead of drowning these unseemly sounds with their rolling chant, were content to murmur a subdued complaisant accompaniment; and, I am not sure—the thing is not without precedent, though unlikely—but I fancy I caught a blackbird endeavouring to echo the first bars of "Little Buttercup." A horrible spell seemed to lie over the place, and it was not removed till evening fell, and just as the first spangle of moonlight flashed in the water of the cove the last dismal echo from the intruder faded from the air.

Down in the Cove I found a group discussing the morning's visitation. As I approached, old Bob Jago was speaking.

"Simmin to me," he was saying, "that hurdy-gurdy man have larned a new melody or two since 'a was here last time. There was one jiggy thing I can't mind hearing afore—a pretty bit of a thing 'twas, as merry a tune as you could wish, and stirring to the feet."

"I mind the thing you d' mane, Bob," said Dan Jenkin, "but you're wrong. 'T'es a' old tune wi' he, only the chap, being more practised, like, wed' en, 'a played en a bit faster, and that's what deceived 'ee."

"What fullishness you chaps do talk!" exclaimed another, a little sharp-eyed man, withered in middle age. "There edn' no larning nor no practice wi' those hurdy-gurdy chaps. The stuff's in the box, wound up. All the furriner do is to turn the handle and unwind et. A chield could do as much, first try."

"Don't be so sure o' that, Jacky," said William Tredegar, with a shake of his head and a confident, knowing look round. "There's a deal o' art in playing a hurdy-gurdy, I've no doubt. You can see that. One tune d' go quick and joyful, another d' go slow and solemn; you've got to know which, and play according. 'T'es the expression, so to spake—that's the great thing in music. Now if you were to try *your* hand, Jacky my lad, not knowing nothing about it, ten to one you'd disgrace yourself complete, by turning 'Old Hundred' into a hornpipe, or some such thing."

There was a general laugh. William is recog-

nised as an authority on the subject, for, as I have already mentioned, he is the possessor and sole manipulator of *the* harmonium, and he has even been known at a pinch to take the regular performer's place "up chap'l," and accompany a hymn with great success and quite novel effects. Indeed, so far as playing the treble goes he is marvellously skilful; the more subtle complications of the bass he prefers to leave for *virtuosi* to master, having invented as a substitute a simple and perfectly satisfactory system of his own, by which all melodies are harmonised, in musical phrase, to the tonic and dominant chords of the prevailing key, played alternately, after the manner familiar to amateurs of the German concertina. So William Tredegar speaks with some authority on matters musical, and his pronouncements are listened to with respect.

However, Jacky the sceptic remained unconvinced, as sceptics will, in spite of the best of arguments.

"That's as may be," he said, "but I stick to it, the music's in the hurdy-gurdy, not in the man; and be he ever so clivver, 'a can't play nothing but what's in his box. Look at the German band now, come here last summer. They played by note, they did; and you d' mind, William, when you brought 'em out 'Vital Spark' and axed 'em to have a shot at 'n, they only had to look en over and study en a bit, and they went through en slap—firsts, seconds, tenor and bass, com-plete. And 'Vital Spark' do take a tidy lot o' playing too, a' b'lieve."

"You're right, Jacky," said William feelingly. "I edn' so sure o' the last page o' that myself, though I've been at en for years."

"Well," said Jacky in triumph, "hurdy-gurdy couldn' play a note o' 'Vital Spark' for the life of en, I'll wager."

"Come, Jacky," interposed Mr. Jago, in tones of benevolent firmness, "who says 'a could? 'At's just your way. Argufy you must, though all the world do think same as yourself. No wonder this world's a world o' strife, wi' chaps like you knocking about. Music's pretty 'nough music, no matter how 'tes made. I listens to my music and enjoys it and axes no questions, be it hurdy-gurdy or be it harmonium, or be it German band. And why can't 'ee do the same? I gave hurdy-gurdy man his penny, and thought it cheap; and so 'twas."

"And so 'twas," was echoed round. When old Bob Jago speaks, all the world agrees.

Late that night I opened my window, and looked out on a scene of enchantment. The moon, nearly at its full, hung over the sea directly opposite the mouth of the Cove; and below it, built across, as it seemed, from cliff to cliff, stretched a solid flawless wall of shining silver, against which, silhouetted in black, the peaked roof of a cottage rose between two rounded hillocks. The silver wall I knew to be the sea, so calm and so equally lit by the moon that all sense of perspective was lost, and it appeared to stand up vertically into the vague pale emptiness of the southern heavens, an impassable rampart, fencing off the valley and the mortals



sleeping there from what bright unimagined fairy-lands!

The gorse-bushes on the slopes scented the air, more liberal of their perfume now, when there was none to heed, than they had ever been by day. All sounds of life were hushed; there was only the gentle lapse of the brook that feeds the valley, and the softened murmur of the sea below. It is well that evil and vulgar sounds cannot leave their traces on the air they have possessed for a time, but fade away at once and are done with. Else how stained and soiled this sweet silent glen would be to-night! what a foul litter of unseemly clamours would strew it from end to end!

O the lovely night! The pale grass in the

meadow, the white rocks on the hillside, the white cottages in the hollow, glimmered through a luminous haze, seemingly with a phosphorescent light of their own. And could that wide brightness on the sea be a mere reflection from the moon—herself scarce so bright? Surely there was enchantment here. One thought of the wizard bird—

"That oft-times hath  
Charmed magic casements opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn"—

and one longed, now of all times, here of all places, for one strain of his song. But there are no nightingales in Cornwall. Barrel-organs they have, but no nightingales.

CHARLES LEE.

### TOO CLEVER BY HALF.

"THERE *is* such a thing as being too clever, though it is not a complaint from which the majority of men are apt to suffer," said Mr. A., with his wonted genial laugh, "and I once supplied a very fine instance of it myself, as I am going to tell you. I suppose that among all the things which you've had to learn in your travels, you must have had occasion pretty often to imitate the cries of various beasts and birds."

"Indeed I have," replied I, "and I used to be thought pretty good at it. At all events, a German paper that once wrote a life of me (and a very bad one it was, by the bye) was graciously pleased to observe that 'Mr. Ker is skilled in mimicking the cries of all kinds of animals, including the nasal tones of the Yankee!'"

"Rather hard on the poor Yankee, I must say!" laughed Mr. A.; "but what I was going to tell you was that I used to be pretty good at that sort of thing too, and as you may think (for you know what a lot of pains and patience it requires), I came at last to be very proud of my skill, though I didn't go quite so far as a friend of mine who used to boast that he could 'cluck better than any hen in the town.'"

"Well, when I was up in the north of England, I used to go out shooting a good deal on the Yorkshire moors; and there, of course, my power of copying the notes of all the different birds came into play at every turn, and was of great use. Indeed, I learned a lot more of them while I was there, and many a time did I bring home a full bag, when, but for my being able to lure the birds that way I wouldn't have seen a single feather."

"Now, I ought to tell you that my usual comrade in these outings was an old north-country farmer, just the sort of man whom Sir Walter Scott or Dickens would have drawn to the life, and made famous for ever. He was a queer, dry old fellow, with a good deal of quaint, homely wit about him, which made him great fun to talk to; but, like a good many English country-folks, he was firmly persuaded that he and his fellow-villagers knew every mortal thing that was worth knowing, and he looked down upon all outsiders like myself very much as Captain Marryat's Barbadian quadroon-girl did on the English midly: 'Me really sorry for de little gen'leman from England what not know how dance, how talk, how do anything, till him come to Barbados to learn!'"

"Well, it happened that this man was himself a very fair shot, and a first-rate mimic of all the sounds of the moor; so I suppose it put him out a bit to find me (as it seemed) pretending to rival him in both points. At any rate, we got into a very hot dispute about which was the best hand at imitating the cry of some kind of moor-fowl (the golden plover, I think it was), he vowing that no man on earth could do it like a real 'dalesman,' and I standing out that I could do it as well as any dalesman that ever was born."

"Well," said I at last, "we shall never settle it by talking,

if we go on for a week; so I'll just tell you what we must do. We'll take our guns and go over to the Swangs, which is the best place for golden plover about here; and you keep along one side of the moor and I'll keep along the other, uttering the plover's cry as we go; and the one who brings back the most birds, let him be the best man."

"Done!" cried he; and away we both went.

"Now, the Swangs were a belt of swampy moorland a few miles off, with a low, sloping ridge running right down the middle of it like a boundary-wall. It didn't take us long to get there, and when we reached it we parted as agreed, I going along one side of the ridge, and he along the other."

"As I had said, the Swangs were a fine spot for golden plover, and I had had very good sport there more than once. But this time my good luck seemed to have quite forsaken me, for I should think I must have been tramping (or rather wading) through mud and water for at least an hour after old Jobson left me, without so much as catching sight of a single bird, or even hearing the cry of one!"

"But just as I was beginning to despair, and to bite my lips at the thought of how the old boy would crow over me if he came back with a good bag (as he was pretty sure to do), I heard all at once, as plain as I ever heard anything yet, the call of a golden plover from the upper part of the ridge, about a quarter of a mile away!"

"I answered it at once with the best imitation that I could produce, and began picking my way toward it across the bog. In a few moments the cry came again, and again I replied to it, making for the sound as quickly as I could—for by this time I had got well up the ridge, and the soil was growing drier and firmer at every step."

"Twice more did I hear and answer the call—which was evidently nearing me—and the second time the cry sounded so close to me that I thought (being now quite near the crest of the ridge) that if I were to make a sudden dash, I would be able to get within easy shot of the bird when it rose. So forward I rushed with my gun all ready, and had just got to the brow of the slope, when I saw start up out of the bushes in front of me—not a golden plover, as I had expected, but the old felt hat and broad red face of my friend Farmer Jobson, who had been replying to *my* calls all the time, just as I had been replying to his, each taking the other's call for that of a real bird!"

"We both stared blankly at one another for a moment (as well we might, as two such *plowers* do not often meet on an English moor) and then burst into such a roar of laughter that you might have heard it a mile off."

"This was all the sport that we got that day, for the old man had had just as bad luck as I had; but, at all events, he could never say after that that I was not his match at imitating the plover's call, seeing that he had been taken in by it himself."

DAVID KER.

## RAMBLES IN JAPAN.

BY H. E. TRISTRAM, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S., CANON OF DURHAM.

### IV.



FOREST TREES NEAR NIKKO.

OUR first expedition into the interior from Tokio was to Nikko, nearly a hundred miles north of the capital. Nikko, which may be compared to the Oxford and Canterbury of the country combined, is, according to the firm belief of every Japanese, the most beautiful place in the world. They have a familiar proverb, "No one can say Kekko, *i.e.* splendid, till you have been to Nikko," and I am almost inclined to agree with them. Even before the introduction of railways, and when the journey could only be performed by the tedious and fatiguing jinriksha conveyance, no traveller who had the time at his command neglected to visit Nikko. Now it is as easy as any journey in England. We proceed by the great arterial railway of Japan as far as Utsu-no-Miya, whence a branch line, thirty miles in length, deposits us within two miles of the little town. In this journey for the first, but not for the last, time we felt the luxury of our extensive passport, by which we avoided the

irritating necessity of making repeated applications to the central authorities at Tokio, stating beforehand the exact route proposed to be taken, the object of the journey, and the precise time to be occupied. The respect this passport commanded from the ubiquitous little policeman was apt to engender a triumphant feeling of superiority over ordinary mortals.

Our second-class carriage was clean and airy, the compartments opening into one another, and passengers often changing their seats. Our fellow-travellers appeared to be all thorough gentlefolk, several of them speaking English, and eager to air their knowledge. We could not but be amused at the solitary instance of superior exclusiveness which was exhibited by a very smart cavalry officer, no doubt a Japanese representative of "the Tenth" of former days. More than one passenger, who evidently recognised that my daughter was engaged in missionary work, asked questions on

the subject; and one especially seemed greatly interested, exchanged cards with her, and promised us a visit at the Nikko hotel, where we intended to stay. The pace of the train happily was not that of an English express, so that we were enabled to enjoy the ever-varying landscape. Sometimes we passed through rice flats, more often along gentle slopes dotted with picturesque villages; amongst them a long straggling village entirely occupied by florists, who supply the Tokio market; whose gardens and nurseries, bright and pretty, set off the landscape with their rich borders of varying colours. We generally had in sight the old great northern road, one of the finest in the empire, lined with pines, cryptomerias, and other trees.

From Utsu-no-Miya, where we changed trains, the line was generally a steep ascent. In the last fifteen miles we rose 1,750 feet, and had a magnificent view of the mountain mass, at the roots of which nestles Nikko. The train crept up parallel with a magnificent avenue of gigantic cryptomerias, which for twenty-five miles shade the ancient road by which the Shoguns annually visited the temples of Nikko. These trees and those of the various minor avenues about the temples are amongst the finest specimens of forestry in the world, averaging a hundred feet in height, many of them more, and some five or six feet in diameter at six feet from the ground. Although of such great size, they are, as our illustration shows, planted very close together, and form to the eye a mighty wall of dark green, through which not a ray of light penetrates, excepting where here and there some storm has overthrown one of these forest giants. We passed through many smaller woods of deciduous trees, brightened by the conspicuous bloom of two species of red azaleas and of three kinds of *Pyrus japonica*, one of which, which bears the largest flower, runs along the ground after the manner of the whortleberry. I was struck here, as I repeatedly was afterwards, by the wonderful variety of low flowering shrubs in the flora of Japan, and the comparative paucity of herbaceous flowers or annuals. A few miles before reaching Nikko, a second of these colossal avenues converges towards the railway, shading an ancient sacred road, by which the envoy of the Mikado used to carry his offerings to the shrines of the deceased heroes.

From the terminus of the railway we had a jinriksha ride of more than two miles through the village to our native hotel, Nikko being a long hilly street, lined on both sides with irregularly straggling houses. Let it not be supposed, however, that Nikko lacks a large hotel, built in foreign style and with all the usual accompaniments. We, however, wisely determined to go to a native hotel, and subsequent experience confirmed the correctness of our choice. After passing through the village we reached a rocky ravine spanned by two bridges side by side, a mountain torrent, now milky from the melted snow, dashed amongst the boulders at the bottom, and the sides were garnished with shrubs of many kinds, springing from every fissure in the cliffs. We crossed by the lower bridge. The other, a few yards above, is an ingenious wooden structure painted bright red, and forms a

graceful elliptic curve. It is supported by massive stone piers fixed into the cliffs below, and its bright colour forms a striking contrast to the deep green of the tall cryptomerias which overhang it on either side. It is near a hundred feet long, and was built more than 250 years ago, and we were told that such are the preservative qualities of the paint, or rather red lacquer, with which it is covered, that it has never required repair since its erection. A tall gate encloses it at either end, and it is only opened twice in the year for the passage of pilgrims visiting the shrine. It was formerly closed to all excepting the Shogun when he came to worship.

Its sanctity arises from its standing on the spot where Shodo Shonin, a mythical Japanese saint, is said to have crossed the river in the year A.D. 762. His story is full of strange, weird legends, of which the one connected with this bridge is a sample. Shodo is said to have been directed in a dream to ascend a certain mountain, but when he arrived at this spot he found his progress arrested by this impassable gorge. Falling on his knees and praying for help, a divine being of gigantic size flung across the river two green and blue snakes which formed in an instant a bridge of rainbow shape spanning the ravine. The moment the saint had crossed, the god and the snake-bridge vanished. Shodo then settled at this spot and erected a hut which was the forerunner of the group of magnificent temples which are now the glory of Japan. Shodo Shonin died in 817, and he seems to have been a Shinto devotee, who, meeting some Chinese missionaries, embraced the Buddhist faith, or rather incorporated it with his hereditary religion.

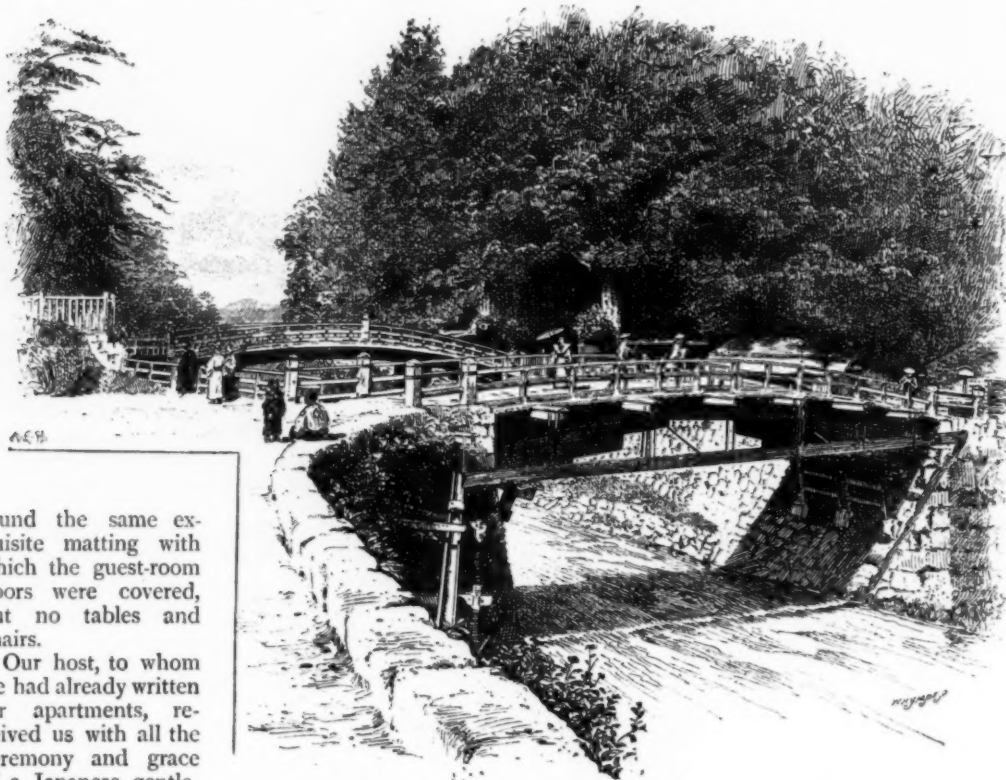
Crossing the bridge, we turn sharp round to the left, up a gentle ascent flanked on either side by little villas ensconced in their gardens, till at length a little board projecting neatly from a garden hedge proclaims in Chinese and English characters our hotel, first patronised by Mrs. Bishop, the well-known pioneer lady. A tiny stream meanders through the tiny garden with stepping-stones, islands, bridges, and quaintly dwarfed trees and shrubs, the trees the exact models of the willow pattern and other porcelain devices. On a broad stepping-stone in front of the verandah ledge of the cardboard house are two pairs of slippers for our use, and we step into the exquisitely clean, fine matting, soft as velvet, which carpets the rooms, while the boards of the verandah are polished as a dining-table. There are three parlours in a row, all open, for the sliding paper walls are pushed back into a recess or taken out in the daytime. One of these is our sitting-room. But as to the furniture, even into this exquisite gem of a Japanese house foreign ideas have penetrated. In consideration of the weakness of Western travellers, there is a little table and two cane chairs in each room, for all are furnished precisely alike. There is also a tiny side-table, and on each table is a vase of lovely flowers, and the sides of each room are occupied by cupboards with sliding paper doors. Behind these rooms is a similar arrangement of open verandah, looking out on another garden of dwarf trees, islands, and bridges, but bounded by a steep cliff overhung, as is all the mountain-side,



with forest trees, and down the cliffs are arranged a series of baby cascades, which feed the tiny lakes and then pass under the house in a porcelain channel into the front garden. The paper sides of the rooms are hung with kakemono, depicting very cleverly groups of birds or scenery. Lacquered and varnished stairs lead from back and front verandahs to our bedrooms, having paper partitions which are thrown back until the evening. The dwelling apartments of our host and his family are a continuation of our own, and are reached by the same verandah, the kitchen, which we often visited, separating them. In these private rooms we

held office in the temple, for which he was remunerated, he did not believe much in Buddhism. In fact, he was, like many of his countrymen, a very agreeable humbug.

After chatting some time he reminded us that we were to be supplied with foreign dinner, and, of course, professed readiness to give any delicacy from any part of the world. Finally it was decided that we should have fish soup, a standing Japanese dish, pigeons and pheasant, with Japanese sponge-cake and tea. This sponge-cake is a curious relic of the ancient Spanish connection. It is known by the Japanese as *Castera*,



BRIDGES NEAR NIKKO.

(The more distant is only opened twice in the year for the passage of pilgrims.)

found the same exquisite matting with which the guest-room floors were covered, but no tables and chairs.

Our host, to whom we had already written for apartments, received us with all the ceremony and grace of a Japanese gentleman, showed us our rooms upstairs and down, though, as we were for the present the only guests, we enjoyed the run of the whole house. Mr. Kanaya was a typical host, making us feel at once that we were looked upon not as lodgers by payment, but as guests of the family. Like a Boniface of the olden time, he accompanied us into our parlour, sat gracefully on the floor, and entered into conversation, recounted his recollections of Mrs. Bishop, suggested the excursions which ought not to be omitted, and the number of hours or days that each would occupy, and actually inquired whether the bent of our tastes were antiquarian, or botanical, or for scenery or sport. With his hotel he combined a small farm, and was also a lay clerk in the great Buddhist temple hard by. He volunteered a full account of himself and his family; but, knowing our religious opinions, he took care to inform us that, though he

i.e. Castille (the Japanese always substituting "r" for "l," which is wanting in their language, and which they find great difficulty in pronouncing), the art of making which they learnt from the Spanish missionaries three hundred years ago. On my demurring to the pheasant and asking if it were not the close season, our host clapped his hands, and thus summoned the pretty little maiden, who soon reappeared with a beautiful green cock-pheasant, which had evidently been snared and illegally poached in anticipation of our visit. This bird, known as *Phasianus versicolor*, is in form and size exactly like our own, but its plumage a brilliant glossy green. It is very common in all parts of the country which we visited; as is another species with a very much longer and broader tail, of a rich copper colour, powdered with white spangles,



known as the copper pheasant, *Phasianus scintillans*.

There was considerable alarm a few years ago lest these pheasants should have been exterminated by the demand for them in Paris, and I am afraid in England too, for the decoration of ladies' hats. One merchant at Yokohama told me that he had in one year exported 30,000 copper-pheasant skins. Fortunately, the plumage of the hens being very modest, they were not in demand, and in three or four years the fashion happily passed away, though not before the Government were proposing to interfere to arrest the destruction of the greatest ornament of the Japanese woods.

Having thus installed ourselves, we set out to take a cursory survey of the neighbourhood. Retracing our steps towards the sacred bridge, we passed the foreign hotel, a large unsightly building in European style, when we were surprised at being hailed in English by old friends from Shanghai, whom we never expected to meet here, and whom we were delighted to have as companions in our subsequent excursions. Returning to our home at sunset, we found our paper walls all closed in for the night, and also, what I had not perceived before, that there are double walls, the outer one of wood, all round the verandah, and which during the daytime are put away in cupboards, but which now gave the house the appearance of a huge wooden box. They are certainly useful, not only for warmth, but for privacy, as the little boys are very fond of watching the proceedings, especially of foreigners, by wetting the paper walls with their tongues and with their fingers making peep-holes. However, the weight of the whole of these walls, whether wooden or paper, should be reckoned in ounces rather than pounds. I could almost fancy there was a danger, if anything caught the button of my coat, of walking away with the walls of the house.

The inspection of the group of temples and Mausoleum of Iyeyasu is a full day's work. This latter is perhaps the finest, and certainly the most interesting historically, of the vast group of sacred buildings that dot the lower slopes of the mountain Nikko San. From the great repute for sanctity of Nikko, it was chosen as the burial-place of Iyeyasu in the year 1617. This Iyeyasu was one of the greatest rulers and generals Japan has seen, and the founder of the Shogun dynasty of Tokugawa, which continued in unbroken succession the practical rulers of the country until the revolution of 1868, when the old feudal system of the rule of the Daimios under the Shogun or Mayor of the Palace, was entirely abolished, and the Mikado, who had been for many centuries a mere *fainéant* monarch, like the later Merovingians of France, emerged from his sacred obscurity and became the actual monarch of the country; and in a few years established a constitutional government.

As Shogun, Iyeyasu was a simple usurper. Born in 1542, he had been a military officer under the Shogun Hideyoshi, for some time the patron and protector of the Christians. On the death of Hideyoshi, Iyeyasu rebelled against his youthful

son, and, after a struggle lasting several years, was finally recognised as ruler. He immediately devoted himself to breaking up the power of the Daimios, compelling them, as feudal inferiors, to do homage to himself, whilst he surrounded the Court of the Mikado with his own troops, and in fact confined him in a gilded prison. However unscrupulous may have been his methods, Japan owes to him the enjoyment of a really centralised government. He kept in his own hands many forts throughout the country, which had hitherto been held by the Daimios; he made great arterial roads through the whole country; established a postal system; and enacted laws, which were to supersede the capricious and arbitrary internal rule of the Daimios on their estates. He was, for his age, a really scientific man, and a great patron of literature. In fact, his rule has been called the Renaissance epoch of Japan. But, on the other hand, he was the first to commence the bloody persecution of the Christians, which ended a few years after his death in the extermination of Christianity.

Under his direction the Daimios were required to compel all Christians to renounce their faith. This they resisted even to blood. At length they were forced to take up arms, and raised the standard of rebellion for the first time in Japanese history, for hitherto their wars had been rather faction fights than rebellions. The struggle continued for several years, from 1606 to 1615. For some time the Christians maintained their independence, until in 1611 Iyeyasu is said to have discovered a plot manipulated by the Spanish friars for reducing the country to a condition of subjection to Spain under a Christian viceroy. From that time all foreigners were expelled and the native Christians ruthlessly massacred. The capture of Osaka in 1615 was fatal to all hopes of success by the Christian party. The slaughter continued for several days, and the Jesuit historians assert that 100,000 men perished in this war. The struggle, however, continued for more than twenty years after Iyeyasu's death, and did not end until 1637, when the castle of Shimabara was taken, and 37,000 Christians massacred, and thousands of others hurled down the rocks previously mentioned in the harbour of Nagasaki.

But enough of this digression, for we have long since arrived at Iyeyasu's mausoleum. It is, like all the others, a large enclosure surrounded by, and filled with, cryptomerias and other large trees, with stately avenues mounting up the steep hills on which they are placed. The temple is in no case a single building, but a group of some twenty temples, and this one has a gorgeous red pagoda in the wood outside, towering among the trees with admirable effect. On the outskirts are some fine houses and gardens fringing the avenue, into one of which we turned, having requested at the porter's lodge "that we might be allowed humbly to raise our eyes to the landscape." After noticing this interesting specimen of native horticulture, we turned back to the avenue, on the way up which are a series of lych-gate roofs with boards under them containing the names of contributors to the preservation fund of the temples, among them a board in English, explaining the appeal.



PAGODA AND ENTRANCE TO LARGE TEMPLE, NIKKO.

Another in Japanese contained a record of the donations of English and American visitors.

Within the enclosure were all the characteristic features which we had noticed in the temples of Shiba, but on a much larger scale—colossal bronze lamps, bells, one of them rivalling the Russian castings; great monolith pillars, etc., the gifts of Corean, Loochoo, and other foreign monarchs. This was not the only place in which we found historic evidence of the claims of Japan to some kind of recognition by Corea.

Not the least interesting of the various structures

were three long halls adjoining each other, in which are exhibited the possessions, clothing, armour, furniture, and other articles used by Iyeyasu in his lifetime. These are silent witnesses of the intelligence and culture of the Japan of three hundred years ago, and show how much was due to the Spanish fathers. Among them I was much struck by an orrery, evidently of European make, and various astronomical instruments, and others, which well illustrate the practice of the art of navigation before the invention of the quadrant. Our guide, however, considered his

swords, said to be of wonderfully tempered steel, as far more worth our study.

Arranged along the gallery over the cabinets in which these collections were kept, was a series of paintings illustrating falconry as carried on in Iyeyasu's time, for he was evidently a sportsman as well as a warrior and philosopher. We had in fact an illustrated history of the practice of the gentle



JAPANESE FALCONER

art. The similarity of the hoods, jesses, and other falconer's gear, with those in use in Europe, was very remarkable, as we can hardly conceive that falconry in Japan was derived from a European source. At the same time I think we have presumptive evidence that European and Japanese hawking have been derived from a common original.

Perhaps I may be allowed to say a few more words on this subject, as falconry is, so far as I know, the only instance in historic times in which a European art is identical in all its methods with that of the Land of the Rising Sun. Investigation will probably show that Assyria was the cradle of an art that spread thence through the whole world, east and west. The earliest monumental record of falconry is a sculpture discovered by Sir Henry Layard at Khorsabad, representing a falconer with a hawk on his wrist. This is standing evidence that hawking was practised there at least as early as 1700 B.C. But Japanese records carry us back further still, for if they may be relied on, falconry was practised in China centuries previously. A Japanese historian, of whose work a French translation has been published, relates that falcons

were amongst the Chinese presents made to princes in the time of the Hia Dynasty, supposed to have commenced 2205 B.C. We know from classical authors that falconry was practised in Central Asia, Persia, and India about 400 B.C.

There is no inconsiderable literature devoted to the art in the Japanese language. No fewer than fourteen treatises on the subject are enumerated by Harting in his "Bibliotheca Accipitraria," many of them long anterior to the visits of the Spaniards. Amongst the minutiae of the art, we may mention that, whilst European falconers repair broken feathers by what is called an imping needle, the Japanese repair a broken tail-feather by splicing on a new one with lacquer varnish. The Japanese writers on falconry mention the goshawk, the peregrine, the sparrow-hawk, the osprey, which they call the pike-catching hawk, the gier-falcon, which they obtain from Kamschatka, and, last and not least, the grey shrike, which they have succeeded in training to catch small birds.

Hawking, however, since the Revolution has become very much a thing of the past, and is almost extinct with the old feudal system, inasmuch as the new laws of trespass, which are very strict, preclude any, excepting the few who still possess great estates, from indulging in this pastime. Another reason of its decadence is probably the great increase in cultivation. From the series of pictures at Nikko we may infer that the goshawk was the favourite bird of Iyeyasu, for only one of them exhibited the prowess of the peregrine. Mr. Harting (to whose kindness I am indebted for permission to copy the illustration) infers, from the identity in almost every point of the practice of the falconers of the East and West, that the falconry of the whole world originated in India, and was introduced long before the historic period, by the Indo-Germanic race, from the plains of Hindustan.

But leaving the memorials and picture gallery of Iyeyasu, we observed at the entrance two curiously carved figures of elephants, the knowledge of which was probably brought with Buddhism. Close by is a magnificent sacred pine-tree, said to have been carried about by Iyeyasu in his palanquin, when it was still small enough to be in a flower-pot. Alongside of this is the stable of Buddha, open in front, with an unfortunate piebald sacred horse ready for him to ride when he returns to earth. The poor animal stands, tied up and caparisoned, with long rows of saucers full of beans just out of his reach, for each of which the devout pay five rin (*i.e.* one farthing) to give the tantalised steed. Its groom told us, however, that sometimes it is taken out for exercise. It reminds one of the sacred bull of the Egyptians. In another temple the nuns perform sacred dances, solemn and majestic, and are glad to receive a few sen (halfpennies).

One could spend hours in admiring the bold designs of animals and the grotesque carvings which enrich all the temples, both within and without, in bewildering confusion, in which dragons, unicorns, griffons and phoenixes of strange devices, enough to perplex the most skilled heraldic student, are mingled with lifelike representations of lions, cattle, monkeys, foxes, and other creatures of every-



day life. In another building equally lavish in its ornamentation is the great library of Buddhist theological works. A flight of steps leads to the next group of temples. One of the peculiarities of Nikko is that all these groups of buildings are on terraces as it were, raised one above another, and connected by wide flights of steps with massive stone balustrades. On the next platform is a collection of royal gifts; and amongst the colossal lamps, bells, and stone lions is a great brass candelabrum of Dutch manufacture, which was pointed out as the feudal tribute paid by the King of Holland, who, they tell you, was one of the vassals of the Mikado. But it would be monotonous to describe the various temples and court-yards, or rather cloister garths and cathedral closes, which would repay the artistic connoisseur many days spent in careful examination.

We do not reach the tomb of Iyeyasu till we are at the summit of the small hill. It is of massive bronze, shaped like a small pagoda. Visitors are not allowed to enter within the small enclosure, although the whole of it can be seen. Vases of flowers and lighted tapers are continually renewed in front of it.

The grouping and arrangement of these temples suggested a good idea of what a Greek *temenos* must have been, such as those so familiar at Baalbec and elsewhere, although these occupy much greater space. We spent two or three days in visiting the other temple groups, which are all worth seeing. One large temple is called the Hall of Meditation. It is quite empty, save for one semi-colossal image of Buddha, but is surrounded by a very wide verandah, where the worshippers walk round and round for hours repeating the name of Buddha, and counting the repetitions on their rosaries. In all these temples the enormous wooden roof, carved with all sorts of figures and rich in gilt and paint, is the most striking feature. The wonderful carved work and

lacquer furnishing of these structures occupy pages and pages of the guide-books, and are interwoven with the history of Japan for many centuries back. It is the Valhalla of the nation, and the traveller who wishes to be inspired with the spirit of old Japan must make his sojourn at Nikko and not at Tokio.

Though many thousand natives annually visit Nikko as pilgrims, yet amongst all the crowds which we saw there seemed to be very little worship and no enthusiasm. They stroll quietly about like sightseers in Durham Cathedral, and drop a rin ( $\frac{1}{20}$  penny) here and there into a box. The only shrines that apparently created devotion were those of the God of Wealth, represented by a fat man with a huge sack on his back, sitting on two great sacks of rice, and grinning. He gets abundance of rin, candles, and prayers. I should explain that in most of the temples there are many little shrines exactly corresponding to the side altars of Romish worship, which are dedicated to numerous popular or local deities, evolved partly from distorted traditions of Shintoism, and partly from the many incarnations of Buddha. Another popular deity is the God of Strength, who is represented with enormous arms and calves. His shrine was heaped with offerings of pairs of tiny clogs and old sandals, and his devotees pray to him that their calves may develop muscles as strong as his. He is the popular deity of the jinriksha men. In one very rich temple three colossal wooden statues were conspicuous, painted respectively red, green, and blue. The green monster was the God of Wind, carrying the winds, like Æolus, in a bag. The God of Thunder was red, hurling a thunderbolt, very like a statue of Jupiter. The third figure is, I believe, a representation of a mythological protector of Buddha. This temple struck me as one of the most beautiful, largely owing to the effect of the magnificent cryptomerias and noble rhododendrons grouped around it.

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### The Land of Memory.

THERE lies a land of beauty  
Beyond the dim blue hill,  
Where pleasure is but duty  
And every grief is still.  
There roses bloom in April  
And corn is ripe in May,  
And sun and shower on field and flower  
Make glad the summer day.

O lovely land unfading,  
Thy blossoms ne'er shall wane;  
Ne'er shall decay invading  
Thy leafy greenness stain.  
For ever flow thy rivers  
'Mid banks of golden sand,  
Thy birds sing peace and never cease,  
Thou lovely yearned-for land.

Deep in my heart it dwelleth,  
This land I hold so dear,  
And no tongue ever telleth  
Its story in mine ear.  
Ah, never shall my footsteps  
Tread its romantic strand;  
Time fleeteth fast—'tis in the past,  
My memory-tinted land!

NIMMO CHRISTIE.





## Second Thoughts

WE refer too much to books about books, instead of going to the originals. We try to draw from each other's cisterns instead of attaching ourselves to the main.

Hope is the paper money of the brain. We draw cheques upon the future, without considering whether there are any assets in the bank.

There is a natural tendency in some minds to prefer the roundabout to the direct. They cultivate a mental squint, and would rather peep through a keyhole than open the door.

A man may know a great deal of philosophy and yet have very little.

Great minds are oppressed by their ignorance, small minds by their knowledge.

When charity begins at home, it usually stays there.

We owe a debt of gratitude to those who disagree with us, but the debt is seldom paid.

Wishing, we waste ourselves; thinking, we tire ourselves; but doing, we double ourselves.

Men of intellect who do not cultivate their powers are like those who, possessing large houses, prefer to live in the kitchen.

Some people seem to reckon their rate of progress by the noise they make and the dust they raise. We do not judge a smith by the sound of his hammer, nor a carpenter by the number of his shavings.

Time is the crucible in which the gold is separated from the dross, the true from the false.

There are some who seem to feel with their heads, while others seem to think with their hearts. The former have so sound a judgment that their actions are kind and considerate by calculation; the latter have such a love of goodness that they judge correctly by impulse. The first characteristic is oftener that of men, the second that of women.

Those who know little and can do less are the severest critics.

Manners should be a varnish, not a veneer. They should bring out, not conceal, the true grain of the wood.

The pain which attends growth is not an evil; that which stops it, is.

Remedies should not be too drastic. It is no gain to get rid of a disease only to die of debility.

Seclusion has its charms. To shut out the world is not the same as to be shut out from it. Whether the key is turned on the inside or the out, whether we are locked in or lock ourselves in, makes a great difference.

Certain writers seem to think that they are cutting blocks from nature's quarry, while all the time they are only trying to squeeze mud into marble.

That which was the impossible of yesterday, becomes the probable of to-day, and will be the accomplished fact of to-morrow.

Intelligence without character is a candle stuck in the mud.

One man is all egg and no cackle, another is all cackle and no egg.

An argumentative man who lacks knowledge is like a fly buzzing in an empty bottle.

The man who can endure everything is either a saint or a cur.

There is much wisdom in drawing up a good general scheme of conduct, and there is more wisdom in knowing when to depart from it.

A chance shot may accomplish more than a deliberate aim, and a blunder than a well-laid plan. Such are the consolations of fools.

Bad temper is not strength of mind, nor are violent opinions solidity of judgment. Heat and haste spoil the cookery.

Many wear the kilt who are not Scotchmen.

Thoughtless generosity is doorkeeper to want.

As he who bears a torch cannot see far before him, so reason that discloses so much throws still more into shadow.

The warmth and sunshine of sympathy do more to dispel the mists of error than all the keen shafts of controversy. Ice may be split and scattered with a sword, but it melts and vanishes in the genial sunlight.

A. R.

## BEFORE WALTON.

MANY are the enemies of the fish of river and sea, and it may be questioned whether man is not to-day the most formidable. He is at all events the only creature that slays fish wantonly, without any intention of consuming them. Thus, in addition to the seventy or eighty thousand men and lads employed annually in the deep-sea fisheries of Great Britain, there were in 1893 between five and six thousand salmon, and nearly fifty thousand trout, rods at work. London anglers alone are organised into some two hundred and fifty clubs and societies, and they take out of the Thames between four and five thousand fish each week. And yet, Siva as he is, man came on earth last of all living creatures. The fish have deadly enemies among the other vertebrates, all of which are for ever thinning their inexhaustible ranks by



THE ANGLER-FISH (*Lophius piscatorius*).

methods which our fishermen have but roughly copied.

There was hook-and-line fishing going on at the bottom of the sea long before man ever left his caves. How patiently the hideous angler-fish lies in wait, its grotesque form buried in a tangled clump of waving Halidrys or olive Cystoseira, or unperceived against the background of limpet-grown rock. How warily it works the beautiful, lissom fly rod with which nature has compensated its ungainly bulk and scant swimming powers. How cunningly it dangles the lure, sometimes a luminous one, before the curious and unheeding little flat fish and gobies (or polewigs) that are gradually enticed to the very lips of the chasm which presently yawns and engulfs them. Now and again the bait is actually seized by a large crab or star fish, which is promptly added to the general store. Surely this monster is the type of the whole craft, patient, motionless, untiring, and insatiable.

Nor is it the only fisher among fish, for the

Malthea and Silurus have similar expedients for the destruction of the incautious; while the entire flat-fish tribe lie in ambush for small crustaceans, one eye only showing above the sand. Then too the weever, so dreaded by our trawling men on account of the venomous spikes behind the gills, with which I have repeatedly seen it give an intentional and indeed remarkably well-aimed blow, hides just beneath the sand, leaving only a portion of its sharp dorsal fin exposed. Its cousin the Stargazer (*Uranoscopus*) will also lie in the mud as if dead, waving above its mournful eyes those curious filaments on its lips which have such a fatal attraction for shrimps and other small fry.

Other preying fish there are which, while disdaining such stratagems, slay their prey far more surely by an electric battery which they carry within them. The Torpedo, a species which occasionally leaves its native Mediterranean for our colder seas, keeps its honeycomb cells in the fore part of its body, while the Gymnotus, or electric eel, has its wonderful accumulators nearer the region of the tail. The sense of compensation and just apportionment of capability, which pervades every grade of nature's children, is surely nowhere seen to better advantage than in these fish, which would, but for special endowments, be handicapped to starvation point by their build and slow movements.

Few things of man's conception are new to the student of nature. Not long since, the press lavished great praise upon a naturalist who had, in view of the well-known curiosity of fish, suggested the advisability of placing an incandescent lamp in the trawl. Yet long ago, as now, there have always been, at all events long before the advent of man,



THE LAMP-FISH (*Plagiatus*).

lampbearing fish, great and small, which, far down in the depths of the sea, roam abroad.

Among the mammals too we find some skilful fishers, notably the seal, polar bear, and otter. The

polar bear and seal are expert divers, remaining beneath the surface of the cold seas for long periods, while on occasion they are sufficiently cunning to lie in wait on the brink of an ice-hole, until able to regale themselves on the salmon which has come up for a look round.

The white bear has indeed webbed feet like our otter, which shows its capacity for a water life.



THE OTTER.

There is, however, this difference in their feeding, the natural result of their very different conditions of life, that, whereas the larger animal consumes its food, as often as not, while swimming, the otter invariably drags its victim on to a handy bank or island, preferring where obtainable the greater security of the latter, where it makes a hasty meal.

But what must interest us most of all, while we are considering the methods of fishing adopted by the other vertebrates, are the wonderful operations of the fishing birds, waders, divers, and others. Is



HERON FISHING.

there among our not very extensive British aerial fauna, any creature more dignified than the heron, or more exquisitely beautiful than the little kingfisher?

The heron, though its wonderful flight measures

three hundred wing strokes per minute, is chiefly familiar as most of us have seen it, erect and motionless in the shallows, its head thrown a little on one side. Of a sudden, and before we quite realise what has happened, the powerful beak makes a dash at the water, and we next see a fish thrown into the air and deftly caught and swallowed head first. When the victim proves refractory, as maybe a large eel, it is dashed repeatedly against a stone until reduced to a more amenable frame of mind. There used to exist—for all I know, there may still—a remarkable superstition respecting some occult property of the heron's foot, some secreted oil, which proved vastly attractive to the eels.

The kingfisher, a darting and not a diving or wading bird, perches equally motionless close to the water, almost invisible in spite of its brilliant



KINGFISHER.

metallic colouring, suddenly overbalances and comes up with a fish transversely in its beak, and at once throws it up and catches it, as do most fish-eating birds, head downwards.

Many a time, when jack-fishing on the snow-girt lakes near Schwerin, have I laid down the rod to watch this beautiful creature, which the natives call the "Ice Bird," a name easily accounted for by the fact that they see little or nothing of it in summer time, when all its operations are hidden by the dense undergrowth characteristic of the Baltic shores. So far as I could gather, indeed, they regard it as migratory, an error on their part. Unfortunately, my little friend is most destructive among the trout preserves, in consequence of which it is trapped without mercy and sacrificed at the altar of all powerful Sport. Unfortunately, too, its domestic arrangements do not exactly correspond with its great beauty or with the poetic fictions which have clung around it from the days of Ovid.

Cowper makes it a marine bird. According to Shelley it is a vegetarian. To most readers of the

classics, the beautiful story is familiar in which the weather clears at the winter solstice to allow the kingfisher's white eggs to hatch in the fragile nest that floats out on the wintry sea. And even those who are not acquainted with the story must often have used a phrase that arose out of it, "halcyon days." Unfortunately, I say, it lays its white eggs in an exceedingly unsavoury earth hole, where they repose on a platform of disgorged pellets of its victims' bones, like those we find in the nests of owls. Indeed, the wonder is rather that the spotless purity of the egg is nowise tainted by contact with such dirty surroundings, as are those of the dabchick by the decayed reeds on which they lie.

Thus we find many analogies in the modes of procedure adopted by these two species, heron and kingfisher, for catching their food; and certainly both resemble those of us who are anglers in having favourite fishing stations to which they at once repair, and where, if there is nothing to disturb them, they remain until satisfied with their catch.

The osprey, or fish hawk, and the white owl, both consume large quantities of fish, killing them by pouncing from a height, just like the gannet, or solan goose, a species which, as I have so often watched its *modus operandi*, I had better take as the type of these pouncing birds.

The gannet can neither swim particularly rapidly nor dive at all. How then is it to catch the sand-eels and other little creatures, all of which dive

ing on the water, to a height of two or three hundred feet. Suddenly it turns, and head foremost, and with folded wings, shoots sheer upon the unconscious shoals, striking the water with a loud report and sending the spray into the air as would a round shot. The weight of the bird causes it to fall like an arrow, and it is killed on some coasts by means of a board, to which the fowler ties a large fish. The unfortunate goose comes down like a bolt and lies bruised or dead upon the treacherous board. And very beautifully adapted is the bird to its curious way of fishing. The seal, which must swim rapidly through water little above freezing point, has nostrils which close hermetically; the gannet has no nostrils whatever. It is these grand omissions in nature—the absence of eyelids in the snake and of external ear in the mole—which must at times compel the most callous among us to pause and wonder.

There are two other classes of winged fishers which we meet with on the sea's highway, those



GANNETS FEEDING.

and swim very quickly? It simply skims along the surface—I have had half a hundred of them round my boat a few miles off the Cornish cliffs—and rises, the moment it perceives the lance play-



FRIGATE BIRD.

which dive to any depth and those others which swim almost any distance. At sea, as on land, combinations of the rarest qualities are the exception; and so those birds which, like the frigate bird and albatross, can probably fly without a rest for hundreds of miles, have to leave the diving to totally different species, the auks, guillemots, and others. The frigate bird rarely indeed touches the water, but skims along the warmer seas, borne grandly on such pinions as the eagle might well envy, and snaps up every flying fish, be it gurnard or exocetus, which the bonito are kind enough to beat up for it. Nor need we travel so far to find instances of this involuntary co-operation, for on our own coasts the greedy gulls gorge themselves on the mackerel fry which are driven from below by pollack and diving birds, particularly cormorants and guillemots.

But the gull in turn is often made to yield its ill-gotten booty to an invincible brown and white bird called by naturalists the skua, and known more familiarly by the Devon fisherman as "Mackerel Cock," and still further west as "Jack



Hurry." They have no fear, these comparatively small birds, and will not hesitate to fly at a gannet, though it be twice their size.

True diving birds there must have been ever since the age of that gigantic extinct species, *Hesperornis*, of North America, which had a toothed beak and measured nearly six feet. It lacked wings; but all the diving birds of to-day use their wings as paddles and can move under water, the cormorant more especially, at a prodigious rate. The great sheep-like albatross and the nimble little petrel, the largest and the tiniest of web-footed birds, one of which excites so much admiration, the other so much equally un-

merited obloquy, are both carrion feeders, and rank high in the list of scavengers.

All these fishing birds are worth careful study, from those more primitive yet cunning hunters who sit down patiently beside shell fish left by the receding tide, waiting for the sun to open the bivalves, to the far-flying gannet and the diving cormorant, which, with its notched yellow beak, bright green eye, and craned neck, is a familiar figure on all our cliffs, and which consumes about half its own weight of fish daily. With so many and such insatiable enemies the wonder is that the fish survive at all, and indeed it is only a perfectly marvellous fertility that can save at any rate the smaller members of the order from becoming extinct.

F. G. AFLALO.

## A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

A "CARBONADA," OR HASH OF VARIED MATTER.

THE four winds of the Argentine are an example to all the blasts that ever blew in Europe.

There is first the *pampero*, blowing from the bitter South over the pampas. Then a *tormenta* is an ordinary gale and a *tormenta de tierra* a dust storm, but the hot north wind is most trying of all. So greatly does it irritate human nerves that it is allowed as an *extenuating circumstance in trials for murder!* And suicides are as frequent while it blows as in London during the November fogs. My experience of a thunderstorm at night was also rousing.

It was after eleven o'clock P.M., and I was behind my mosquito curtain, but awake, with the light still burning and the window slightly ajar, finding it very warm. Then suddenly the tempest burst upon us without warning! The wind roused and roared as if the mighty element were ridden by spirits in pain. It caught and lashed the palm-leaves in the sheltered *patio*, and before I could spring out from under the drapery of white netting it burst the window wide open, though the wooden *persianas* outside remained fastened, and blew out the gas. The first thing to do was to grope for the latter and turn it off—no easy task in the intense darkness, for the jet was half-way down the wide room. Then a lightning flash revealed that I was stretching my arms vainly over the wall, a yard or so away. To close the window next needed a fierce struggle with the wind, while the rain, dashing even through the close wooden blinds, wet my nightgown freely.

What a storm it was! In England, and even in Switzerland, where I remembered seeing a glorious one lasting all night long, I had never witnessed a spectacle to equal this for suddenness and violence. How the thunder crashed! How the lightning flashed, coursing in balls along the blackness of the sky; in sheets of flame; in zig-zagging tongues! Sometimes it was crimson. Well

might one think, as the Psalmist wrote, that the voice of the Lord spoke in the thunder, "hailstones and coals of fire."

When morning came there were many tales told of the night's wreckage, some disastrous, some facetious. Factories had been blown down, also one barrack, where several poor soldiers lay dead under the fallen mass. The roof of a house was lifted sportively off and placed on the unfinished walls of a new one—so said next morning's paper. But, it must be added, English South American papers generally try to be funny. So great a storm had not been known for years, although formerly such were common enough, said another paper; adding, "But the climate of a country changes as civilisation proceeds, and latterly a noticeable change for the better has been perceptible in Argentina."

We were concerned as to the fate of a guest of the preceding evening, who had gone back to his home outside Buenos Ayres by train, having then some distance to walk. Luckily the storm broke before he left the wayside station, where he sheltered ill enough till the small hours, and then picked his way in evening dress in the dark along the railway line, the road being impassable with mud.

This same friend had interested me after dinner by an account of the birth, growth, and premature decay which he had witnessed—all in the last few years—of the brand-new city of La Plata. Famous it is, as a striking example of how men may nowadays resolve to raise a town as by magic, build it perfect in theory, but—a dead failure! Perhaps because individual wills, not general human needs, brought those stones together and reared the walls. The city's story is brief.

Every province in the land boasted its own capital, with an *alcalde* and a staff of officials.

Then that of Buenos Ayres was chosen to be the capital of the federation, an honour to its province but a deprivation, perhaps, to certain local magnates. Hey, presto ! it was proposed to build a new provincial capital, a triumph of modern art and science, and call the result La Plata.

Agreed ! begun !

The site chosen is some thirty miles from Buenos Ayres and about five from the port of Ensenada, where we landed. My informant went down by rail in those days to see "how towns are made," as he said. It was an interesting sight. Plough-furrows marked out the streets. Here and there stood up hoardings and zinc sheets, the shelter of the engineers who were laying out the ground. Four years later the visitor returned once more and found a city of palaces. In one of the wide streets was a bank with a magnificent hall that might shame the Bank of England for size and the number of its safes—mostly empty. Public offices, museums, schools, all were unrivalled in South America for size and splendour. As to the electric lighting, it was then a wonder, for at night the town was almost as clear as by day.

This is how La Plata was built ; but what is it now ? Alas ! Another failure of the "boom." The merchants' palaces are deserted, the light-towers darkened, grass is growing in the streets ; it is "muy triste." When evening comes the trains are crowded with young men and old—all eager to hurry back to busy Buenos Ayres and feel themselves in a living city again. Only the provincial employees are forced by law to reside here. Perhaps in some fifty years more this new Babel may be a heap of ruins ; it which was proudly intended to tower a pattern to all the progressing towns of the world.

The Museum : The museum alone still attracts Megatherium and other Fossils. strangers to La Plata, for its collection of prehistoric animal skeletons is hardly second to that in South Kensington. Darwin believed that "the whole area of the pampas is one wide sepulchre of extinct gigantic quadrupeds." Here roamed the megatherium eighteen feet high, a huge mammal allied to sloths and ant-eaters. Balancing himself on his strong tail and hind feet, he pulled down branches and even small trees to feed on their leaves.<sup>1</sup> Giant armadillos, old-time horses, and elephants kept him company ; and when dry seasons nowadays lower the Salado and other rivers of these alluvial plains, huge bones are found sticking out of the *barrancas* or riverside bluffs. It has been supposed that these monsters perished during great droughts ; when seeking water in the miry river-beds they were stuck fast, too weak to extricate themselves. So cattle died by thousands lately in the Paraná River during the "gran seco," when unable to crawl up the treacherous banks again down which they had slid, and thus herded together they died of hunger or flood.

The Salvation Army in Buenos Ayres. A promise must now be kept. One morning the English manservant announced, suppressing a smile, "Captain —, of the Salvation Army, wishes

to see you, ma'am." And I was surprised by the entrance of a neat, modest young woman. "Our colonel" (presumably masculine) "has sent me in the hope that if you are writing about the Argentine you will mention our good work," she said. "And please will you accept a copy of our new magazine." This was called "Hullo !" meant to signify an exclamation of kindly British greeting to exiles and outcasts. I, promising to meet her wishes, if possible, after due inquiries these proved most satisfactory. Mrs. Pakenham was able to assure me that many cases of apparently hopeless degradation which the Benevolent Society found difficult to deal with had been passed on to "the Army" with good results. I quite liked my captain and her dark, simple gown.

Various Sights: the British Hospital. More promises. "Tell us of the Southern Railway and the waterworks," friends with investments in both these had begged as I left England.

"Describe *our* hospital before all things," urged Buenos Ayres Britishers, proud that theirs is the envy of all others here. Briefly, it is most excellent. "Folk at home," sore-hearted to learn that some son or brother is lying ill in this British hospital, may take heart, and feel certain that nowhere could greater care and kindness be given to the sufferer. A large building with wide passages, commodious wards, a staff of gentle-mannered, trained English nurses, and a doctor whose cheery voice and hand-shake of themselves infuse vigour, is the pleasing impression imprinted on my memory. Further, operating-rooms with all or most new scientific appliances to lessen pain and hinder ill after-effects, private apartments with comforts and prettinesses, and out-of-doors an environment of shrubs, flowers, and trim paths.

The Southern Railway Station. Next, as to the Southern Railway station, which fine edifice is one of the boasts of the town. We drove there that I might admire its entrance-hall, with a horseshoe marble staircase guarded by sculptured lions. Within, the glass station roof is as large as most in Europe, while an English bookstall displayed new railway novels and papers. "One could *almost* fancy it was home," remarked my companion, perhaps wistfully. Plainly, Buenos Ayres is "not a sightly town," as an American lady once remarked of Belfast, when taken to admire its new mills for lack of older architecture. "It is the same thing in camp," a new-comer confided to me. "People always drive me to see *their station* !" It is needless to discuss here the prospects of the railway itself. May it prosper as it should, being the iron road to the *estancias* of so many stout-hearted young Englishmen cattle-farming on the pampas !

A Dream of Doulton Pottery ! The Buenos Ayres Water-works. And last comes a House Beautiful indeed ! the Buenos Ayres Water-works. Imagine a building occupying one whole block or *cuadra* of 145 square yards, its exterior, which alone cost £60,000, glistening in the sunlight. How so ? one may well ask. Because the authorities during the boom (once more that time of craze) recklessly voted this sum for the casing

<sup>1</sup> "Extinct Monsters," by Hutchinson, p. 177.

of the waterworks, which is all of Doulton tiles. The effect is splendid—of a rich dull red below, then cream-hued, with niches for ornaments, shields, and devices, in the Argentine blue and white colours, of rising suns, caps of liberty, and flowers. Said a practical person to me: "It ranks in my mind only next to the Pyramids as a monument of useless expenditure!" Peering through great wrought-iron gates we could see the tanks within, for the splendid wooden doors stood ajar. To these tanks the water is pumped up from the filtering-beds, that are nearer the river, and themselves highly ornamental. Let us hope that the shareholders will be getting good interest for their money when these pages are printed. If not, they can unselfishly rejoice that its visible sign is a pleasant sight to the eyes for the dwellers in its somewhat poor neighbourhood.

Argentine Society : among them- selves. It is the end of Lent here ; therefore, except for quiet dinners among the English, no gaieties were going on which would have shown me the Argentines in society.

"You do not miss much," so several friends consoled my supposed regret. "Argentine hospitality is simply this : a long dinner-table spread, say, for twenty. If any of their numerous relations chance to drop in, the family are delighted. Perhaps none may come, or three, or fifteen. But strangers have very little footing among them."

Women : Their Ways. Though thus reserved to foreigners, the plump Argentinas cannot be called uncivil. On the contrary, if they happen to meet any European lady of distinction, they beg her most prettily to call, with assurances that their houses are "at her disposal." She accordingly rings next day, but they are all invisible. Either the señoras are indulging in siestas or are not yet dressed for the afternoon, and they are far too easy-going to dream of calling in return. Nevertheless, should they see the lady in question driving in the park some fine evening, they smile sweetly again, coaxing her to return, for their houses are "à su disposicion," and so on *da capo*. Theatres and dances are their chief joy, while some are said to be extremely musical.

"Laziness is their great failing," declared an energetic English critic to me.

Men : Their Manners. The bad manners of the Argentine men, on the other hand, is a theme which constantly arouses the Gringos' ire. Not certainly from my kind hosts, whose attention was turned to all the good points of the people with whom it was their duty and pleasure to keep up friendly relations ; but on board ship and elsewhere I heard the same indignant accusation—the tyranny of petty officials, the general discourtesy towards foreigners. A newly arrived Englishman of good official position, whom I know, was introduced to a Minister with whom he would be presently obliged to transact business. The latter turned his back upon him, remarking with a sneer, "The señor does not speak Castilian." This was then true, yet the señor was excellently acquainted with French, German, and Italian. Good manners are so native to men of Spanish blood

that one is surprised at this possible outcome of jealousy at the foreign influx and growing influence in the land. And I was more struck later by this, when seeing the warm terms of respect and friendship existing in Chili between the English and Chilians ; while Peruvians are proverbial for their good breeding, derived doubtless from their ancestors of blue blood who settled in the capital at the Spanish viceregal Court.

The Hush of Good Friday. Lent was ending, as I have said, and Good Friday dawned warmly in a blessed hush and silence through the erst noisy streets of Buenos Ayres. No tram-horns tooted their warning like the combined cry of Punch and a bagpipe's first squeak ; no carts creaked, nor carriages rattled over the big stones. Such sounds were forbidden ; even the church bells were mute. But black-dressed crowds, mostly of women, were hurrying silently from church to church, so as to visit seven that morning in honour of the stations of the Cross. One visitor later told us of a little maid who, having small time at disposal, went seven times in and out of her own church, visiting the stations in turn, and praying "as fast as possible," so she naïvely related to her mistress.

Easter Eve : a Din. On Saturday at noon out burst a resounding din of pealing church-bells from every spire ; of carriage-wheels ; horns ; stir and life. It was like the palace of the Sleeping Beauty all waking up. Crackers went off at every corner, where street urchins were "*exploding Judas*." Some juvenile crowds carried the latter in effigy.

"Ah ! but it is not so fine a contrast as in Mexico," said my kind host, recalling his own days as *attaché*. "There, so soon as the ban of silence is removed, at midday, the empty streets fill with noises and rejoicings, carriages and vehicles, with miraculous suddenness ; all the horses are fresh groomed, and even the costers' donkeys wear gilded shoes !"

Palermo Park and its Story. A pretty glimpse of Palermo Park, on nearing Buenos Ayres, must not be slighted ; it is really a Bois de Boulogne with its fine *avenidas*, woods, and gleams of willow-fringed water. Another day we went thither to enjoy an open-air tea-party, of our gentler sex, and some of their small daughters. We rambled to the flat, sedgy banks of the great brown river La Plata, and down wooded rides where singing and the twanging of guitars occasionally told that Italian or Basque poor families were enjoying an *al fresco* afternoon like richer ones, picturesquely grouped on fallen trees. This sounds a pastoral scene, yet it is not safe for Englishwomen to take solitary rambles here. The ladies of the land never go out unattended, and the "rough" class that drifts to this seaboard town from Europe would be disrespectful, if not dangerous.

Strange stories these clumps of flowering aloes and bosky walks could tell, one thought, wandering under the murmuring shade of the she-oaks, for Palermo was once the favourite country home of Rosas the Dictator, whose bloody deeds and tyranny at last roused the Argentines to revolt.



They fought, conquered, obliged him to fly, and his confiscated property was seized by the nation.

Two of my companions, Englishwomen, but born and reared here, told me interesting tales of that time. Rosas, they said, was very handsome, a brilliantly blue-eyed man of English type. Although of good family, he preferred the company of Gauchos from his boyhood, and when in power loved to lower the pride of his own aristocratic class. A gang of desperate characters surrounded him, ready to wreak his vengeance on all opponents; but my informants added that he perhaps did not know all their evil deeds done in his name.

"Manuelita," his daughter, a sweet, graceful creature, alone could influence him to mercy, and if this lady be still alive, it should please her to know that her memory is still cherished in many hearts. The tyrant himself, when overthrown, fled to Southampton, where he lived in comfort and died in peace; but she, Doña Manuela, has always remained exiled. And what seems still more hard is, that her betrothed husband, who had the manhood to follow and marry her, lost alike home and fortune for so doing.

Rosas chose red as his, the federal colour, and ordered men to wear red waistcoats, and women red bows in their hair out-of-doors, as a sign of their loyalty. One lady told me of how some neighbouring girls of good family once rushed to her mother's house for safety, making their way over the flat roofs. Some of Rosas' men, they were warned, were searching for them to inflict punishment because they had been noticed walking in the street without the tyrant's badge. The girls escaped, but their poor old mother, who bravely stayed at home, was cruelly beaten by the ruffians.

"Come and see my house," said this friend. "It is a real old native one, unlike the newer ones of European style." Which offer I accepted for the next day.

"Rosas was a despot, but at least he was honest," so both narrators summed up the Dictator's character. "We have had so many tyrants who have not been honest."

Stories of the bloodshed and terror of those times leads one to speak of the lawlessness which still exists in the Argentine. One morning during my stay, when a murder, almost as usual, had taken place in the night—the assassin, of course, escaping—the following comment was made by an English newspaper: "It is no extraordinary affair for the police to find almost in view of their own station some hacked and mangled corpse whose blood-stained garments and bleeding body bear witness to the ferocity of its murderers. Most truly may it be said of Buenos Ayres that even the very stones cry aloud for vengeance on the cowardly assassins who make life in many parts of it a daily menace and nightly danger."

Again and again residents repeat, "There is no such thing as law here." The poor Italians who save up money and hide it in their huts are constantly attacked by the Gauchos for their hoard. Some years ago three Gauchos thus massacred an entire family of women and children. The colonists in fury rose and shot the murderers by

lynch law. Ten of these colonists were thereupon promptly seized and put in prison by the authorities for a long period. But murderers themselves are released after two or three years; then enrolled in the army. There is no capital punishment.

An instance is quoted of an Italian who murdered his wife, and ingenuously explained to the judge that he had brought her out from Italy in order to do so, having heard at home of the Argentine mildness of punishment. His candid confidence was rewarded by a light sentence.

"If there should be a row in the street here, as might easily happen this minute," said an English gentleman to me as we sat on the low seat of the open drawing-room window, protected from the side-path only by the usual tall grating, "and if a man were knifed, I should not dream of going out to help him. Even if I happened to be outside, I am afraid I should walk away in the opposite direction. It is actually illegal as well as dangerous to assist a dying or wounded person. The law assumes the nearest passer-by to be the assassin." So the victim lies bleeding till the police come in their baggy blue uniforms, shakoes, and white spats, bringing their own doctor—when the latter can be found.

An Old-fashioned Argentine House.

People who have a fancy for being their own architects may like a description of my friend's old-fashioned Argentine home. It stood on the street, painted dark brown, with an entrance-hall and drawing-room in front. Beyond these came an oblong space of courts open to the sky, and dwelling-rooms so curiously disposed that a diagram will be the easiest explanation. On one side three small *patios* were shaded by billowy canvas awnings. The said courts were paved in black and white; *patio* the first being filled with flowers and plants; while in the centre of the second stood a delightful stone well, with wrought-iron open work overhead wreathed in curves. Vague thoughts of Pompeii were roused by these summer parlours, not unlike the tessellated and curtained courts where Roman damsels and dames of old reclined at noontide.

The *patios* were partly divided by projecting rooms—what one has heard Yankees term *jogs*. No. 1 *jog* is the best bedroom; No. 2 the dining-room; these are connected by smaller bed and sitting rooms opening out of each other like a rabbit-warren.

"Yes, it is nice in the summer to enjoy the open air, but in winter it is very unfortunate that there is no room for a covered verandah here," pathetically remarked the lady of the house.

Whereupon there rose in my mind the graphic description of a dinner-party recently given in just such a Creole house. It rained as it *does* rain out here! What matter? Umbrellas were simply produced by the servant. And away each dinner couple started under one, pattering through two streaming *patios* and arriving with a hop, skip, and a jump into the dining-room. Dinner ended, the guests all returned through the bedrooms in procession, for the children by this time were undressed, put to bed, and sleeping soundly.

The dining-room of my friendly acquaintance



was so dark one could hardly distinguish a fine show of old silver goblets and dishes piled on the sideboard. There were no windows, and little light filtered through the heavily blinded glass doors; the gloom surprised me, not knowing yet how in all South America the sun is excluded when possible. As to the furniture of the house, this was of the old-fashioned French style, relieved by some modern English touches, especially in some pretty bedrooms upstairs looking out on the *azotea*.

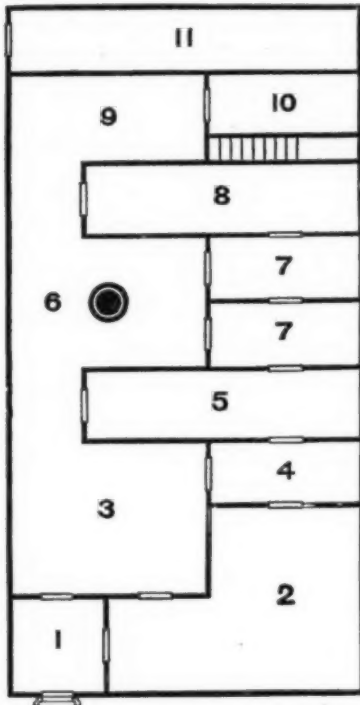


DIAGRAM OF OLD-FASHIONED CREOLE HOUSE IN BUENOS AYRES.

1. Entrance-hall. 2. Drawing-room. 3. First patio, surrounded with flower-pots and palms. 4. Small room—study or bedroom. 5. Best bedroom. 6. Second patio, well in centre. 7, 7. Small rooms. 8. Dining-room. 9. Servants' patio. 10. Kitchen. 11. Open space with orange-trees, poultry, etc. Upstairs, alto bedrooms cover part of the roof; but the *azotea* looking on the street is one-storeyed, and here the family gather to sit of an evening.

(N.B.—This, being roughly sketched from memory, is probably defective in scale, and possibly wanting in the number of smaller rooms.)

When rain falls, after this flat roof has been thereby washed clean, the water is then diverted from the gutter pipes into another one leading into the well in the courtyard below; here the hostess showed me with pride how carefully it is twice strained on its way. Of course, the aforementioned *alto* (upper) bedrooms are somewhat of an innovation.

Lastly, English cooks would envy this and many such another Argentine kitchen opening into the third *patio*, airy, bright, and gleaming with white-tiled walls and well-scoured coppers.

The Servant  
Difficulty in  
the Argentine  
Republic.

And here one may mention the great difficulty of getting servants in the Argentine, and their high wages when found. £30 to even £40 is the price of an ordinary cook in the home, say of a banker's clerk; and she hardly knows her business, having most likely been a laundress or nurse-

maid in her last situation. All seek variety of occupation. One lady told me, laughing, that she had lately advertised for a kitchenmaid, whereupon came an applicant in the shape of a man! When her Irish cook inquired into the last trade of this brawny help, he naively owned he was a blacksmith.

Young Englishwomen coming out here will do well to remember that they may be obliged to turn their hands to much household work that was always done for them at home. Even the poorer kind of Irish girls are sought after for servants, and they look down with amusing contempt upon "them Italians." French and Basques are excellent in service, but are hard to persuade into accepting housework.

Bidding Adieu to the Argentine Republic. Alas, for fleeting time! It only seemed three or four days when I found that as many weeks had elapsed of a delightful visit which must soon be brought to a close, before the snows of May falling in the high mountain region should prevent my crossing the Andes.

"Why should you hurry away? Stay a month or two longer with us, and come up to Paraguay," urged Mrs. Pakenham hospitably, her husband being accredited to that republic as well as to the Argentine. All their accounts of Paraguay certainly sounded most interesting. Lovely views on the long river journey, gentle Indian women dressed in white; red earth banks bordering the lanes; deep woods; tiled roofs of divers shapes. These Indians are the only natives in all South America who have a love for art, and they are also the most courteous, so Mr. F——, one of the secretaries to the Legation, told me. He praised them warmly; while admitting that "there was not much of their dress or houses to speak of—indeed, little to vanishing point;" for dwelling, four poles and a tile roof; for dress, one cotton garment, but that snowy.

However, staying to see Paraguay would necessitate continuing my journey to Chili by the Straits, the only sea trip of which I have a nervous dread, from having had several friends either lost or shipwrecked there; also giving up crossing the Cordilleras and the inland scenery my mind was bent far more on seeing, for salt water and ice glaciers are, after all, pretty much alike all the world over.

The Jewish  
Colony in the  
Argentine:  
Baron Hirsch's  
Scheme of a  
South American  
Judæa.

Before leaving the republic, a few words should be said upon the Jewish colony here and Baron Hirsch's scheme for rescuing his distressed country-people in Europe from misery and oppression to bring them to this good land of milk and honey, where they may found a new Judæa.

I regretted being unable to visit the colony, but made inquiries about it from someone who had been employed in the scheme, and who warmly praised its administration by Colonel Goldsmidt. This well-known English officer gave up temporarily his chances of a fine career at home to help enthusiastically in the task of regenerating his unhappy, mostly Russian, co-religionists. On his arrival,

it was found that many Russian-Jewish families of the lowest class had been sent out in a spirit of mistaken generosity. These were squatting in zinc tents on the plain round the Administration House, amply supplied with the necessities of life, but indulging in idleness. It was necessary to return nearly one thousand such loafers to the committee at Hamburg as incapable or unwilling to undertake agricultural work—here the chief field of labour. About two thousand Jews remain, and their number will probably be increased by fresh European drafts.

Under the efficient rule of Colonel Goldsmidt lands were soon measured out to the colonists and work well begun. He has now returned to England; but if, as is the opinion of some on-lookers, the direction of the Jewish affairs here has not been too frequently changed, it will be interesting to watch the future of this perhaps unique paternal scheme.

Curious, nevertheless, and illustrating Argentine life and thought, is the fact that many others to whom I spoke took not the faintest interest in the matter. One never heard the Jewish project discussed.

"Why is this?" was my surprised inquiry.

"Because," replied an *estanciero*, who loved the topics of wheat and cattle-farming, or of polo-playing in camp, "because above all the Argentine is a land where everyone is *busy trying to make money* as fast as possible. The Jews! that is Baron Hirsch's affair. Here every other man has his scheme, his dream, and is too

anxious about his own irons in the fire to think it worth while to talk of his neighbour's business except in some rare idle moments. *We have no leisured class!*"

Adios! hasta la vista! So there came an evening when, after early dinner, I regretfully said good-bye to my kind hostess and friend of olden days in Ulster, who is so deservedly popular here that she is said not to have a single enemy. Mr. Pakenham "sped his parting guest" by escorting me at nine o'clock to what is called the Pacific train, which leaves three nights of the week on a thirty-six hours' run, especially conveying travellers bound on crossing the Andes. In this, by the care of a friendly director, I was given a four-berthed sleeping compartment to myself.

As with many good-byes and "hasta la vista's" (in French "au revoir") we steamed away into the darkness of the plain, first one Italian attendant, and then another, who also spoke German, came to inquire solicitously after my wants. They had orders, it appeared, to look after me especially well, which they carefully carried out.

Soon I was asleep, as comfortable as could be, bound for Mendoza town, six hundred and fifty-four miles inland, at the foot of the Andes. All night our train was speeding over the vast grassy plain—the "Gran Pampa"; and in one's drowsy ears clicked the old friendly wheel-tune, "racketty-rick! racketty-rack!" of many a night journey at home.

MAY CROMMELIN.

## WHO WAS THE BRAVEST?

A REMINISCENCE OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

WHEN I joined the service and reported myself on board H.M.S. *Victory*, in the year 1863, I was not long out of my teens. A raw youth no doubt, only recently caught, just newly escaped from the classic halls of my Alma Mater in the far north of bonnie Scotland, and choke full of independence, sentiment, and romance. It was no wonder, therefore, that as regards the terrible civil war then raging in America my leanings should be towards the Southern States. I was not the only officer on board H.M. gunboat *Penguin*, to which I was appointed soon after for service at the Cape, who sided with the South. I will tell you why: we had or thought we had all a Britisher's love of fair play, and it seemed to us that the Northerners were using a philanthropic plea as means, in the first place, for crushing their opponents. As to slavery—well, we were agreed in our detestation of it, but then we believed it would in time have died a natural death without the war. I am speaking of times now remote, and not justifying opinions then current.

Well, then, in this year 1863 we were "chummy

ships" with three very well known Confederate cruisers, who were then doing their best to sweep Yankee commerce off the seas. One was the *Georgia*, the other the *Florida*, and the third the renowned *Alabama*. The last was the largest, though by no means a big ship; she was about 270 feet long and 1,200 tons, her armament was one 7-inch Blakely rifled gun, an 8 inch 68-pounder, and six 32-pounders. The last, if I remember rightly, were Dahlgrens; they had an immensity of breech, and we British officers called them soda-water bottles. She was built at Liverpool or Birkenhead by the Lairds. She sailed from that port under the name of *The 290* for Terceira, where she was joined by two other ships, one bringing her armament, the other her captain—the well-known Semmes. Her crew were British, and one or two of her officers also. Dr. Llewellyn, the assistant-surgeon, of whom more anon, was a Welshman, a quiet, unassuming young fellow, and a great favourite with everyone. At the time we chummed with the *Alabama* she had already fought and destroyed a blockading Yankee called the *Hatteras*,

off Galveston, and had sixty-four chronometers on board, which represented the destruction of just that number of Yankee craft; for Semmes kept the chronometers of every ship he burned, as hunters do the tails of foxes.

The *Alabama* might have been called a teetotal ship, no wine being used at the mess table, in order that the heads of her officers might be as clear as bells whenever the enemy hove in sight. When in harbour and out of the ship her officers were not so strictly teetotal.

Away up the east coast, where we ourselves were cruising in search of slavers, we sometimes boarded a Yankee after firing across her bows and causing her to heave to. We had several long chases after these, for they generally took us for the *Alabama*; and the joy of passengers and crew knew no bounds when they found out we were real Britishers. In one case I remember the passengers had packed all their traps and got them on deck in readiness to leave the ship.

Well, it is not to tell the reader all I know about these three bold Confederate cruisers<sup>1</sup> that this article is written. During the awful struggle twixt North and South, many of the bravest and noblest deeds were done that history, ancient or modern, has any record of. For the present I must content myself with three deeds of daring with which the reader may already be more or less familiar. A good story, however, cannot be too often told if it is related faithfully and truthfully.

Young Ulric Dahlgren was a soldier son of the admiral of that name. He was only twenty-one when he took the leadership in an adventure that cost him and most all of his brave companions their lives. The whole sad story may never be known, but the following is the version I have. It was at the time when the great Northern army of the Potomac was confronting the army of the South under Lee in Virginia, and before the fearful fighting in the Wilderness had commenced. Reports had reached the Northerners' camps to the effect that the Federal prisoners in Richmond were being subjected to bitter indignities and sufferings. Many of the officers were confined in Libby's Hotel, and it was said that these were kept in a sad state of misery, filth, and semi-starvation, and that even the windows of the hotel were barricaded, and the rooms thus darkened. These reports, most of which were doubtless gross fabrications, so fired the blood of youthful Colonel Dahlgren, that he called for volunteers and prepared to make a dash from Spottsylvania right into Richmond, and liberate the prisoners.

It was even said that Dahlgren meditated setting fire to the City, and, in the confusion that followed, taking the lives of President Davis and as many of his cabinet as possible. This I do not believe.

However, he with his fellows—about 400 in all—after an attempt to cross the James River with the view of entering Richmond from the south, while a force under Kilpatrick attacked it on the

north, forced their way through the outer works, but were repulsed at the inner. Hence the tragedy. Poor Dahlgren had lost a foot only a short time previous to this, and was suffering greatly from pain. This, however, did not hinder his action. He fell, and shortly after his corpse was being insulted and kicked about the streets, and no one knows where it at last found a resting-place.

My second hero was also a young man of twenty-one, and a sailor. William B. Cushing was his name, and he held the rank of lieutenant in the United States Navy. Before he accomplished the deed of derring-do to which I am about to draw attention, he had quite distinguished himself; indeed he was looked upon as the most dashing and plucky young fellow in the service.

Well, the Confederate ram *Albemarle*, a sister ship—or should I say brother?—to the famous *Merrimac* that blew up the *Cumberland*, and destroyed the *Congress*, was then lying up the Roanoke river close to a wharf, and with soldiers, batteries, and ships quite near to her. This great ram was quite the terror of the Yankee fleet, which she had already fought in the open sea; she had taken Plymouth, and driven the Yankee ships from the river.

Who would destroy this terror, then, by boldly ascending the river and fixing a torpedo right under her bows or raking sides? There were plenty of volunteers, but Cushing was the chosen man. He set about preparing for action at once. He selected a steam launch, only a slim and tiny one, and his daring crew were thirteen in all. The torpedo was a case containing about 200 lbs. of gunpowder attached to the extreme end of a long boom, that could be shipped to protrude over the bows, and be easily moved up or down from the launch. The torpedo was to be fired by a trigger and line running aft the stern sheets, where Cushing's hand and that of no one else could reach it.

The lieutenant drilled his men for some time before starting. In calm or in storm, for days and days previous to the terrible undertaking, Cushing's little launch with her dauntless crew might have been seen evolving and flitting hither and thither through the Federal fleet. He even made one nocturnal trip up the river to reconnoitre, and returned safely and unseen.

October 27, 1864—a date that will never be forgotten in the annals of the United States Navy—was chosen by Cushing for the stern duty he had to perform, and when that evening his little launch glided almost noiselessly away from his vessel's side, and was soon swallowed up in the gloom of night and the shadows of the trees, many a one on the quarter-deck breathed a silent prayer and wished him good-speed. His bold crew might have watched the young and stern-set face, but no one spoke, even in a whisper, as they went gliding onwards and up the river.

The shade of the great gum-trees, and the huge and weird-like cypresses, were sufficient to hide the little phantom from the gaze of men on the outlook, if any there were. The mouth of the river was reached and the gloom increased. The launch

<sup>1</sup> From a new book of mine on the American Civil War, to be published by Blackie and Son in September, much may be learned about these ships and the war in general.



was kept as nearly as possible in the centre of the stream, lest collision with a snag or tree-stump might sink her.

On and on and on, now at half speed, for they are entering the lion's den—the very heart of the Confederate stronghold.

At one outlook station they are so close to the shore that they can see the faces of the men around the fire, and the gleaming of their rifles and accoutrements, and even hear the noise of their laughter and the merry notes of a fiddle played to decrease the gloom and dreariness of the night watch. Lights blinking here and there along the shore serve but the better to guide the daring party, and ere long the black form of the ram herself looms in front high against the darkling sky.

Now comes the time for action. No wonder if, brave though they were, every heart in the launch is beating higher than usual.

All is ready, the boom is shipped, Cushing himself—his tall slim figure enveloped in his shabby uniform coat—is standing up in the stern sheets, one hand grasping the tiller, the other ready to pull the string, when suddenly comes a wild and startled hail from a sentry on the bank.

"Who goes there? Speak, or we fire."

"Yankees, you lazy lubbers," laughs Cushing defiantly, for there is no need of further concealment.

At the same moment the guard on the wharf is alarmed and tumbles sleepily out; open fly the ports of the iron ram, and her bow gun roars out on the night air its flash, revealing to Cushing the very spot on which to fix his death-dealing torpedo. The launch's howitzer is fired full in the face of the Confederate guard; alarm bells ring everywhere, there is shouting and there is screaming, and the very air seems filled with flying bullets, but none hit the lieutenant.

Around the doomed ship is a boom of floating logs, but the little launch seems to leap over it. She is near enough; now the torpedo is planted, the trigger is pulled, and the roar of the explosion mingles with that of a gun on board the *Albemarle*, fired point-blank at the daring Yankees.

But the deed is done—a rent twenty feet in width

is opened in the ram, and down she slowly sinks, dragging with her all that remains of the launch, and many of her daring crew, for only four got away—the rest were shot, drowned, or captured.

Yes, brave Cushing was saved, and after much further suffering and adventure reached his ship once more.

I have been told that this naval hero ended his days in an asylum. Is heroism, then, like genius, akin to madness? For my own part I should be sorry to believe that either were.

But now for my third hero. This is my friend the surgeon of the *Alabama*, whom, poor fellow, I last met at Rathfeldas, I being on a waggon-journey twixt Simon's Town and Cape Town. Some of his messmates who happen to read these lines may remember the occasion.

I do not intend to describe the battle fought in the English Channel betwixt the U.S. frigate *Kearsage* and the *Alabama*, but only to say a word or two concerning the last sad episode in that historical fight.

The *Alabama* was doomed and sinking, Semmes had dramatically pitched his sword into the sea, and jumped after it, to be picked up by the English yacht *Deerhound*. But many of the wounded went down in the ship. Not suddenly, but slowly, till came the last wild plunge, and the brave surgeon stuck to his charge till the end, preferring to sink with his bleeding men rather than save himself and have it said he left them. In the last boat to shove off from the sinking ship, although it was lip with the water, the midshipman in charge would have made room for Llewellyn, and called to him to leap.

But the brave young fellow only shook his head sadly.

"No, no," he said, "I cannot leave my wounded men."

Reader, I have a question to ask you. Which of these three heroes was the bravest—one of the two who did those daring deeds under the excitement and flurry of fight, or the quiet young surgeon who went down with his men simply as a matter of duty?

GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

## VERY COMPASSIONATE.

POETS and orators have given the world a surfeit of Napoleon weeping over a dead goldfish; Couthon the Terrorist fondling a pet spaniel with the hand that had signed the death-warrants of hundreds; Marat rearing doves; the bloodiest of Hindu tyrants rocking a child on his knee; and the great prophet of Islam, who converted nations with the sword and buried alive a number of captive Jews, cutting off the sleeve of his robe rather than disturb a favourite cat which had laid herself down to sleep on it. But far less widely known is, perhaps, the most perfect instance of inhuman humanity on record, the hero of which was Robespierre's friend and copyist, Sergeant.

This human hyæna, who had signalised himself by his brutal ferocity during the hideous "September massacres" of 1792, and had thrown into the shade even the cruelties of his brother murderers of the Reign of Terror, had, like Couthon, a small lap-dog, of which he was very fond. As he was feeding it one day, a lady, whose husband had been one of his victims, came to him to plead for her only son, then a prisoner in the Abbaye. The villain rudely repulsed her, and she was leaving the room in despair when she trod by chance on the paw of the dog, which set up a sharp yelp of pain.

"Woman!" cried the arch-slaughterer, turning fiercely upon her, "have you no *humanity*?"

DAVID KER.



## NEW OXFORD.

### III.

OXFORD goes to play mostly of an afternoon, and there is no place in these kingdoms where outdoor recreation of every kind can be had more cheaply or more pleasantly. The young philosopher who prefers a quiet stroll has many opportunities by the river banks, and can, for instance, wish for no more lovely walk than that through Mesopotamia, which ends with such undesirable abruptness. Further afield there are a host of beautiful routes and views, although it is only a chosen few who attain to a knowledge of every footpath for five miles round. The prowlers, however, are lost among the crowd; young Oxford requires something more active than strolling for mere strolling's sake: it is not by the river, but on the river, that Oxford at play is chiefly found.

Rowing. Rowing is not, as it used to be, the only organised sport; but it is still that in which most interest is taken, and which is of most importance from a social point of view. The river is the social centre, and an Oxford man who has not acquired the elements of watermanship can hardly be said to have made the most of his time. But the rowing is not all racing. Like the conscript with the marshal's baton in his knapsack, every freshman may have a "blue" in his portmanteau, but the chances are that he has not, and the majority soon realise this and begin to take their boating easily.

The undergraduate's progress from tub practice to the 'Varsity eight is, in truth, long and laborious. He begins his experiences in the October term, being first sent afloat under the coaching of those who have formed the crew of his college "torpid" or his college eight. If he comes from Eton, he has probably a short and easy time of it at this stage, for most Etonians row well: Eton, in fact, supplying most of the men who take part in the University Boat Race; Rugby coming next as a very bad second.

His "tub" life is not quite a happy one. Unpleasant truths will seldom be more unpleasantly told him than in the voices from the tow-path, to which he is now forced to listen. No more important step towards efficiency was ever taken than when Shadwell of Balliol abolished professional coaching at Oxford forty-nine years ago. Shadwell it was who organised the whole system of rowing at Oxford, as his contemporary Egan did that at Cambridge. It was Shadwell who, when nearing Putney Bridge in 1842, daringly stood up in the stern sheets to warn the crowd of boats in front to clear the course, and thereby discovered that a coxswain might safely rise in a racing eight, steadying himself with the yoke lines, and so see all that was going on in the boat with a view to the improve-

ment of every individual in it, a discovery of which full advantage is taken during the weary hours of training. It was Shadwell who found that a racing boat should be built to fit the crew; and he it was who, when Mat Taylor, the old ship's carpenter of the *Himalaya*, invented with Mr. Littledale the keelless Chester boat, advised Mr. Risley to buy her, with the result that Exeter suddenly became head of the river.

On the lines laid down by Shadwell, then, the freshman progresses, rowing to Iffley and back in his tub-fours with lessons at other times in his tub-pair should he be found promising enough. After four or five weeks of this the trial fours are chosen, and, should he be promoted to one of these, his afternoons will be spent in still more violent effort with still more energetic encouragement—and the reverse—from the voices of the bank. Should he be one of the winning crew when the race comes, or should he shape favourably in a general way, he may have the luck to be chosen for his college "torpid," and with that important matter settled the Christmas holidays will be upon him.

At his return in the new year he will find that eight-oars have become more numerous on the river, and in a short time he will begin the three weeks' training for the torpid races which take place in February. These races last for six days, beginning at three o'clock and half-past four each afternoon. From the crews of the torpids the vacancies in the college eights are made up, and after the Easter holidays, the training for the eights begins, the races being at the end of May. They last for six days, as do those for the torpids, but the start is at five o'clock and half-past six o'clock each afternoon instead of three and half-past four. As with the torpids, the boats are arranged one behind the other in accordance with the position on the river gained at the last season's racing. There are two divisions of eleven boats each, the first division starting one hour and a half earlier than the other, the first boat of the second division having to row last of the first division, the boat left last in the first race having afterwards to start at the head of the second division. As the river is not wide enough for the boats to pass in the usual way, their endeavour is to catch each other up and "bump" the one ahead of them, every bumped boat having to go one place further down at the next evening's race. It is thus impossible for the last boat of the second division to become head of the river in any one season. There are only six days' racing, and consequently a boat can only go up six places, unless it is the "sandwich boat," which, owing to its two chances, can go up seven, so that at the rate of a bump a night the last boat can only go up six places the first year and seven the next.

Some exceptionally good crews come to the front very rapidly; there was Trinity, for instance, in 1893, which started at thirteen and ended at eight, having failed only twice to touch the stern of the boat in front, and gain the raising of the arm of her coxswain in acknowledgment of the bump. (See "Leisure Hour" for February, p. 253.) And there have been other cases of rapid promotion, but as a rule it takes years to bring a boat out of the leaders of the first division down into the second.

To be "head of the river" is the greatest of boating honours a college can attain. Brasenose has held the position fifteen times, University nine times, Balliol and Exeter six times, Christ Church and Magdalen five times; but there are eight colleges which have never yet gained the distinction; and Queen's, Oriel, Pembroke, Hertford, and New have only won it once.

After the eights come the long succession of college "rags" or regattas, broken into by the more important fixture of the University sculls and pairs, the University fours being rowed in November. During June and early July the number of boats afloat on the lower river is astonishing, and there is no prettier or more animated sight. The most popular event of Commemoration Week has, however, been abandoned. There is no longer a "procession of boats" to bring out fifty eights to pass the University barge and salute the "head of the river" by tossing their oars.

With the return from the long vacation in October comes the higher-grade selection, the most promising men in the college eights being chosen for the two University trial eights. These have been going ever since 1858, when they were started as an improvement on the Cambridge system of "Captains v. University," a race which was abandoned for "trial eights" by Cambridge four years afterwards. The race of the trial eights takes place in the last week of November or the first week of December, the course being from Moulsoford to Cleeve Lock. From these crews the eight to meet Cambridge at Putney is made up, and after the Christmas holidays the training for that, the most important event of the boating year, begins.

Of the story of the University Boat Race we need say but little. The series, of which Oxford have now won 27 races and Cambridge 22, began in 1829, but it was not until seven years afterwards that the race was first rowed on the Thames. This was from Westminster to Putney, and it was when the boats were leaving Searle's that Mr. R. N. Phillips, finding that Cambridge had no colours, ran up into Westminster Bridge Road and there bought the handkerchief of that light blue hue which Cambridge has worn ever since. Cambridge won easily, and the defeat resulted in Oxford following the Cambridge example in founding the University Boat Club. In 1845 the first match took place over the Putney course, a cold race in March, with the thermometer down to 20°, ice floating in the river, and the navigation closing next day. Another noteworthy year was 1849, in which there were two races, one in March, the other in December; another was 1855, when

practice was stopped by the frost and the race abandoned. Another was the next year, in which was introduced that curious custom which lasted until 1864, of deciding the winner of the race by the sternpost instead of by the bow. Another was 1859, when Cambridge, in spite of Egan's warnings, used the Taylor boat that was too small for them, and filled gradually during the race, until opposite the White Hart at Barnes it went down bodily, the head still straight and the crew racing until they sank.

Sailing. Though the men who race are the backbone of the boating system, they can but form a conspicuous minority. It is not all

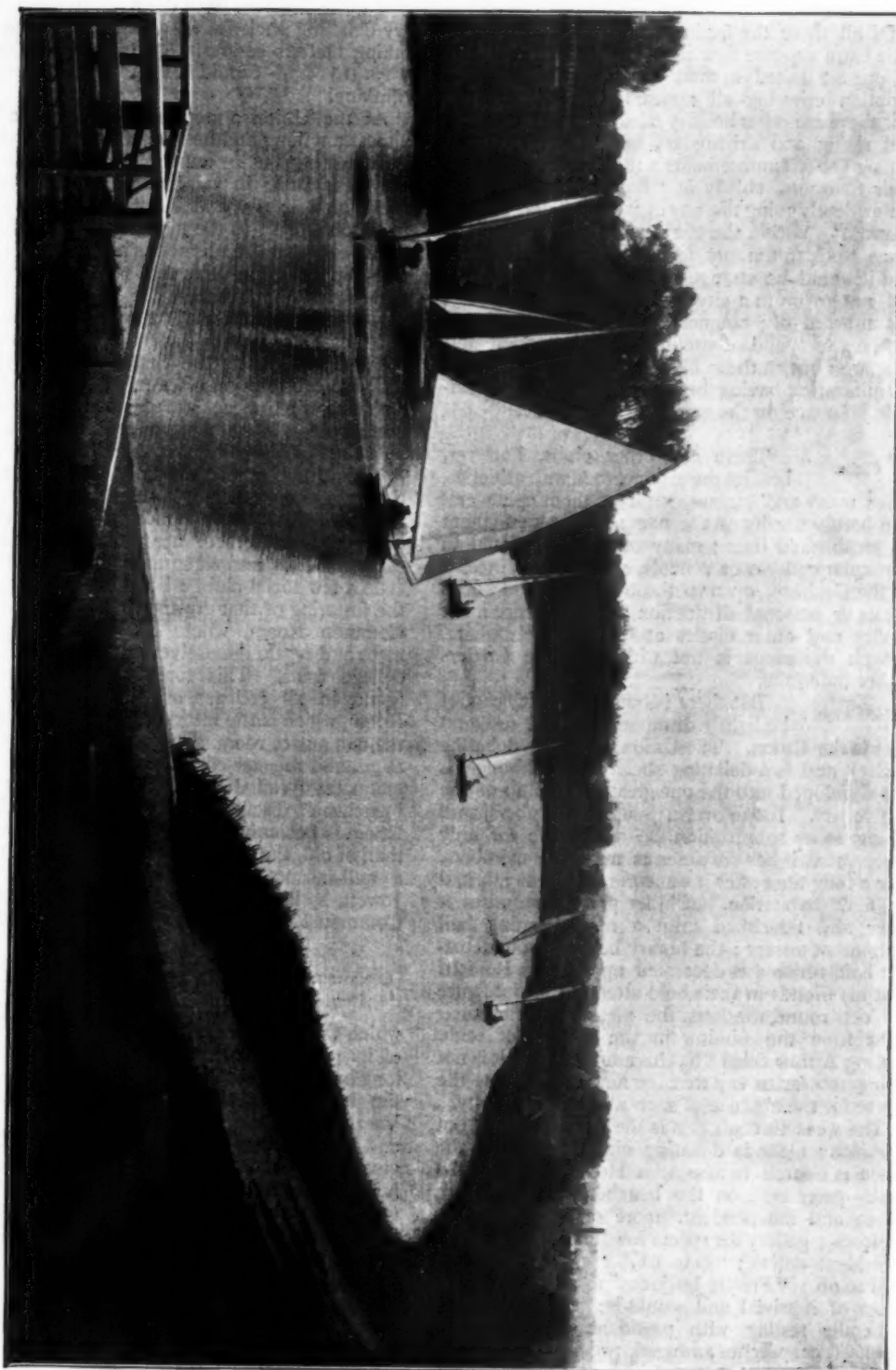
who follow the official routine; the majority come to take their pleasure and exercise in a more leisurely way, and this not necessarily on the river from the barges down to Iffley, but between the green banks of the Cherwell and on that fine stretch of water by Port Meadow. These are the haunts of the "unprofessionals"—the canoeist, the punter, the dingey man, and, on the upper river, the sailing man. The oarsman may despise the centre-boarder, but there is no question as to the superior picturesque quality of the white wings. As the oarsman has his matches and trials, so has the boat-sailor; and on a hot summer's afternoon there is no pleasanter sight than the shallow beamy craft, most of them lugs, gliding in and out among the northern meadows, against a background of trees and hedgerows and distant hills.

Cricket. It would be strange if the great increase in cricket throughout the country had not had some effect on Oxford; but though, since the opening of the grounds in the parks, the growth of interest in the game has been considerable, cricket is still a long way behind boating in general esteem. In these days of newspapers and cricket annuals the "form" of every schoolboy is known before he reaches the University, and while those with a good record find it easy to get into the college elevens, those who have their fame to make find the path not so smooth. Rowing is taught at Oxford in all stages; the cricketer, as a rule, only receives his finishing lessons; and therein is a difference meaning much in social matters. Nearly every freshman has a chance and an interest in boating; but the cricketers are apt to drift into a set by themselves. Cricket, too, is not a thing that can be taken up and dropped for a while as boating can; the cricketer must be regular at his game, for out of practice means out of form.

Football. Football, which has quite as many adherents as cricket, if not more, is in somewhat the same state, and, in fact, is generally in the hands of the same men, though in some colleges other elements are joining in, so that it promises to become as useful as a social nucleus as boating is in the summer. Of course, football means football under both codes, there being a University Club for each, with the usual annual Inter-University match, Oxford holding the advantage at "Rugger" and Cambridge shining most

A SAILING MATCH ON THE UPPER RIVER.

[From a photograph by H. W. Taunt & Co.



at "Socker," the matches in both series having been played for one-and-twenty years.

Of all these the freshman has his choice, with little extra expense now that the athletic clubs of a college are united in money matters, and the subscription covering all appears with the battels. But there are other holiday occupations. Hunting and riding and driving are no longer prominent among Oxford amusements; they are not without their followers, chiefly at "the House," but they are evidently going the way of "wines" and "bump suppers." Within the last year or two golfers have come much to the fore in more senses than one; and it would be strange if a good deal of tennis did not go on in a city of lawns. Ringoal too is not unheard of; racquets continues to be played by the select, and of cycling there is enough and to spare; but all these, like athletics, are the pursuit of minorities, having but occasionally an appreciable influence on the general everyday life.

#### Clubs.

There are other clubs, however, besides those concerned with athletics, clubs many and various, most of them ephemeral and hardly worthy of the name, others permanent on established lines; many of them restricted to particular colleges or schools, others, like Vincents or the Gridiron, open to those of approved social status or personal distinction: for there are inner circles and outer circles at Oxford as elsewhere, though the range is not wide and the barriers rather indefinite.

But there is one club which cannot be lightly dismissed with the rest, and that is the Union. The Union began as a debating society, and is a debating society still, although it has developed into the one great social club of the University. It has over a thousand members, and, owing to its subscription being payable for only three years, it has six times as many life members. For a long time after it was formed, in 1823, it had no fixed habitation, but in its present premises it grew and flourished until a new debating hall became necessary; the library being the old debating hall, which was decorated up aloft by Rossetti and his friends in their bold attempt to paint figure subjects round windows, the pictures getting their light from the window in the middle of each. "King Arthur skied" has his admirers, but it is not going too far to say that the new hall is none the worse for the absence of such works of ingenuity.

The week through this is the reading room, but Thursday night is debating night, and then the place is cleared to assume a House of Commons look—party men on the benches on each side; "free and independent," more or less, on cross-benches; gallery for spectators admitted by ticket. President enters; "hats off," "order," "order," and so on. "Private business," to commence with, most of it trivial and would-be jocular, honours generally resting with president. Then debate opens, four speeches arranged, two on each side, the rest, as they may come; speeches perfervid, antithetical and dialectical—that is, doing the best for the subject, whether the speaker believes in it or not; the division a compliment to the speakers'

ability, and valueless as a test of opinion; in fact, a debate for the encouragement of debating power, and quite different from the moribund parliamentary debating societies in which the beaten party, taking matters seriously, go forth into the highways to find candidates of their own way of thinking.

At the Union a popular speaker can advocate almost anything and be sure of success provided he is interesting, but an unpopular man will champion the best cause in vain. But every member of the Union is not a debater, nor does he aspire to become one; to the majority it is a good place for a lounge in the afternoons and evenings, where one can hear the news and read and smoke, and play chess and billiards. It is one of the first places with which the new comer makes acquaintance, for every freshman can use the rooms without membership during the first term by paying the terminal subscription of twenty-five shillings; and election, which means the payment of a pound as entrance fee, is no more difficult than it is to the new class of big political clubs in London.

The Union is not the only debating society; there are many others in a small way, some open to the universities, some connected with the different colleges, just as there are musical societies and essay societies, and all sorts of other societies, and even a few social clubs; but these are fading under the fostering of that growing institution, the Junior Common Room, where the undergraduates can meet and regale themselves at their ease within the college walls. This room is not yet, however, found in all colleges, as is the Senior Common Room, which is the resort of the fellows and tutors, the committee-room, as it were, for the management, and the star-chamber for unfortunate undergraduates "called before the college" for serious breaches of discipline. Even the Senior Common Room is becoming more comfortable and club-like than of old, the tendency that way having received a well-meant impulse from the late Professor Jowett, by his introduction of smoking into Balliol Common Room, by revival of ancient custom.

#### Commemoration.

Although Oxford lets it be generally known that it is at home "during the Eights," it is in the whirl of gaiety in which the summer term closes that it receives most of its guests. Commemoration, like Henley, has long been an event of the London season; and from the Monday to the Thursday before the Long Vacation the concerts, and parties, and dances, and other excuses for introductions and flirtations, given in the colleges, and out of the colleges, are more numerous every year. Those who have heard of "monastic Oxford" are naturally surprised to find college halls laid with spring floors and transformed into ball-rooms, in which dancing continues in full swing from ten o'clock till five in the morning to the music of a Guards' Band, while the college rooms are open and the gardens aglow all night with lanterns and fairy-lamps—but, as we said before, times have changed.

It is in Commemoration Week that the Oxford man of all ages works hard to make himself agreeable. Wednesday is the great day of the feast,



the Encenia in commemoration of founders and benefactors, with the oft-described scene in the Sheldonian, the undergraduates in their glory in the upper gallery, as lively as schoolboys on breaking-up day, the seniors packed like herrings in the pit, the red-hooded doctors handing the ladies to their seats under a gallery fire of uproarious compliment and sarcasm, that dies away as the Vice-Chancellor's procession enters, and breaks out intermittently during the admission of the new D.C.L.'s, and now and then during the recitations, although the Newdigate is pretty sure of a fair hearing.

What a number of men who are talked about have appeared in that curious pulpit to read their successful contribution to the long series of academic prize poems, of which so few are remembered! Heber and Milman, Hawker and Roundell Palmer, Faber and Dean Stanley, John Ruskin and Matthew Arnold, Addington Symonds and W. J. Courthope, W. H. Mallock and Oscar Wilde—how many of their readers know that these were among the winners of the Newdigate?

W. J. GORDON.

## WAITING.

THE train steamed into the station just twenty minutes late. I nodded to a friend on the platform, and got out.

As I did so, a little woman brushed lightly past me with a smile upon her face.

She was a small woman, dressed in a purple gown, an old-fashioned cloak, and a bonnet with faded flowers. In her hands she carried an old umbrella and a basket.

Her face was eager, her step quick; her whole personality denoted expectation—pleasant expectation.

As she passed me, I thought I heard the words: "Come by this train."

People turned to look at her as she hurried up the platform; perhaps her smile attracted them—perhaps the oddity of her clothing.

I struggled for my luggage with a score of others, like myself impatient at delay, for the journey had been long and cold; at last it came in sight, and a porter put it on to his barrow. As he did so, the little woman faced us, still smiling, saying softly under her breath something about "the next train."

The porter nodded to her kindly, almost sorrowfully I thought, and she passed along, always with the same quick uncertain step.

The luggage up, our cab drove away. I took the little old woman with me; I could not forget her face, there was something in it I had never seen before, and yet something I had seen often.

"Who is she?" I asked.

And then I got her story. Such a sad one; but so sweet, the fragrance of it lingers with me still.

Ten years ago she sat in her little home waiting for her husband—he was an engine driver; they had no children, and were everything to each other.

The cosy tea was ready, the kettle boiling, the toast made: still he did not come.

But in his place a messenger with sorrowful tidings.

He told her gently of her trouble. As he ended she gave one bitter cry, and with that cry her life was changed. Many days she lay as if the poor spirit did not know whether to remain here a little longer, or join its mate in heaven.

Then the fever left her, strength of body returned, and she rose from her bed.

But her mind was buried in her husband's grave.

Ten years ago—and still she is waiting for him. As the

time is a little long, and she childless, she goes to meet him every day.

Ten years—and winter and summer, Sunday and weekday, she glides from her little room like an expectant spirit; she hurries past men and women happy in their love, through the busy tide of life, each with its own joy or sorrow—one end in view; one face always lighting up her life.

She passes into the station, a smile for everyone who is kind to her there; and as the early train comes in, she is eagerly looking for her husband—pushing her way up to the engine, looking into all faces with that same pathetic smile, and the old words varying so little through all these years. As the train appears, she murmurs softly to herself, "He will be coming by this train, I know he will;" or after it has steamed away and patience has taken expectancy's place for a moment—"He will come by the next train - *next* train! I will wait for him."

She waits. Her little shrunken figure is well known, and everyone is good to her.

Every train through the day the faithful soul meets; always the same far-away smile, never a word or look of regret.

Between trains she sits on the platform, in a waiting room, or, sometimes, when the weather is specially cold or wet, in the porters' room, her umbrella and basket on her lap.

The basket contains a little food, which her good landlady urges her to take with her, in case "he should be detained." She has grown less hungry as the years have gone, and often a big rosy-faced porter brings a dainty morsel for "Mother," asking with a kind smile if her "old man has come yet?"

"Not yet, my dear! Not yet!" she says; "he is coming by the next train." And the man leaves her with a lump in his throat.

That is her story. Many years have passed since the day I saw her first; the quaint figure became very familiar to me, for, as I whizzed into the station, I always saw the little woman peering rapidly about in all directions.

Then I missed her.

The platform did not seem at all the same without her.

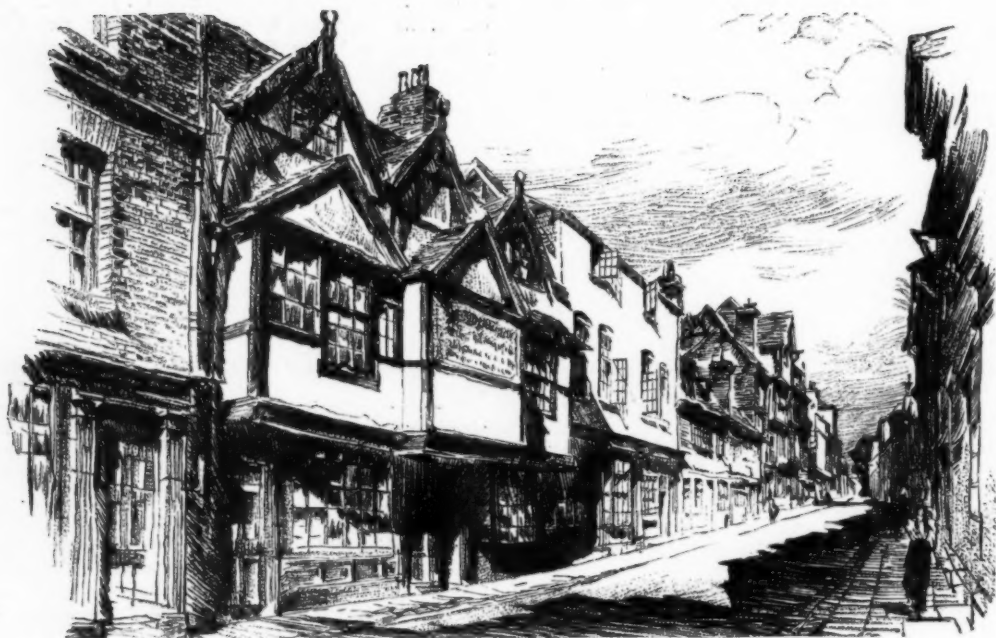
"Where is my little woman?" I asked; knowing that only one answer could be given.

The waiting is over.

She has met her husband.

SISTER ELLA.

## MRS. HENRY WOOD.



WORCESTER.

ONE of our greatest critics declared that a novelist would never succeed in picturing with perfect success and relief any phase of life with which he had not been familiar in youth. Despite the apparently extreme way in which the thing is put there can be no doubt there is truth in it. George Eliot was most at home amid the lanes and the people of Warwickshire, where she was born and bred. The Brontës needed for complete success to walk in imagination among the wilds and grey heathy moors that roll round Haworth. Mr. Barrie makes us most at home with him in Kirriemuir; Mr. Quiller-Couch in Cornwall; and Mr. Stevenson in Edinburgh or just on the line that divides the lowlands from the Highlands of Scotland. It is not given even to the greatest genius to be everywhere at home, or with equal success to interpret everything—therefore limitation is of the essence of creation, and the familiarity, which to ordinary minds renders associations commonplace, is that which stirs genius to the work of selection and embodiment, which is art.

Mrs. Henry Wood did for Worcester and Worcestershire and their people very much what these other writers did for the places we have named. There she was at home. She laid the scenes of some of her tales elsewhere; but her mind moved most freely when she was on her native ground. In those books which are most characteristic of her, and have most enduring qualities, she is in Worcestershire. She gives

colour, too, to Goethe's later deliverance, that fiction was not creation in the sense of something spun out of the fancy, as the spider spins a cobweb from its inside, but *re-presentation*—something lovingly remembered and so beautified. The Memoir of Mrs. Wood, which her son has just given to the world, emphasises this fact: it traces to Worcester her finest inspirations; she treasured up loving memories of the places and people connected with her early days there, and wrought them into her fictions. "Trees, air, and sky, and cathedral outlines all found their duplicate in the famous stream, and to the imaginative young girl it was a dream of fairyland, that in after-years rose at memory's call." If she invented powerful plots, and was expert in incident, the characters had mostly a basis in fact; from "The Shadow of Ashlydyat" and "Mildred Arkell," from "The Red Court Farm" and "Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles," to "Johnny Ludlow," Worcestershire is painted. The memoir enables us to trace the scenes, and even the originals of the persons in some cases, which she puts before us.

She was born in Worcester on January 17, 1814, the year made famous by the severe frost, when the Thames was frozen over, and bullocks were roasted whole upon the ice-bound surface. Her father was Mr. Thomas Price, a wealthy glove manufacturer, as his father had been before him; but he had been destined for the Church—a man of education and culture beyond what was usually found in business

men in those days. He was refined and intellectual, but without special ambition. He loved his books and his library, and kept up his reading; so that even the dignitaries of the cathedral would frequently refer to him on knotty points in scholarship—"a great condescension in these days," writes Mr. Charles Wood, "when the austere canons would hardly have claimed acquaintance with the heir to a throne if he had turned glove-manufacturer." When the child Ellen was a few years old it was her delight to sit in the library with her father—the only person he would tolerate there; her quiet ways seemed to fit in well with his habits and the atmosphere of the place. Mr. Charles Wood thinks that she derived much of her genius from him—certainly she gained much from him. Her mother, on the contrary, though well educated

led to her becoming her father's companion, as from her thirteenth till her seventeenth year most of her time was spent lying on a couch. She was then declared cured, though the curvature remained. The sense of this deformity had its own part in determining habits and character: it rendered her shy and sensitive—disinclined to society, though in no sense was there anything of sourness or gloom in her character. Her son tells us that the two men who most influenced her in youth were Dr. Benson, Canon of Worcester, and Dr. Murray, Dean of Worcester and Bishop of Rochester.

One of the most significant incidents in her earlier life was the failure which came on certain English industries, as one of the effects of the opening of English ports to foreigners under the



(From a Miniature.)

*Very sincerely yours  
Ellen Wood.*

and refined, was methodic, practical, looking well to the ways of her household—an energetic, careful, prudent woman, actuated by the most excellent principles. Yet sometimes she had the most remarkable dreams—some of which too surely pointed, as she thought, to mournful events.

At seven years old Ellen Price had gone through the studies of girls twice her age, and could repeat long poems. Her home was under the very shadow of the cathedral, which, with its services and associations, became a part of herself. At the age of thirteen some weakness of the spine began to show itself, which eventually produced a kind of inward curvature—whether this in any way traced itself to an adventure (that almost led to accident) which her nurse through foolhardiness had with a bull when out walking with the child cannot be told; but anyway this more and more

Act of Huskisson. Mr. Price, instead of at once closing his works, which he could have done and retired with a handsome fortune, out of a chivalric consideration for his workpeople persevered, in hopes of things taking a favourable turn, till he was comparatively a poor man. In "Mildred Arkell"—more especially in the chapter headed "A City's Desolation"—Mrs. Wood has described the hopelessness that then fell on vast classes of workers and manufacturers.

But into the midst of the shadow and depression came a sudden transfiguring light. Mr. Henry Wood, who was head of a large banking and shipping firm, met Ellen Price, and by-and-by proposed to her, and in due time they were married. Mr. Wood was a man of many attainments—a finished linguist; he had studied medicine for the mere love of it, and with no idea

of ever practising. He once for a time entered the Consular Service, and sent home such consular reports as called forth the highest praise from Lord Palmerston. His business was in the Dauphiné; and he had a delightful country house among its romantic mountains, and there Mrs. Wood spent many years of her life: gaining friends on all sides as well as experience, and, in excursions with her husband, seeing much of that interesting country and its people. Mr. Charles Wood writes of this time:

"She had quickly identified herself with the interests of the humbler classes around her, giving sympathy and help where they were needful, finding a ready welcome everywhere; charming by the brightness of her presence and her gentle animation. Going to market had become one of her pleasures. She was enchanted with the picturesqueness of the scene, the neatness of the comely farmers' wives and daughters; the manner in which they arranged their wares, more especially the wonderful vegetable stalls—an art peculiar to the South; the sweets, scents, and colours of the flower-market; and the sparkling air and sunlight which threw a magic over all."

She came greatly to enjoy the life as she grew more and more familiar with it, and gained fluency in the language. Many excursions were taken to interesting places, near at hand or farther off. She even, in a kind of innocent disguise, and for a quaint surprise to her which her husband had prepared, walked through the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse after midnight, the story of which forms one of the most fascinating chapters in the "Memorials." So the years sped on, children were born, and were growing to boys and girls (though one, a daughter, had died—died in such circumstances as made Mr. Wood resolve to have no more to do with French doctors, but to be his own family physician, which he very successfully was), until, as the years went on, circumstances arose which made it necessary for them to return to England. Mrs. Wood was a prey to weakness and ill-health arising from the early spinal affection—disquieting symptoms at intervals showing themselves—but she always was composed and brave. The most skilful doctors had been tried, with no result; and finally a strange and uneducated woman (certainly a character, and as certainly unself-interested, as she refused all reward) came and advised certain treatment, which, being tried, had wonderful efficacy, and at length wrought a cure.

Mrs. Wood had always been fond of writing, as a mere girl had produced essays, stories, and even plays after the manner of Shakespeare, but had never courted publicity. While yet in France she had begun to write stories for "Bentley's Miscellany," and "Colburn's New Monthly Magazine," then under the editorship of Harrison Ainsworth—wrote sometimes two stories a month. For a while she went on doing this without any fee or reward, and on declining further to "toil for nought," she received a small salary of some £60 a year. This went on for a considerable period—for ten years indeed—till at length she said she would contribute no more short stories, as she had made up her mind to write a three-volume novel. Mr. Ainsworth, seeing that now he must either accept this novel or lose Mrs. Wood as a contributor, agreed to her request, and

after this long probation "East Lynne" appeared in the pages of that magazine. Notwithstanding the way in which it was received by the readers of the magazine, it was declined by Messrs. Chapman and Hall as a book, and was at length issued in three volumes by Messrs. Bentley. Its success was immediate and complete. One of the most remarkable passages in the *Life* is that which describes its reception in various countries. It has sold in greater numbers than perhaps any other English work of fiction, and it still sells largely. Mrs. Henry Wood had now found her sphere. Book after book followed—some of them for sale following close on the heels of "East Lynne." It was at this period, just prior to the publication of "East Lynne," that she contributed the story of "A Life Secret" to the "Leisure Hour." "Danesbury House," a temperance tale, which won the prize of the League, was already being eagerly read by social reformers.

In 1866 Mrs. Wood lost her husband—who, however, from his practical, matter-of-fact cast of mind had not specially sympathised with her in her imaginative work—and for many years she lived a widow, devoting herself to the education of her sons and daughter, and to literature.

Considering the weakness of her constitution, it is altogether astonishing the work she did. Even in the merely manual work of writing so much with her own hand (she never attempted dictation, and had at times to resort to devices to relieve the strain felt when sitting at a desk, and would write reclining or with a desk on her knee) we have proof of rare power of application and industry. How much more when we think of the work of brain involved! Yet we learn that she wrote with ease and generally enjoyed the exercise. In her case, we surely have a striking instance of the victory of the mental and spiritual over the physical organisation.

The great service accomplished by Mrs. Henry Wood was that at a time when sensation so-called was brought into literature, and made effective by many hands, she sought to take advantage of it and use it for moral ends. Not that she put herself forward as the moralist, or set before herself formal moral lessons, but that she brought to her work a very high ideal of life and its possibilities, and that she made her characters work out, so to speak, their own fate. Very gifted in invention—in the power of weaving a plot or in developing the fable—she was constantly drawing on her own experience and knowledge of character; and in her higher types really painted men and women whom she had met and known. If her repertory seemed abundant and almost inexhaustible, that is to be accounted for by the fact, of which her son tells, and gives many illustrations, that she was wonderfully observant, and had the art of reading as if by a secret instinct the character and tendency of those with whom she was brought, however shortly, into contact, and that her memory was wonderful—she never really forgot any thing or person. Her business, as she felt it, was to paint life as she had seen and known it; but the directive force in all cases is, after all, the impression that remains on the character of the writer which life and experience



have produced. In the measure that this is elevated and lofty, so will be the real effect on the reader; no matter what endeavour may be made to rise to fine moral teachings, formal lessons, the real effect produced in the long run will be measured by this—a writer of fiction, indeed, can no more escape from the pursuing presence of this than he can escape from his own shadow, or can help breathing the atmosphere which surrounds him. Water cannot rise above its own level, nor can he.

Mrs. Wood's leading characters, in a sense, all forecast themselves. There is a kind of *inevitableness* only waiting for the circumstances to give it play. It is very markedly so in "Lord Oakburn's Daughters"—perhaps the most sensational of all the novels after "East Lynne"—in "George Canterbury's Will," "The Red Court Farm," "Mildred Arkell," "The Channings," "Roland Yorke," "St. Martin's Eve," "Verner's Pride," "Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles," and "The Shadow of Ashlydyat." We cannot go round the circle to prove this; but take the case of "George Canterbury's Will": here the leading characters are all life-like, could not possibly have been invented—they are portraits. Caroline, who rejects the honest, frank, and manly Thomas Kage for the sake of George Canterbury's money, and who fancies that, when the time comes, she has only to throw herself at Thomas Kage to be accepted, with the "treasure" she now will carry to him—we see her fate prefigured in her very capability for so acting. She rejected the gold for the tinsel when the gold was at her feet, and finds herself truly the slave of the tinsel at the last when, in reaction from the rebuffs of Thomas Kage, she weds the designing, unscrupulous scoundrel, Captain Dawkes. And Captain Dawkes, too, we see his fate prefigured in the very first glance we have of him. But Mrs. Wood manages to sustain the needful interest in the contemptible creature by the play of a fine humour and sense of contrast. Some of the scenes in which he figures with his sister Keziah are very powerful; and the relations in which the two place themselves to the old, crusty, good-hearted, penetrating, half-deaf Mrs. Garston, with her walking-stick and its significant rap-rap when she has anything emphatic to say, have truth and vigour of portraiture.

And then there is "Johnny Ludlow." Who has given us a succession of truer, more typical, characteristic pictures of English life and character than we have in these stories? The pathos is natural, never forced; the humour is never hackneyed; all the world of that bluff, gruff, kindly old Worcestershire squire is painted for us with the simplest realism, seen through the double medium of the squire's experience and Johnny's inexperience or half-experience. Mrs. Wood's rare knowledge of boy-nature, which she learned as she looked out on the schoolboys tearing through the cloisters at Worcester or entertaining them at home, comes out here in full flower. There are many pictures of life here as distinctively and characteristically English as anything in the realm of English fiction, and are not likely to be soon forgotten by the mass of readers who read what pleases them, unconcerned about critical dicta.

It is Mrs. Henry Wood's pre-eminence that even now she is perhaps among the mass the most widely read of English novelists.

It was my privilege to know Mrs. Henry Wood, and at one time to see a good deal of her, being often at her house in St. John's Wood Park. The delightful repose and stillness that seemed constantly to surround her, went in company with a kindly interest in all with whom she came into contact. She had to the fullest extent the happy art (not invariably wedded to what is called good manners) of making everyone feel at home. An unaffected genial consideration and readiness to adapt herself to you and your interests was very marked—no affectation, no fuss, no egotistic self-celebration—"a woman of a steady mind." Firmness was as marked upon her as kindness, and a fine reserve stood her in good stead on occasion. Bright, animated, and ready to enter into all innocent diversions, with the greatest possible knack in dealing with boys and young people, she had the finest gift in letting pass what was not wholly congenial to her, and by an unconscious kind of art, which no conscious adroitness could have equalled, directing the conversation into new channels. Her powers of conversation were marked, a soft and pleasant voice—"excellent thing in woman"—aiding her greatly here. She would not be led into discussion, more especially of topics likely to encourage loose or sceptical ideas. Her own mind had long been made up on all these matters: she was unobtrusively God-fearing and religious. With the utmost breadth and sympathy in religious questions, she remained, as she had been brought up, an attached member of the Church of England, taking the greatest interest in all its work, particularly interested in the poor, as one or two of her writings will testify—notably "Bessy Wells," a tale of low life in London—while the amount of thought she had devoted to the Christian upbringing of children, and her desire to aid other and younger parents in this matter, are amply proved by a little book which she published on this subject, titled "Our Children."

She looked well to the ways of her household—by system, care, and regular attention to hours, gaining thus the time for her literary labours, and not by overlooking or neglecting anything that demanded housewifely attention. She day by day illustrated Goethe's maxim that the wise man by method can even gain time, and that, in this worthy rivalry at all events, woman may prove herself the equal of man.

In person she was short of stature, but looked taller than she really was from an indescribable lightness and airiness of movement; skin very clear and fair—face, an exact oval; hair, turning grey, braided neatly over her well-developed brow under the widow's cap. The curvature of the spine, from which she had suffered so much and long, not in any way painfully marked on her figure. She had a way of slightly raising herself up in her chair and gently stretching her right hand toward you when she said anything earnest or that moved her, and then a quiet gleam shot over her face,

and her eyes softly brightened. It is quite correct what her son has said, that there was a hint of sadness in the eyes when she was passive or at rest—a pathetic subdued softness, even a hint of moistness—but this vanished when she became gently animated in talk, and all seemed to be lightened up and the figure to gain an additional buoyancy. Pleasant were these hours, for one could not but feel one had gained much, though the affectation of teaching or consciously conferring benefit was far from her. What most

struck one was the sweet, subdued geniality that diffused itself everywhere, and the sense of strong character unasserted but still operative there. Ah, how well I remember standing by the grave on the heights of Highgate Cemetery, as they lowered the coffin into it on that clear but cold 16th day of February 1887, and thinking of these things, and how much of rare and precious had vanished from the world of which the world that knew and valued her books yet knew little or nothing.

ALEXANDER H. JAPP.

## HAPPY QUOTATIONS IN PARLIAMENT.

TO quote what has been said or written by others is a matter of common usage. The aptness or patness of such quotation is at once appreciated and approved, not only by critics but by every intelligent hearer or reader. In the pulpit the citation of a striking or appropriate text is always felt to be "telling," and something of a similar feeling occurs when in speech or book we meet with a familiar quotation. The subject is too large and wide for general treatment, so let us confine our attention to examples of happy quotation in the Houses of Parliament.

These may be divided into two sorts, popular and classical. Of popular quotations the most obvious and common are proverbial sayings, or homely proverbs. These are occasionally heard in the House of Commons from speakers of "the thin-edge-of-the-wedge" style of reasoning, but homely proverbs do not tell much in argument or in eloquence. We may hear that "half a loaf is better than no bread," or that "more haste is less speed," but too much of this uttering of wise saws would make any man as ridiculous as Sancho Panza himself. What is said may be very true, but is felt to be out of place in the speeches of the House.

Very different is the case with classical quotations. On one occasion Dr. Johnson met Mr. Wilkes at dinner, when the subject of quotation came up. Wilkes said he thought quoting was rather pedantic. "No, sir," was Johnson's immediate reply. "No, sir, it is a good thing; there is a community of mind in it. Classical quotation is the *parole* of literary men all over the world." It is true that the literary character of the Houses of Parliament has changed greatly from the days of Johnson, and the great debates of the times of Walpole and Pulteney, Fox and Pitt, or even since Mr. Gladstone first entered into public life. In our own days classical quotation has sadly fallen, and the high classical culture of scholars and gentlemen, so far from being a recommendation for success in the House, would be a hindrance rather than otherwise. The memory of old times is still fresh, however, and the reader of history and biography finds delight in records and anecdotes such as seldom are seen in the modern newspaper reports of Parliamentary proceedings.

Let us recall a few examples, not in order, but as they occur to memory.

Lord North, an easy-going man of the world, used often to sit in the House asleep, or appearing to sleep. On one occasion, when Colonel Barré brought forward a motion on the Navy, Lord North said to a friend at his side, "We are going to have a long, tedious speech, from the very beginning, not omitting Drake and the Spanish Armada. Let me sleep, and waken me when he comes near our own times." His friend at length gave him a nudge. "Where are we?" said North. "At the battle of La Hogue, my lord." "Oh, my friend, you have woken me a century too soon," was the reply, and he turned off again. But Lord North had once a more effective awakening. A speaker, in describing the state of the Navy, said that "in the midst of these perils, the noble lord is asleep. *Even Palinurus nodded at the helm!*" The loud cheers and laughter caused by the happy quotation from Pope's *Dunciad* roused Lord North from his slumber.

Mr. Burke was declaiming once on the reckless extravagance of the Ministry, and quoted the saying, *Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*, making a false quantity, *vectigal*. Lord North, who seemed asleep, had heard the blunder, and in loud clear voice merely said *vectigal*. Thanking the noble lord for the correction, Burke said it gave him the opportunity of repeating the maxim, the enforcing of which was so much needed—*Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*.

Sometimes a quotation has been made occasion of a wager, as when a member gave notice that he should charge Sir Robert Walpole with corruption. Walpole listened with dignity, and said that he would be present when the charge was brought, for he was not conscious of any crime deserving censure. He put his hand on his breast, and said, *Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa*. Pulteney immediately rose, and remarked that Walpole's defence would prove as weak as his quotation was inaccurate, for Horace had written *nulla pallescere culpa*. Walpole defended his quotation, and Pulteney offered a wager of a guinea that he was right. The dispute was referred to Nicholas Hardinge, Clerk of the House, a distinguished scholar, who decided that Walpole was wrong.

The guinea was thrown to Pulteney, who caught it, and holding it up said it was the only honest money that had come from the Treasury for many years! This guinea was deposited in the British Museum, accompanied by a full description of the incident in the handwriting of Pulteney. There is a recent order of the Trustees of the Museum that a selection of coins from the Medal Rooms should be exhibited to the public in open cases. Let us hope that this guinea, lost by Walpole for a false quotation, may be exhibited to the world. It will show to the young the use of knowing Latin, and of quoting it accurately, as was said in Mr. Pulteney's manuscript.

Coming down to later times, for we have space only for a few examples. No one ever excelled Lord Derby in happy quotation. In his well-known poem, "The New Timon," Lord Lytton, with his admirable sketches of men and events in the House, while he calls Stanley the "Rupert of Debate"—"frank, haughty, rash," says—

Nor gout, nor toil his freshness can destroy,  
And time still leaves all Eton in the boy.

Was there ever a more effective quotation than when Mr. Stanley, in his denouncing the Government for its dependence on O'Connell and his tail, quoted, amidst the cheers of the House, nearly twenty lines of Shakespeare?—

But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown  
Upon the head of this forgetful man;  
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot  
Of murd'rous subornation,—shall it be  
That you a world of curses undergo;  
Being the agents, or base second means,  
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—

O'Connell sat abashed, and his side of the House silent, while Stanley continued to quote, amidst redoubled cheers, till he came to the end—

And shall it in more shame, be further spoken,  
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off  
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?

Some of O'Connell's own quotations were happy, as when he ridiculed the smallness of Lord Stanley's personal followers—

Then down thy hill, romantic Ashbourne, glides  
The Derby dilly, carrying six insides.

Much laughter also arose when O'Connell described three notable members of the House by making a parody of the famous epigram—

Three colonels, in three distant counties born,  
Lincoln, Armagh, and Sligo did adorn,  
The first in matchless impudence surpassed,  
The next in bigotry—in both the last;  
The force of Nature could no further go,  
To beard the third, she shaved the other two.

This was rather a personal attack, and was amusing only from the readiness and appropriateness of the parody.

D'Israeli's own quotations were numerous and effective. In his series of annoying speeches against Sir Robert Peel, the sharpest hit was that

in which he threw back the reference to preferring an open foe to a candid friend. Peel had quoted the lines—

Give me the avowed, erect, and manly foe,  
Firm I can meet, perhaps can turn the blow;  
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,  
Save me, O save me, from a candid friend.

The lines were by Canning, and with bitter sarcasm D'Israeli, a few nights afterwards, after a eulogy of the departed statesman, spoke of Peel's "ready memory and his courageous conscience" in thus recalling the words of one whom he had once loved but afterwards betrayed—

Save me, O save me, from a candid friend.

Sir Robert Peel, on one occasion rising to speak, saw Lord Palmerston asleep, and pointing across to him, in one moment roused the laughter of the House by quoting the well-known line from Horace—

"Hanc veniam damus petimusque vicissim."

Mr. D'Israeli did not always keep to quotation, but preferred using phrases which themselves became familiar as proverbs, and were more telling in his speeches. Such were the hits against the opposing occupants of the Treasury bench as "a range of exhausted volcanoes," or his describing their measures as "plundering and blundering," while their policy was "a policy of confiscation."

A quotation, if incomplete or separated from the context, may be turned against the quoter. An instance of this was when Canning, in a defence of the "rotten boroughs" in days before the Reform Bill, urged that the system of nomination boroughs belonged to the British Constitution, and had

Grown with its growth and strengthened with its strength.

Sir Francis Burdett, in his reply, took up the quotation, and said that the honourable gentleman had forgotten to quote the first line of the distich—

The young disease, which must subdue at length,  
Grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength.

Canning admitted the correction, and acknowledged that the retort was a happy and just one.

Another correction of a quotation is of older date. The Attorney-General in Lord North's time spoke against what he called "dangerous innovations," saying it was better to endure the ills of which we know the extent, than fly to others that we know not of. Wedderburn rose instantly and began his speech by continuing Hamlet's soliloquy—

And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.

Certainly a happy reply to the quotation.

Our space is exhausted, and with these few specimens we must leave the subject of happy



quotations in Parliament. There are in our day many volumes of classical extracts, and books of "familiar quotations," by aid of which speakers and writers may quote, with very little knowledge of the originals. It may also be remarked that, though ancient quotations are now seldom heard, there are occasions when a passage from our own

English classics may be effectively used. We have heard lines and sentences, *verba et voces*, from Gray and Goldsmith, Cowper and Byron, Wordsworth and Tennyson, quoted and applauded as much as the older words of Virgil, Milton, and Shakespeare which delighted our forefathers in former times.

J. M.

## NORWEGIAN ART.

NORWEGIAN art was pleasantly illustrated in the Exhibition of the Norwegian Club a few weeks since. Some two or three years ago the idea suggested itself to a certain number of gentlemen who had been in the habit of visiting Scandinavia, to establish a club in London, the aim of which, as the prospectus informs us, is to unite those who are interested in, or acquainted with, Norway and Sweden, either as travellers, mountaineers, sportsmen, artists, or naturalists, by providing them with opportunities of meeting in London. The number of original members was limited to two hundred, which number has already been reached.<sup>1</sup>

It was to members of this club that the exhibits belonged almost exclusively. Although but a brief period was allowed for preparation, the general effect of the galleries was most attractive. The walls were adorned with fine oil pictures by such well-known Norwegian artists as Normann, Hans Dahl, Professor Gude, Otto Sinding, and others, or by water-colour drawings from English easels, and it was interesting to contrast the forcible style adopted by the Norwegian painters with the more delicate handling of our own.

What, however, gave a special value to this exhibition was the collection of plate, jewellery, carved wood-work, domestic utensils, curios, costumes, and other personal adornments. So little had previously been seen by the public of such objects from Scandinavia that we need scarcely apologise for devoting this article to the illustration and description of some of those which struck us as the most noticeable.

At the further end of the great room, arranged upon shelves, was a kind of trophy, consisting of a fine collection of church plate, dating, for the most part, from the seventeenth century, exhibited by Sir Henry Pottinger, Bart. The great alms-dishes and candlesticks were far less Renaissance in character than the date would have led us to expect; in fact, we notice through all the Norwegian work an adherence to the old Romanesque style of ornamentation, not unmixed with a strongly marked Asiatic element. Some of the wood-carving, for instance, might have been executed in Siam or Burmah.

A remarkable instance of this is the curious trick, so common in the East, of making-up

objects out of the excrescences of the growth of trees; this is thoroughly un-European, but is common enough in India and China. In our sketch of the trophy are two extraordinary objects of this kind. The first is the bowl for holding beer, the outlandish shape of which simply follows the growth of the tree, with a little touching up here and there. A face is formed at one end of it, surmounted by a crown adorned with three crosses; this is said to represent St. Olaf, the patron saint of Norway, and the three crosses are to prevent the bowl from being bewitched! Almost immediately over this bowl is a curious representation of a grotesque animal, something between a camel and an ostrich, which is also formed from the eccentric growth of a tree assisted by art. Upon the shelves adjoining are numerous examples of the carved wooden mugs and painted bowls which are such quaint features in a Norwegian household. The inscription on one of the bowls, exhibited by Mr. West Neve, dating no further back than 1826, had a Norwegian inscription upon it which is translated as follows:

"Welcome, friend, to our party.

Praise God Who gave us these good things;

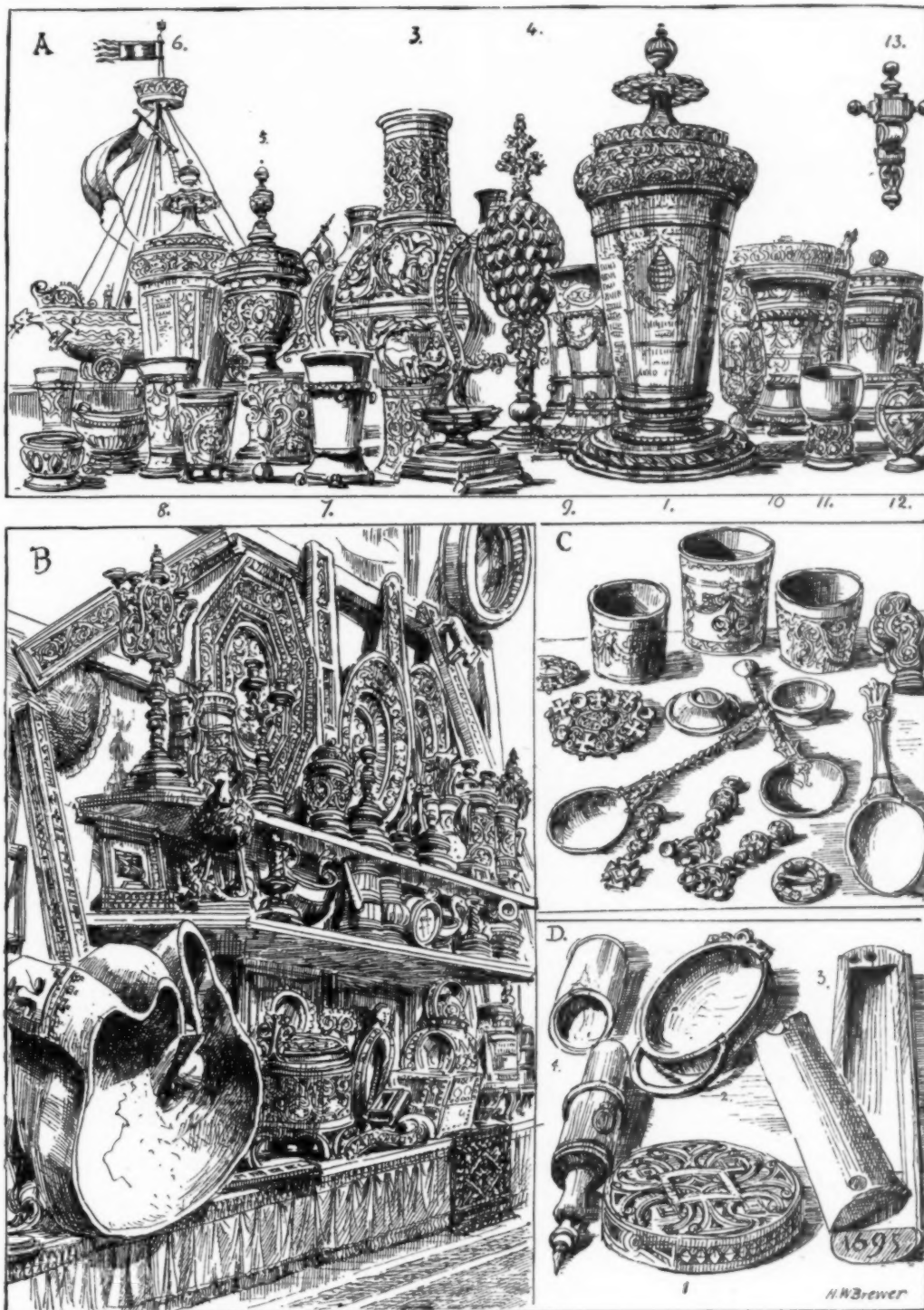
First we will thank Him and then set to."

Judging from the huge size of some of the bowls and tankards, we should be inclined to think that there must have been a considerable amount of "setting to" in Scandinavia in former days.

Two stands of ancient plate, chiefly for civic and domestic use, contained many beautiful objects, amongst which was a large pair of silver "loving cups" which formerly belonged to the Hanseatic League of herring-barrel makers, at Bergen. They are engraved with the cognisance of the guild, a barrel surmounted by a pair of compasses, and the names of the masters of the guild. One is dated 1723, the other is somewhat later. (These cups are marked 1 and 2 in our illustration A.) There is also a remarkable double cup (3), and a pomegranate-shaped cup (4) which dates from the close of the sixteenth century, and is evidently influenced by the Italian design; a cup-shaped piece of plate, called "a chalice," but which is more probably a "ciborium" or "pyx"; (5) also shows Italian influence, (6) is a ship for passing spirits or liqueurs round the table; in form it rather reminds one of the early salt-cellars sometimes met with in collections of old English plate; 7, 8, 9, 10 are

<sup>1</sup> Ladies, as well as gentlemen, are eligible for membership. The club rooms are at 11 Charing Cross.





FROM THE EXHIBITION OF THE NORWEGIAN CLUB.

sixteenth-century drinking-cups, of a form commonly met with in Germany, but the engraved patterns upon them are very singular, and prove distinctly that they are Norwegian work. It is a curious old cup of purely Norwegian type, probably of the seventeenth century; the pattern, however, on the stem is in the style of the twelfth century, and is identical with some of the old Irish ornament of that date! This sort of recollection of ancient Irish work is frequently to be met with in Norwegian objects, an interesting example of which is a bread-box dated 1676, which looked strangely like the carving upon one of the old Irish crosses.<sup>1</sup> We meet with the same thing in much of the jewellery, such as brooches, studs, necklaces, etc.

The most ancient exhibit was a sort of pin of bronze, forming a cross, which was found in the grave of a viking by Mr. Skillbeck. Probably this was a shroud pin; and although discovered in Norway, there may be some doubt as to whether it is of Norwegian origin, as it possesses more the character of Anglo-Saxon work. We do not say that it is Anglo-Saxon, because, as we have already shown, the Norwegians frequently copied the work of other countries. In all probability this curious little object dates from the eleventh century; but it is scarcely safe to give any exact date to any Norwegian object when judging of it by the design alone. There was shown, for instance, a chalice which one would certainly class as German work of the fourteenth century, were it not for the inscription which records the fact that it is Norwegian work of the seventeenth century. Indeed the art of the country has all the peculiarities of the East as opposed to those of the West. In all the western countries of Europe, for instance, ornamentation developed itself, between the twelfth and eighteenth centuries, in such a way that as new forms became introduced the earlier ones were abandoned. Thus we very rarely find the work of a later period carried out in imitation of that of earlier times. In the East, however, more especially in India, Burmah, Siam, and China, traditional patterns are still being worked by the natives which are identical with those in use six or seven centuries back; and, certainly down to the end of the seventeenth century, this was the case in Norway. How are we to explain this peculiarity, which is not to be found elsewhere in Europe, except in places which were distinctly under Asiatic influence? It is not our intention here to enter into the question of Norwegian architecture, but we will simply point out the fact that the wooden churches of Hitterdal and Borgund bear such a resemblance to the wooden temples of Siam and Burmah as is

absolutely startling, and thoroughly unaccountable without we suppose they had some common origin.

Small articles of plate and jewellery exhibited showed the delicacy and elegance of this class of Norwegian work, and the extraordinary way in which ancient patterns and forms have been handed down to the present day. One of the drinking-cups had the fleur de lis embossed upon it. This is remarkable, as the form is not to be found in any other object, and at first it seemed to suggest that it might be of French origin; but in all probability it is a Scandinavian copy of some French piece of ornament: the Norwegians saw that the fleur de lis was pretty, and copied it, just as the Chinese copied French work in the eighteenth century! The Norwegian jewellery, such as brooches, necklaces, bracelets, and sometimes even rings, have little pendent ornaments attached to them, consisting, generally, of little cups and crosses. These are evidently a recollection of the bangles worn in the East. Two brooches exhibited, and some clasps, possess these curious little appendages. In addition to the bread-box already described, was a curious oval-shaped butter-box (D 2) and a wooden candlestick or lantern dated 1675, also a very peculiar-looking object called a "bud stikke." This last consists of a hollow wooden cylinder for holding a roll of paper, with an iron spike at one end. It is used in the following way. When, in any case of emergency, it becomes necessary to send a message calling the people to arms, or to assist the king or the government in some special way, the messenger carries this round. If he finds the householder away he sticks it in the door by means of the iron spike. Upon returning, the recipient, after reading the message, has to carry it on to his nearest neighbour. It is in fact something like the old "fiery cross."

Amongst other singular objects were the calendars, consisting of long pieces of wood, engraved with curious characters, sometimes runic letters, representing the days of the week and the months.

It is to be hoped that the Norwegian club may see its way to a repetition of such exhibitions of Scandinavian objects from time to time, in order that artists, antiquaries, and the public may become more thoroughly acquainted with a remarkable phase of art-workmanship which has no parallel anywhere else in Europe; and which, if exhaustively studied, might help to solve some difficult problems which present themselves when we attempt to trace the origin of some of the races in the extreme north of Europe.—H. W. BREWER.

<sup>1</sup> See sketch D, No. 1.



## A COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE HOUSE.

BY PHYLIS BROWNE.

### THE HOME LIFE.

**D**URING the week preceding the next meeting of the Home Parliament, Mr. Brown, the Speaker, received two or three letters from members "petitioning" that the subject of the next discussion might be Life in the Home.

From these letters it appeared that certain worthy heads of families had become seriously uneasy, because they thought they had discovered that the tendencies of modern society were opposed to the time-honoured influence of home. They feared that it was much more usual now than it used to be for members of the same family, who dwelt under the same roof, to be separated in thought and feeling, to have different interests and different sympathies. They had noticed, too, in several instances that, after homes had been broken up (as all homes must inevitably be in course of time), brothers and sisters ceased to care for each other, and drifted entirely apart. These conditions our worthy friends regarded as most calamitous; and seeing that the Home Parliament had been established for the ventilation of various shades of opinion on phases of domestic life, they urged that the members should immediately turn their attention to this most important subject, in the hope that the cause of the mischief might be made evident, and its cure might be pointed out.

To this request Mr. Brown gladly responded in the affirmative, the more so as he cordially sympathised with the ideas of those who made it. All other subjects, therefore, he set aside for the time, in order that Home Life might be thoroughly discussed; and as his much respected friend Mr. Smith was one of the leading petitioners, he was invited to introduce the chosen topic.

The committee being assembled, Mr. Smith spoke as follows: "I suppose that to the majority of men and women home is the dearest spot on earth. It is hallowed to them by the tenderest memories, and for those who dwell therein they feel the deepest attachment and concern. Sometimes, indeed, fathers and mothers think that they would gladly lay down their lives, if by so doing they might promote the best interests of the kindred who are bound to them by the ties of blood and of soul, and by the associations of the home.

"But home is not merely a spot that is consecrated to us by affection; it is also the place where we expect and hope to nourish and to cultivate the

virtues which would die in the atmosphere of the world. Virtue begins at home; piety begins at home. The world is sadly in want of great and good men and women. Here and there they appear, and do valuable work, lifting the lives of those with whom they come into contact. But if we make inquiry we nearly always find that these benefactors of society came from a good home. Much of the benevolence and the integrity which characterised them belonged to their fathers and mothers before them; it is the embodiment of the spirit which ruled in the home of their childhood.

"The Christian homes of England we regard as the anchor of the State; and where shall we turn if they fail us? Unfortunately, we begin to fear that they are about to fail us. The ideas of those around us are going through a great change. Brothers and sisters go in different directions; they no longer share each other's purposes; some of the young folks are losing their respect for the opinions of their fathers and mothers; and it is comparatively rare to find a family whose members mingle in common aims. It is obvious, of course, that the manifestation of this change will vary with circumstances. It will show itself differently in the town and in the country, amongst different social classes, and at different epochs of life. Still, it is to be seen almost everywhere, and we deeply deplore it. We should, indeed, rejoice if we could do anything to discover its cause, and to cure it."

There was a pause of a few minutes after Mr. Smith sat down; the members of the Home Parliament looked very serious. Evidently they felt that they had been brought face to face with a crying danger. Mrs. Aitchison, who as the result of her efforts at the last sitting had been unanimously elected a member, was the first to break the silence. She said:

"I am afraid that there is too much truth in what Mr. Smith has said. The influence of home has done much good in the past, but there is reason to fear that it is losing its power. To my mind, the cause of the mischief is the devotion exhibited by the young people to outside interests—interests, that is, that are apart from the home. In these days we are too apt to regard the home as merely a lodging where we can get our meals and sleep, instead of looking on it as a sanctuary. The modern craze for physical exercise is to blame for



this to a large extent. The game of golf separates brothers from sisters; lawn-tennis was much to be preferred. The women who play golf are very exceptional; yet with men the liking for it is a sort of fever—when they catch it we can do nothing with them but allow the disease to run its course. While it lasts, however, it effectually puts a stop to all hope of domestic union. Almost as disastrous, though not quite as selfish, is the out-of-door life in committees which is so much praised. The members of a family are lost to the home when once they begin to attend committees and take part in public work. Charity begins at home; we ought never to forget that."

Charlie Smith, the son of the Mr. Smith who had introduced the discussion, now caught the Speaker's eye. Apparently he wished to reply to Mrs. Aitchison. He said: "I have been reading Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' lately, and the remarks made by Mrs. Aitchison have made me think of an anecdote I found there. Hannah More was praising the good Doctor rather effusively one day, and he did not enjoy the experience. He bore it for a time, and then he said, very impatiently, 'Madam, you ought to consider what your praise is worth before you thrust it down my throat.' So, surely, we young people might say to the elders, 'Friends, you ought to think what your home life is worth before you ask us to give up our pleasures for its sake.' There is no harm in golf. It is very agreeable and healthful exercise; the only reasonable objection that could be brought against it is that it is expensive, so that only wealthy people can take part in it. Yet there is nothing belonging to it that need separate the members of families, and every season an increasing number of ladies enjoy it. Mrs. Aitchison does not speak with the same condemnation of cricket; yet surely cricket has done more than golf to separate brothers and sisters?"

"I am afraid that some of our friends, especially my father, will think me sadly mistaken if I speak candidly on this topic, but I hope they will excuse me if I say what I really think about it." ("Hear, hear!" "Certainly, speak out!" was heard from different parts of the room in response to this appeal.) "Well, then, I am inclined to believe that the value of the influence of home has been much overrated. The exclusiveness upon which what is called the 'home life' of the last generation was built, was a very selfish thing. It encouraged self-indulgence, and there was in it a good deal of the feeling which says to the world generally, 'Stand by, for I am holier than thou.' It was pleasant enough, I dare say, for the people who were allowed to enter the charmed circles; but it was very aggravating to outsiders, and it led to a good deal of cliquism."

"I was particularly astonished to hear Mrs. Aitchison say what she did about public spirit, or, as she expressed it, 'out-of-door life in committees.' You cannot accomplish very much in philanthropy if you work alone, you are compelled to join hands with some one else there, and I thought the tradition of service to our fellows was specially cherished by those who desire to foster home influence. Of course, interest in philanthropic work interferes to

some extent with family gatherings, but it need not do away with them entirely; indeed, if all the members of a family were of the same spirit, it would make them more delightful. After all, some of us think that the 'Musical Evenings' and 'Friendly at Homes' of stereotyped home life get very dull after they have been repeated on the same pattern for a score of times. If the living element of an unselfish purpose inspired those who took part in them, they would be much more satisfactory."

Mrs. Brown had listened to Charlie Smith with much interest, and when he gave up speaking she said: "If anyone were to say to me, 'Of what use is your Home Parliament? What is the good of talking over domestic questions, and getting to know the opinions of people who think quite differently from yourselves about them?' I should feel inclined to recall the remarks of the two friends to whom we have just listened. Mrs. Aitchison and Charlie think they are on different sides, but they are as a matter of fact at one. Mrs. Aitchison has no wish to encourage selfishness" ("Hear, hear," said poor Mrs. Aitchison), "nor has our friend Charlie the least desire to destroy family affection" ("Decidedly not," said Charlie). "Then that is where we stand. Both have the same purpose, but they look at the question from different standpoints, and so they obtain a different view of the same thing."

"There is an old saying that there would be two opinions about a cracked bell, if the cracked bell could speak for itself. Our friends who have become impatient with the old-fashioned type of home life have stood hitherto with regard to us in the position of 'the cracked bell.' We have taken it for granted that there was no justification for their opinions, and that they were entirely wrong. Yet when we consent to listen to them we find that many, if not all, of them value the affection and sympathy of home as much as we do; what they dislike is the exclusive spirit and the humdrum conventionality which so often prevailed in it. For this objection there is a certain justification. I am quite convinced that the truest and, indeed, the only way of preserving the home influence is to take measures to make the members of our families interested in the same subjects. Encourage them from their earliest years to sympathise with each other, and they will not drift apart when they grow old."

"Yet how can we hope that children will grow up in love and sympathy," here interposed Mrs. Saunders; "grow up, that is, caring for the same things and sharing the same purposes, when they do not spend their childhood together? When I am told that the influence of the home is on the wane, I cannot help wishing that boys and girls could be educated together at home. Well-to-do parents very often decide that the very best thing they can do for their boys is to send them to a boarding-school as soon as they leave the nursery. Of course, the natural consequence is that sympathy and communion between brothers and sisters dies a natural death; there is nothing for it to feed on. Of course we can understand that in many cases the course adopted is inevitable; but it is certainly unfortunate. The mind of a little child is wax to receive, marble to retain; yet



during the most impressionable period of life parents send their children away from home, and then are astonished that when they leave school they do not possess the spirit of home. It always seems to me that to send a little child out of the home is a queer way of thanking the Lord for sending him into it."

"Perhaps the parents think that it does the boys good to send them to school," said Mrs. Aitchison. "There is no doubt that at school boys learn to make their own way, and to help themselves; also they learn the ways of the world far better than they would do at home."

"The fact is undeniable," said Mr. Edward Jones, "but for all that I am inclined to think there is much truth in what Mrs. Saunders says. It is obviously an inconsistency for parents to grieve because the young people of the same family drift apart when they have grown up, if they have been kept apart during the most impressionable period of life. There is always a bond of sympathy between those who can say to each other 'Do you remember?' I imagine that parents would be wise if, instead of sending boys and girls to boarding-schools, they would occasionally try to arrange to have them well educated and still live at home, and then introduce into the home some of the advantages which are gained at school. Boys 'learn their way about,' as it is called—that is, they learn to help themselves—at school, simply because they have to rough it a little. The children of well-to-do parents who are kept at home are made too comfortable; the consequence is they become exacting, self-indulgent, and disinclined to exertion. Young people brought up thus seldom make their mark as men and women. Luxurious living may be pleasant for the fathers and mothers, but unquestionably the children are injured by it."

"The mischief done is the more to be deplored, because apart from it the prospect for the preservation of home influence is brighter now than it used to be. The larger outlook of to-day should help to promote sympathy between brothers and sisters, it ought not to be a hindrance thereto. If the education of our girls be something more than technical it must enlarge immensely the sympathies and happiness of the homes to be."

"Are not our friends somewhat too profound in their remarks about home life?" here interposed Mrs. Smith. "Would they not be more likely to discover the cause of the decay of home influence if they were to search nearer the surface of the subject. Dainty, refined living is delightful; it makes young people fastidious, perhaps, but it also helps to make gentlemen and ladies of them. If I were asked how the home should be reformed, in order that its influence should escape destruction, I should advise that stricter attention should be paid to the manners of the boys and girls at home. 'A good manner,' Emerson says, 'is worth £500 a year.' Brothers and sisters ought to be more polite to each other than they usually are; it would be well if they were even slightly ceremonious. 'Familiarity breeds contempt,' we are told; and young people who behave charmingly when with strangers, are too often unpleasantly free and easy

with their own people. How can it be expected that brothers should retain a chivalrous feeling for their sisters when they constantly see their sisters lounging in easy chairs, and hear them contradict each other without hesitation? How can sisters rely on the strength and kindness of brothers when they see those brothers taking the best chairs in the room, and never receive from them the attentions which girls not their sisters would have as a matter of course?

"Let us look, then, to the manners of our young people. Artists have learnt to admire the furniture of a former generation; they are quite delighted to possess a chair, a cabinet, or a clock that belonged to their ancestors, and if they do not own the genuine article, they purchase a modern imitation of it. It does not seem to occur to them that the manners of our great-grandmothers are quite as worthy to be copied as are the chairs in which they sat, or the fireplaces at which they looked. The influence of the home life was never more powerful than in the days when mothers used to sit to receive the respectful submission of their daughters, and used to allow their sons to kiss their hands."

"If you think those manners delightful, Mrs. Smith," said Lilian Brown, "you must not be surprised if we young folks disagree with you. We may be too free and easy in these days, but we think that the parents of a former generation were too exacting, and the family manners were too stiff. We young ones have to judge those times by hearsay, and by reading stories which describe them, but they seem to have been very painful. We may go too far in the direction of being free and easy, but surely those people went too far in the opposite direction; they were too stilted. Nor, if all that we have heard be true, can we think that the influence of home life of that kind was beneficial. I think I remember mother telling us that though the girls of that day were generally obedient to the traditions of home, the boys very often became wild and went to ruin as soon as they got their liberty. The boys who endured the discipline were very good indeed, but those who were too lively to endure it came to harm."

"I think Lilian is right," said Mrs. Brown; "I endorse her opinion. We may try to reform the home life of our time, but do not let us make it resemble the home life of a former generation."

Uncle Gregory now rose. He said: "I hope the advocates of home life will not be very angry with me if I say that I was very much inclined to agree with Charlie Smith when he said, 'Consider what your home life is worth before you ask us to make sacrifices for it.' Candidly, I think its value is overrated. The characteristic belonging to which I particularly dislike is the tendency to gossip which exists in many families. This tendency is most unwholesome. Yet the amount of tittle-tattling perpetrated by the members of virtuous families is something appalling. There are numbers of homes in which a sort of court of inquiry is constantly sitting, where every member of the household, every chance visitor, every relative both near and distant, and the servants for a mile round, are discussed and judged in the most ruthless

fashion. Moreover the judgment pronounced is exceedingly narrow. A certain arbitrary standard is set up, and individuals who fall below that standard even by a hair's breadth are looked upon as inferior. Curiously enough, the talk-about-my-neighbour chatter, and talk-about-the-person-who-has-just-left-the-room chatter is not looked upon as at all blameworthy. If we were to tell those who indulge in it that they were talking gossip, they would probably be most astonished. Why do they not accustom themselves to talk about things, not persons? Why not discuss books? If this gossip were kindly we should have more patience with it, but for the most part it is quite the reverse. I believe that the young are always cruel in their judgments; they seldom make allowance for weakness, and young folks belonging to good homes are particularly so. We hope that they will grow more kind as they grow older, but we elders should at least discourage their practice of throwing small pebbles at their neighbours' windows. If I had my way, I would have every young person, on reaching the age of fourteen, learn by heart Wordsworth's poem on Personal Talk, and I would have a few lines repeated every time he or she showed signs of being tempted to become a gossip-monger.

"'Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,  
He is a slave; the meanest we can meet.'"

"Uncle Gregory! Uncle Gregory!" here broke in two or three voices simultaneously, the speakers being Kitty and Maudie Brown and Violet Foster. As this was the first occasion on which Violet had ventured to speak, Uncle Brown gave her the precedence. She said: "Is not Uncle Gregory rather hard on young people when he says that they are always cruel in their judgments? And is he not equally hard when he says that we ought to talk about things, not persons? Would he have us refuse to take any interest in the affairs of our neighbours? I suppose if a rumour of the latest engagement was repeated in our presence, or if we were told that one of our friends had gone abroad to school or taken up a 'vocation,' Uncle Gregory would have us at once turn the conversation to the Japanese War, or talk about the pictures in the Academy? I assure him that we should not do it. Such virtue is not in human nature; at any rate it is not in my human nature—I am not equal to it. Nor can I think that it is wrong to take an interest in the welfare of my friends."

"Not at all wrong, dear Violet," said Mrs. Edward Jones, "if the interest is kindly, and if it is not the staple subject of conversation. But Mr. Gregory Brown is quite right when he says that personal talk is far too common, and also, I fear, he is right when he says that for the most part it is anything but kindly. We are all too ready to bear with resignation the misfortunes of our friends, and Thackeray says that if we are not to talk about the

lady who has just left the room, what is to become of conversation and society. Mr. Gregory has put his finger on a part of family life that needs to be lifted to a higher level; of that there is little doubt.

"Is it not the case that those who would gladly preserve the influence of home life do not realise sufficiently the importance of small things? Charles Lamb once said, 'Home is the most unforgiving of friends, and always resents absence. After a time its old cordial looks return, but they are slow in clearing up.' If home resents absence, still more does it resent slights and neglect. As a rule the members of families are not as considerate to each other as they might be. They do not sufficiently respect each other's rights and peculiarities. They quite cheerfully treat one another as they would never treat a stranger.

"I know a family, consisting of eight or nine lively young people, where they are accustomed to talk all at once. When you enter the room where they are assembled there is a perfect babel; everyone is chattering, and no one is listening. They seem quite happy. What advantage would be gained by preserving the influence of that home? It would be like preserving the influence of a storm.

"I know another family where one of the sons has formed an opinion in politics at variance with the accepted traditions. This unfortunate individual is never left alone; he is always being attacked, and is continually having to defend himself. Here is a great mistake. When there is uniformity of spirit, difference of opinion is rather a good thing; it promotes conversation, and helps us to see every side of a subject. Surely good talks are about the best educational aids belonging to home?"

"Young people could probably bear having their opinions attacked," said Dr. Anstey. "A far more trying experience has to be endured when members of a family attack, or make game, as it is called, of each other's friends. There are families, not happy ones, I confess, where this is done constantly. William, let us say, has a liking for Tom, who is rather eccentric and original. The consequence is that George and Jane are continually teasing William about his friend. Tom soon discovers that he is not liked, and does not care to come to the house. Naturally the inevitable result is that William feels that, if he wishes to enjoy his friend's society, he must meet him away from home. Thus for William, at any rate, home is no more a sanctuary. Trifling mistakes of this sort could be named almost without limit, and they do a great deal of harm. We are too apt to forget that the road both to happiness and usefulness lies over small stepping-stones."

With Dr. Anstey's words all the members of the Home Parliament cordially agreed, and as the Speaker now left the chair, the discussion was closed.

## Varieties.

**Professor Cayley.**—On January 26, the University of Cambridge lost this distinguished mathematician, who, in his special line, was second to none in the world. But that line is one in which there are not only so few masters, but, we may almost say, in those recondite departments of mathematical lore in which the late Professor was *facile princeps*, so few students, that we are fain in speaking of it to use his own words, as addressed from the Chair of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at the meeting held at Southport in 1883. "It is difficult," he said on that occasion, "to give an idea of the vast extent of modern mathematics. This word 'extent' is not the right one; I mean extent crowded with beautiful detail—not an extent of mere uniformity such as an objectless plain, but of a tract of beautiful country seen at first sight in the distance, but which will bear to be rambled through and studied in every detail of hillside and valley, stream, rock, wood and flower. But, as for anything else, so for a mathematical theory—beauty can be perceived, but not explained." But also as in everything else, it must be entered into to be perceived, and the beauty of the highest parts of pure mathematics is, therefore, imperceptible to any but a few of even the deep-studying race. Arthur Cayley was born at Richmond on August 16, 1821, the son of a merchant, one of a firm in the Russian trade, and the grandson of a Recorder of Hull. A pupil of King's College School, he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, and graduated with the highest mathematical honours in 1842, being Senior Wrangler the year after Sir George Stokes, and the year before the late Professor Adams, took the same degree. After this he studied law, was called to the Bar and practised conveyancing in Lincoln's Inn for fourteen years, giving his leisure to those mathematical pursuits in which he greatly extended previous knowledge by fresh discoveries. But when the Sadlerian Professorship of Pure Mathematics (by a consolidation of an old trust) was founded at Cambridge in 1863, it was at once offered to and accepted by him. Thus he abandoned law, of which he has been heard to say that "its object was to say a thing in the greatest number of words, of mathematics to say it in the fewest." Nevertheless, as an administrative officer of the university, his legal knowledge proved often of excellent service. As a Professor, his efforts were ever directed to stimulate original thought and research in his pupils, in which he set them so brilliant an example; and his lectures were always on those portions of mathematics in which his own labours were carrying forward knowledge into fresh pastures. His papers are now being edited and published (seven volumes have already appeared) by the University Press, and will, indeed, constitute a "monumentum are perennius," not likely indeed to be so widely read as the Odes of Horace, but a lasting possession for mathematicians and an important contribution to the future development of their science. But Cayley was learned in many other branches of knowledge, and was also a linguist of no mean order. The Royal Society's Catalogue of Scientific Papers contains a list of more than seven hundred papers from his pen, some of which were on astronomy and others on subjects of applied mathematics. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society in 1857, and served as President in the two years 1872 to 1874, in the latter of which he delivered the address on presentation of the gold medal to Professor Newcomb of Washington, for his researches on the orbits of Neptune and Uranus. We have already referred to his Presidency of the British Association in 1883. His affection for King's College, London, never forsook him, and the present writer heard him deliver a course of lectures there. In 1882 he accepted

an invitation to give a course at the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore, Maryland, U.S., and the series was afterwards published in the American Journal of Mathematics. He married a Greenwich lady (who survives him) not long before he accepted the Sadlerian Professorship. The religious faith of his early days he retained to the last, but he always refused to be drawn into controversy on sacred subjects. His health had been failing for some time before his death, which occurred, as we have seen, in the 74th year of his age.

On February 25, Dr. Andrew Russell Forsyth was elected Professor Cayley's successor in the Sadlerian Chair of Pure Mathematics. Dr. Forsyth is a native of Glasgow, where he was born in 1858; but educated at University College, Liverpool, whence he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, and after graduating as Senior Wrangler in 1881, was elected to a fellowship. He has been a University Lecturer and Examiner for the mathematical tripos, and is the author of several able works on Differential Equations and on the Theory of Functions of a complex Variable, besides papers on high mathematical subjects.—W. T. LYNN, B.A., F.R.A.S.

**American Tramecars.**—Every new mechanical invention of any importance brings a number of social and industrial problems in its train. It was so in the textile trades in the closing years of last century, and it has been so with every great invention since. For four or five years past all over the United States the street tramway companies have been substituting electricity for horse power, and to such an extent has the change proceeded that to-day there is hardly a town where the street-car horses have not been retired in favour of what is known as the trolley line. The new electrical system is unsightly and clumsy, and dangerous as well. It has, however, the merit of being inexpensive, and as it works well, its unsightliness, its clumsiness, and its danger to human life are in America regarded as matters of small account. Over the line of the street railways, a wire is carried by means of armed poles. This is heavily charged with electricity, which is conveyed from the wire to the propelling machinery in the street-car by means of a long arm terminating in a small wheel, or trolley. The average speed of the trolley cars is ten or twelve miles an hour. There are forty street-car lines in the city of Brooklyn worked in this manner. It was in connection with them that the recent great strike occurred. More than 7,000 men left work. For two weeks the street-car service was suspended, and for seven or eight days Brooklyn was practically under military rule.

The men had demanded a working day of ten hours, as the strain of working under the new system is exceedingly heavy and exhausting. It was almost universally conceded that their claim was just, and that the street-car companies were treating their men with an unfairness almost amounting to inhumanity. The men, however, were unsuccessful, and they had not been out for more than two or three days when they realised that failure must attend the strike. This made many of them desperate. They attacked the men who had taken their places, cut the wires by which electricity is carried, and in other ways endeavoured to stop the running of the cars. The police were in sympathy with the men and did little to restore order. As a last resort, the Mayor had to appeal to the Governor of New York State for military aid. The militia were called out and quartered in armouries and car-sheds for more than a week. During this time there were frequent conflicts with the strikers and their sympathisers of the disorderly class, and before the military were withdrawn twelve or thirteen



people had been shot, many of them fatally. On one occasion when the militia were sent out to protect a street-car, they shot right and left at people who were looking on from the windows of their houses. The officers walked along the street and forbade people to open their doors and windows; if they disobeyed they were fired at. One man who was repairing the chimney of a house turned to look at what was going on and was shot without more ado. The answer of the military when charged with these wanton outrages was that the people at the windows were intending to throw bricks and other missiles on to the street-cars.

The Brooklyn strike adds another to the long list of terrible conflicts between capital and labour in America in which labour has been beaten. The writer has noted all the great conflicts there since that on the Gould system of railways in the south-west in 1885, and cannot recall a single strike in which the men succeeded. Nowhere in the world has capital greater power than in America, and nowhere is power used more relentlessly. Except in two or three cases, such as the locomotive engineers, the iron and steel workers, and the printers, labour is but indifferently organised, and it is to be feared that there is much ground for the oft-repeated saying that in many of these strikes the men are sold out by their leaders.—E. P.

**Civil Service Reform in America.**—Civil Service reform is really making some headway in the United States in spite of the hostility of the old school of politicians. Twelve years ago the principle that "To the victors belong the spoils" held good in every department of the National Government. When there was a change of administration at Washington, it was possible for the newcomers to sweep out every office-holder in order to make room for their own partisans and friends. Since 1883, however, a Civil Service law has been in operation. In the first year in which it went into force only 14,000 office-holders were brought within its protection; but since then the number has been gradually increased, until, at the beginning of 1895, of the 200,000 people in the Civil Service of the Federal Government, 50,000 held their places under Civil Service rules, and could not be removed merely to make room for men who were seeking Civil Service positions as rewards for political services. These 50,000, however, are only of the rank and file of the Civil Service. All the heads of the departments, and in some offices the entire staffs, are still appointed under the "spoils" system; and even the men and women who hold office under the new system have no fixity of tenure. They may be dismissed at two weeks' notice if it be considered desirable to reduce or to reorganise the staff of a department. The examinations for the positions coming within the Civil Service rules are of a simple character, much easier to pass than those for the lower grades of the English Civil Service. The American examinations can, in fact, be passed by anyone who has had a common school education. Nor is there any age limit for entrance to the Civil Service as there is in England. The average age of the men and women who pass the Washington examination is twenty-eight. Young men in the United States do not look upon the Civil Service as a career. It is impossible for them to do so under existing conditions, which give no security of tenure, no pensions in old age, nor any opportunity for distinction and success by meritorious work. These conditions have a peculiar effect on some sides of Washington life. The State Departments there are filled with clerks, many of whom have gone into the service with the idea of remaining in it not longer than a few years, often merely long enough to earn enough money to support themselves through a two or three years' course at one of the colleges in the city. These clerks attend their offices in the day from 9 till 4, and spend their evenings in their classes. There are thousands of young men at the American capital who are thus training, not for careers under the Federal Government, but as lawyers, doctors, and engineers. Many of the doctors hold on to their Government work as clerks or copyists, until they have succeeded in building up a practice. These officials are known as "sun-down doctors," because they can attend patients only after they have finished their day's work in the departments. There are so many of these "sun-down" doctors, and the system is so well recognised, that last winter when small-pox was epidemic in

Washington, the heads of departments issued orders prohibiting their clerks who were doctors from attending cases of infectious disease.—E. P.

**Commemoration of G. Pierluigi Palestrina.**—Roman lovers of music, not long since, celebrated the tri-centenary of G. Pierluigi Palestrina. A fine concert of Palestrina's music, held in the famous Barberini Palace, on Christmas Eve, was attended by the *élite* of the aristocratic and artistic world. On February 2, the Royal Academy of St. Cecilia revived the memory of its founder, Palestrina, by inaugurating a new Concert Hall, and rendering delightful selections from his works, hitherto rarely given, and alternating the vocal pieces with compositions for the organ from contemporaries of the great Master of Sacred Music.

Commemorations of great men have their use in revivifying characters and events which otherwise are merely "historic hailstones," glancing aside from our intelligence and interest; and it may not be amiss to remind the reader why Palestrina should occupy a position so unique as saviour of church music, and creator of a new style entitling him to his epitaph, *Princeps Musica*. In the first half of the sixteenth century florid and corrupt Flemish music prevailed in the church services. Composers and singers vied with each other in the profane character of their performances. The words of the liturgy were slurred over, omitted, and substituted so as to be utterly unintelligible to the congregation, and the airs were often taken from licentious or trivial street songs. Composers revelled in redundancy of intricate ornamentation, variations, and contrapuntal devices. The verbal theme was only used as a basis for the "display of vocal gymnastics." Perfect lawlessness reigned. Masses were entitled from the airs on which they were founded, as "Adieu mes amours," "Baise-moi," etc. "Gracieuse gente mounyere," were the words sung for a Sanctus, and the grave rhythm of a Gregorian tone cantered off at its close to the gay measure of a popular dance.

The Council of Trent, in its reform of the ritual, took note of this scandalous state of things, and commanded the exclusion of all such music as, whether through the organ or the singing, introduces anything of impure or lascivious, in order that the house of God may truly be seen to be, and may be called the "House of Prayer." A committee was appointed to settle the matter, with the stipulation that clear enunciation of the liturgical words should be insisted on. The commission decided that "masses and motets in which different verbal themes were jumbled should be prohibited, that musical motives taken from profane songs should be abandoned, that no countenance should be given to compositions or words invented by contemporary poets." Musicians and singers declared the requirements to be utterly impracticable, so wedded were they to the fugal intricacies, inversions, and complications of the prevalent style of music. A distinct rendering of the words of the text they maintained was impossible. In their extremity the cardinals turned to G. Pierluigi Palestrina, commissioning him to write a mass "in sober ecclesiastical style, free from all impure and light suggestions in the themes, the melodies and the rhythms, which should allow the sacred words in their full sense to be distinctly heard, without sacrificing harmony and the customary interlacing of fugued passages." Upon his success depended the fate of church music. If he failed, music was to be for ever swept from the sacred precincts. To this supreme test Palestrina responded by the composition of the *Mass of Pope Marcellus*, which triumphantly proved the possibility of appropriate church music.

Space fails here to tell of his derivation of name from his birthplace, the ancient Præneste; of his coming, a poor choir boy, to Rome; of the influence upon his work of French Huguenot music through Claude Goudimel; of his quiet life among the Roman Basilicas, his friendship with S. Filippo Neri, the founder of the Oratorio; and of his manifold religious compositions; but perhaps even this brief paragraph may have interest for some to whom G. Pierluigi Palestrina has been hitherto only an empty name.—T.

**Alpine Exploration.**—It might seem that our knowledge of the Alps was pretty complete, after so many years of exploration and the publication of so many books and maps. But the issue of a new book, promised in May, "The Alps



from End to End," brings a new and worthy name to the front—Mr. Conway, who has gained such honour by his Himalayan travels. The journey was from the beginning of the Maritime Alps, the first snow-peak near Ventimiglia, round the Franco-Italian frontier and across Switzerland and Tyrol, to the last snowy Alpine peak, in all about a thousand miles. About fifty peaks and passes were climbed. The time spent was three months (June to September, 1894). The party consisted of Mr. W. M. Conway and Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald, accompanied by two of the Goorkha sepoy (who were with Mr. Conway in the Himalayas) and three guides. Amongst the guides were Zurbriggen, who made the Himalaya journey, and Louis Carrel, who was with Mr. Whymper in the Andes. The book will contain about a hundred illustrations by Mr. McCormack. Mr. Whymper gave the earliest notice of Mr. Conway's Asiatic triumphs, and in his own book on the Andes described Louis Carrel.

**Statistics of the Society of Friends.**—The registered membership of the Society of Friends throughout the world is stated to be 107,163, an increase for the year of 1,289. So many of the younger Quakers leave the society that any increase is surprising, but it is explained that the membership is enlarging in America and the Colonies of Great Britain. The characteristic dress of the community is also becoming less marked, but at the annual meetings there is still to be seen a goodly number of members of the society, male and female, arrayed in the costly and comely costumes which used to be familiar to us in former times. May the spirit, if not the form, of the society never grow less!

**Sea Birds Inland.**—The appearance of many sea birds on the Thames and other inland waters during the severe frost of this year was a notable sight, and the speedy withdrawal of the strangers when the thaw came in the end of February was generally reported. It was merely a question of food, which they found plentifully, and they ceased to come when they found supplies near their own homes. A correspondent states that "about the middle of February, when he had in the afternoon seen flocks of gulls about the river, and some even in Hyde Park, returning to the Thames in the evening about dusk, he saw a great flock of sea-gulls, at a great height, soaring homeward, almost due eastward, just as crows return to their rookery for rest, however they may have been scattered throughout the day. This homeward flight of gulls he saw when standing on the Adelphi Terrace, where he had seen earlier in the day the birds moving to and fro nearer the water. It could be no long journey for them to reach a quieter resting-place for the night." Few of the wild birds remained among the tame species in the ponds of the Parks, though many joined them to share their daily food, especially in St. James's Park.

**A Generous and Conscientious Landlord.**—In the Life of the Rev. John Parkhurst, M.A., one of the most learned scholars and best divines of last century, we find an incident that has bearing on our own times, when we hear so much about agricultural distress.

Mr. Parkhurst, we may remark, was a younger son of a wealthy squire, John Parkhurst, of Catesby in Northamptonshire, and possessing another estate in Surrey. Intended for the Church, he was educated at Rugby and at Cambridge, where he took his degree, and became Fellow of Clare Hall. His elder brother died when he was young, and John succeeded to the family estates and became patron of the livings, one of which he had expected to hold. His love of study and devotion to the Church of England led him to continue his pursuits, without any change through the acquisition of fortune. Among his most important works, long most popular and prized by those who know them, were an "English and Hebrew Lexicon" and a "Greek and English Lexicon to the New Testament, with a plain and easy Greek Grammar."

But it is not his learning that we wish to praise so much as the noble character of the man. Conceiving Church patronage to be a trust, and not mere property, he gave the Surrey living to a stranger from America of whom he heard excellent reports during the War of Independence. This Rev. Jonathan Boucher was presented to the vicarage of Epsom. In his own neighbourhood in Northamptonshire he appointed a good pastor, and he himself acted as curate without any

salary. One of his tenants fell behind in paying his rent, which was £500 per annum. It was represented to Mr. Parkhurst that the farm was over-rented. Immediately a new valuation was made, and the rent was fixed at £450. Mr. Parkhurst said that if the rent was too high at the time of revaluation, he must have obtained more than what was equitable in previous years, and of his own accord he refunded to the tenant £50 a year from the commencement of the lease.

**Girton Girls.**—The Gamble prize for last year, open to certificated students of Girton College, Cambridge, was awarded to Miss Isabel Madison for an essay on a mathematical subject. The title of the essay will surprise young ladies of less learned schools of training. It was "On Singular Solutions of Differential Equations of the First Order and the Geometrical Properties of certain Invariants and Covariants of their Complete Primitives."

**Shakespeare's True Likeness.**—In the December "Leisure Hour" (p. 134) it was stated that the only authentic likeness of Shakespeare was the effigy in the church at Stratford-on-Avon, which Chantry said must have been made from a cast. All this was explained in an article in the "Leisure Hour" for 1893. Lord Ronald Gower took this bust as the model of the statue which he executed for the memorial in the grounds of the Museum. The only measurement which seemed doubtful was the length of the nose, and he explained this by saying that the nose must have been injured in the long years of neglect, and had been renewed by the ignorant restorers. He went to see the cast in Germany, for which Mr. Page, an American, offered a large sum in 1850. Lord Ronald Gower says that the owner of the cast would not part with it for less than £10,000. Who is the Herr Becker in whose possession this treasure remains? It used to be shown by Professor Owen. On applying to Sir Charles Hallé, an old friend of Owen, if he could give any information about Herr Becker, he tells us that the cast was lent by him to Owen. The Herr Becker about whom we heard so much after the visit of Mr. Page in 1850, was father of Dr. Becker, librarian to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House, and his brother, referred to by Lord Ronald Gower, is son-in-law of the veteran Professor Sir Charles Hallé of Manchester. The only thing to be cleared up is how the Becker family obtained the cast, when Gerald Johnson, the Dutch sculptor, retired; after the fashion ceased of having portrait memorials in churches.

**Edible Snails.**—The revenue derived from frogs in France has long been familiarly known. We learn from the Journal of the Chambers of Commerce that snails are consumed in quantities surprising to most Englishmen. In 1893 the quantity entering Paris was 645,000 kilograms (1,421,967 lb.), of which only about 18,000 kilograms were imported. The sales at the "Halles Centrales" (central markets) amounted to 430,000 kilograms, all but 13,000 kilograms having been of native production. Edible snails vary greatly in size. A thousand small snails will weigh from 7 to 10 kilograms, and 1,000 large snails from 18 to 22 kilograms. Those most esteemed are large and white; the grey ones, one-third smaller, are regarded as much inferior. The chief seats of the production of edible snails in France at present are the Departments of Jura, Côte d'Or, and Basses-Alpes. The snails of Burgundy have long been celebrated, but they are no longer produced there on a large scale, the industry having, it is said, been almost destroyed owing to the treatment of the vines with sulphates. The great majority of the edible snails produced in France are of natural growth, and are picked from the vines in the months of March and April. They are found in immense quantities in various sections. In Provence they thrive famously, especially in the neighbourhood of Marseilles, where the chalky formations underlying the soil seem particularly adapted to their life and growth. In Marseilles they are largely consumed at the table, and are looked upon by many people as in the nature of luxuries; certain restaurants enjoy a paying clientele, built up by a reputation for their special preparations of *escargots*. The name *escargot* is that by which the most desirable sort is generally designated, and the edible snail is so universally denominated in this way that, without investigation, one would suppose that the term embraces all varieties,

or, at least, all that are of a character adapted to table purposes. A visit to the market, however, discloses the fact that, while the *escargot* is much larger, and in every sense the most desirable, there are two other varieties, known as *limace* and *limacon*, the former being of medium size and the latter quite small. The total cost of the production of snails at place of origin is estimated at from 12 to 15 francs per 1,000; the cost of transportation to Paris at from 4 to 6 francs per 1,000; average for all sizes, 5 francs per 1,000. The cost of preparing for market in Paris is from 10 to 20 francs per 1,000. The retail price of prepared snails in Paris is 60 centimes to 1 franc per dozen. The most extensive cultivator of snails in France is M. Gros, of Orgelet, department of the Jura, whose annual output ranges from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 snails. In the days of the Roman occupation of England the larger edible snails were much used, and we have gathered descendants of this *Helix* in the grounds of the Digbys, in Bucks.

**Professor Blackie.**—By the death of Professor Blackie, at the age of eighty-five, Scotland has lost one of the most eminent and patriotic of her sons. He was known far beyond his native land as an accomplished and enthusiastic Greek and Celtic scholar. Born in Aberdeen, he was educated in the northern university, and also in Edinburgh, and in Germany. His first appointment was Professor of Latin (literæ humaniores) in Aberdeen, and afterwards of Greek in Edinburgh; of which, after many years' service, he was Emeritus Professor. He often visited London, where his sister, the wife of the Rev. John Kennedy, resided at Hampstead. He travelled much, and was met with at Oxford, Rome, Athens—here, there, and everywhere—and always full of energy and life till near the end of his days. Many were the books he wrote, and his addresses and letters were innumerable. His favourite motto, inscribed in Greek on many a letter and envelope, was "speaking the truth in love" (*ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ*). The portrait recently exhibited at the Royal Academy was an admirable likeness.

**"Larrikins" at Melbourne and Victoria.**—It is generally supposed that crime will decrease as education flourishes. It is not so found in Australia, and notably in Melbourne. In Victoria the increase of population during the last ten years amounted to 32·24 per cent., and the increase of crime has been 64·69. The increase of native bred Victorians has been at the rate of 42·94, and crime among them had increased 88·65. The great increase of crime came from those under the age of twenty-one. The total absence of everything in the teaching implying belief in the Bible has much to do with this state of matters in Australia, as it certainly has been admitted to be the case in Paris. We are told that in the book in use at Melbourne, "The Cottar's Saturday Night" of Robert Burns, the stanza is omitted in which the father is described as reading the Bible to his children. No wonder that juvenile crime increases, when all spiritual influences are sought to be removed, and pure secularism alone reigns in the schools.

**Newfoundland.**—In 1890 at the request of the late Mr. James Beal, then Chairman of the Markets Committee of the London County Council, I submitted reports to this body anent the Fish Supply of the Metropolis.

Had the Newfoundland fisher-folk adopted these my proposed plans of *technical education*, they would not now have some two million dollars (\$2,000,000) worth of stored fish rotting in and about their island, nor would the colony be now paralysed by a prolonged commercial crisis, caused solely by industrial ignorance of the scientific principles and practice of the fish trade.

The following details briefly sum up the means to keep fresh healthy fish *imperishable*.

(1) Immediately on capture bleed and gut before blood-clotting.

(2) Immediate *pithing*, for large valuable fish like salmon. To pith, is to remove the brain with a gutting knife and

then to pass, say, a stiff wire up the spinal canal to break up the marrow.

(3) Rapid abundant cleaning outside and inside with fresh cold flowing (sea) water, so as to remove, as far as possible, parasites and their eggs, bacteria, blood, offal, dirt, etc.

(4) Drain off the moisture, and let the excess of animal heat and the stiffness (*rigor mortis*) pass off in dry airy cooling places.

(5) Absolute DRY air refrigeration.

Chemicals, water, moisture, including damp air, fog, ice, and melting ice, each rots and ruins dead fish.

Chemicals, or antiseptics, which "preserve" fresh food, injure digestion. Of course salting, drying, curing, smoking, preserving in oil, fats, vinegar, spices, and other familiar methods of household cookery, are not included as chemicals.—J. LAWRENCE-HAMILTON, M.R.C.S., 30 Sussex Square, Brighton.

#### Price of Coal in the City of London.—

	Per ton
1813, January 21.—5 chaldrons at 64s. 6d. per chaldron, equal at 25 cwt. to the chaldron to .	£ s. d. 2 13 6
July 5.—5 chaldrons at 63s. 6d. per chaldron, equal at the same rate to .	2 10 10
1814, January 6.—5 chaldrons at 78s. per chaldron, equal at the same rate to .	3 2 5

In January, 1813, consols were at about 59 per cent. In July, 1813, they were at about 59 per cent. And in the winter of 1813-14 they were at about 63½ per cent., so that in January, 1814, £100 in consols was equal in value to about 20 tons of coal. Now the same amount of consols is equal in value to about 100 tons of coal in London prices.

The chaldron was a measure of capacity, not of weight. I find it stated as equal to about 25 cwt. (24, 25, or 26 cwt.) So I calculate it as equal to 25 cwt.

The prices are what were paid by an eminent surgeon in the City of London.

**Astronomical Notes for April.**—The sun rises at Greenwich on the first day at 5h. 37m. in the morning and sets at 6h. 30m. in the evening; on the 15th he rises at 5h. 6m. and sets at 6h. 54m. The Moon will enter her First Quarter at 9h. 28m. on the evening of the 2nd; will be Full at 1h. 43m. on the afternoon of the 9th; in the Last Quarter at 11h. 22m. on the night of the 16th; and New at 1h. 11m. past midnight on that of the 24th. She will be in perigee or nearest the Earth at 5 o'clock on the morning of the 7th, and in apogee, or farthest from us, about 1h. after midnight on the 18th. She will pass very near Spica, the bright star in the constellation Virgo, about 7 o'clock on the evening of the 9th (the day she is Full) and an occultation will take place in the southern hemisphere. The planet Mercury may be visible for a short time just before sunrise at the beginning of the month, but his southern (though small) declination and the increasing morning twilight will make it difficult to see him; his northern motion during April and May will render it more easy to do so in the evening towards the end of the latter month. Venus is now a conspicuous object in the evening; during the course of the month she will move from the constellation Aries into Taurus, passing very near the Pleiades (a little to the south of them) on the 15th. She will be in conjunction with the small crescent Moon in the night of the 27th. Mars continues to recede from us and become fainter; he will be very near the bright star  $\beta$  Tauri on the 6th, and pass into the constellation Gemini towards the end of the month, when he will set about 11 o'clock at night. He will be very near Jupiter on the 25th (the actual conjunction taking place in this country after the planets have set) and in conjunction with the Moon at noon on the 29th. Jupiter is still a brilliant object during the first half of the night, situated in the western part of the constellation Gemini. Saturn is in Libra; he rises at the beginning of the month about 8 o'clock in the evening and at the end of it about 6, being in opposition to the Sun on the morning of the 24th. His conjunction with the Moon will take place about the time of rising on the 10th, the day after Full Moon.

W. T. LYNN.

